

THE BOOKCASE.

III.

THE ITALIAN SKETCH-BOOK.

THE
ITALIAN SKETCH-BOOK.

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TO LUDWIG EXELINGER,

OF KÖNIGSBERG.

DEAR EXELINGER—When we last met beneath the roof of my paternal home, where you were wont to spend your evenings amongst us, a daily and a cherished guest, you asked me whether I proposed writing a book on Italy; I denied having any such intention, for in truth none such had then occurred to my mind.

You, however, replied, "From what I know of you I do not think you will long be able to resist the temptation of throwing into a written form the impressions you have received and the knowledge you have acquired during your foreign wanderings. Should my conjecture prove correct, pray tell us as *little* as possible of churches and paintings, and as *much* as possible of the country and its inhabitants. Tell us about the *people*: their joys and their sorrows; depict to us their daily mode of life and action. Let us know what they eat and drink. Tell us of their games, their fêtes, their labours, in so far, at least, as it may have fallen within your province, as a woman, to become acquainted with these matters. Do not imagine that all this is too trifling; everything which concerns the present age, the men and women who are living and breathing in the world around us, is sure to awaken a responsive chord of interest and sympathy within the human breast."

parting rays of the evening sun, I thought within myself, "how far different a sight it must be, when the sun sinks to rest beneath the Alpine heights, and the wondrous Alpine glows shed a rosy hue over the bright glaciers as they rest against the clear southern sky!" With my whole heart, had I longed to become acquainted with this new world; but my circumstances at that time rendered the fulfilment of my wish so utterly unattainable that I scarcely even dared to own it to myself; for it has always appeared to me the height of folly to allow one's wishes to rest upon anything which seems to lie beyond our reach.

But when circumstances altered, and a wider horizon lay outspread before me, then the old longing took possession of my soul, and a journey to Rome was soon decided upon. In the July and August of 1845, I had travelled through Switzerland: I had seen the snow-covered peaks of the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc glow beneath the sun's parting kiss, and kindle into radiant beauty beneath the touch of his morning greeting. I had seen the stars reflected from the deep clear mirror of the mountain lakes, and ever nearer and nearer had I approached to beautiful Italy, the aim of all my hopes.

How my heart beat when I took my first walk through the pleasant town of Vevay, and passing through the Rue du Lac, suddenly found myself in the Rue du Simplon! I felt in that moment somewhat the same sensations of delight which used to fill my childish breast, when, on the dawn of the Advent morn, the sight of the first gilt apple, entwined in boxwood, caused the whole tide of Christmas joy to flow in upon my heart, and fill it with unutterable gladness.

Vevay presents, moreover, a very southern aspect. The haven, with its valleys of plantain trees; the vine-clad shores of the blue Genevan lake; the figs, and grapes, and melons which, piled in tempting heaps, are offered for sale; even the very air, and sunshine, and animated physiognomy of the people, all bespeak the approach to a southern clime. I often sat upon the terrace of my house, which was situated upon the banks of the lake, and gazed across its tranquil waters upon the snowy peaks of the Dent du Midi and the Dent du Morgue, which at one time glowed with rich purple light, at another cast a deep rosy hue upon the still lake before me. Then I dreamed myself

back in the days of my early youth, and that the hour had at length arrived when my early longings were to meet with their fulfilment. Day after day thus glided on in peaceful enjoyment; and it was not until the 25th of August that I left Vevay, in order to cross the Alps into Italy.

We steamed across the Lake of Geneva, landed at Villeneuve, and drove to the little town of St. Maurice, which lies upon the Rhone. We left St. Maurice as early as four o'clock on the succeeding morning, in order to reach Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon pass, before nightfall. On account of the mountainous character of the road, the mail coach only traverses the pass by daylight. It was, however, quite dark ere we reached Brieg, about nine o'clock in the evening.

We were allowed but few hours for rest on this, our last night before entering Italy. About two o'clock in the morning the *conducteur* roused his passengers; and by the dim light of a lantern, we stepped into the coach, which was to convey us across the Simplon. The stars shone brightly overhead; the moon, like a silver crescent, hung suspended in the dark blue heavens. Slowly we ascended, amidst fantastic piles of rock, amidst deep ravines and lofty heights. Only the very nearest objects could be described, and the eye strove in vain to penetrate the surrounding darkness. Gradually a gray glimmering light announced the return of day, and soon the whole surrounding landscape was bathed in a flood of golden sunlight. We had already been two hours under way ere the day dawned, and a turn of the winding road allowed us to gaze down upon the little town of Brieg, which lay beneath our feet, wrapped in a gray cloud-mantle. The air was fresh and buoyant: the birds, with joyous song, greeted the coming morn. One large bird, disturbed in his lonely security by the approach of the carriage, spread his broad wings, and soared aloft. Then, for some moments, he hovered circling over the valley beneath, gazing down into the glimmering twilight, even as the eye of a thinker gazes in solemn earnestness upon the perplexing riddle of life, which he would fain seek to penetrate.

And here, amidst nature's most majestic scenes, the mind of man has erected a noble monument of its own greatness, in the road which has been formed across the Simplon.

Napoleon cut a way through the very heart of the massive granite of which the mountain is formed. Rocks have been blasted, and water-courses dammed up, in order to form the vaulted passages, through which the road leads in those parts of the pass which are most exposed to the falling of the avalanches. It produces a singular sensation to find oneself in one of these galleries, and to hear over one's head the rushing sound of a waterfall, pouring itself with wild and impetuous force into the vale beneath.

As the coach travelled but slowly up the steep ascent, we got out and walked, in order to enjoy the morning breeze. The stillness, the silence of this lofty region, possesses an indescribable charm for those whose ears are accustomed to the unintermitted din and turmoil of daily life. Ever more distant and diminutive appeared the little town of Brieg, of which the windings of the road allowed us every now and then to catch a passing glimpse. The valleys, together with the human habitations they contained, gradually vanished altogether from our sight. Even vegetation becomes more scanty, and the Alpine rose is seen less frequently peeping forth from the crevices of the rocks. And now we have reached the region of perpetual snow, and proceed onwards, fanned by a summer breeze, and yet walking over flakes of ice, covered with a layer of well-trodden snow.

Little huts are built along the side of the road, on the spots where the avalanches most frequently fall, in order to afford a place of refuge to the traveller. "Refuge" is inscribed in large letters over the door.

The road ascends uninterruptedly to a height of seven thousand feet. Not far from the Hospice, which stands upon the summit of the mountain, we passed through one of the galleries which has been excavated in the lime rock. In the centre of one of its sides, a large slab has been inserted which bears the following inscription:—

ÆRA ITALICA. NAPOL. IMPERAT. 1805.

A Pole who was one of our travelling companions uttered a loud shout. My soul bowed in silence before the gigantic genius of the emperor. An emotion of proud joy fills the heart when one thus sees the powers of nature bending before the might of the human will.

The Hospice resembles a very large plain-looking hotel.

It is under the superintendence of monks of the Augustine order. The prior and three lay brothers live here continually. There is nothing convent-like about the whole building save a quiet little chapel. The lower story is devoted to the use of travellers belonging to the poorer classes, who are at all events much better lodged here than in their own homes. The upper story affords but a very simple and unadorned shelter for the spoiled children of indulgence belonging to a higher class. Each story has its own eating apartment and public guest-chamber.

On entering the latter apartment two very beautiful engravings which hung at each side of the chimney-piece attracted my attention. I approached to examine them more closely, and read the following inscription. "Homage de Madame Thérèse de Bachcracht aux bons pères du Simplon." It was but a little while since I had parted from Thérèse at Interlaken, where we had passed a few peaceful and happy weeks together. And now, when her name so unexpectedly met my eye, it seemed to me as though a dear friend had been here to welcome me. The prior informed me that the carriage of Madame von Bachcracht had been overtaken by an avalanche, that she had been rescued and brought to the Hospice, and after her recovery, was compelled to remain there some time, on account of the extreme inclemency of the weather. He praised her kindness and courtesy, and charged me to renew her recollections of the Hospice.

After we had visited all the interior of the Hospice, we begged to be allowed to see the dogs. They are indeed noble animals. Three of them were brought into the house. There was an air of intelligence even in their manner of entering the apartment. The prior wanted them to give their paws to his guests, but in spite of his repeated injunctions of "*Donnez la patte*," they remained immovable, although all the travellers held out their hands beseechingly. The dogs pleased me exceedingly, and, as they were leaving the room, I approached the largest of the three and again held out my hand to him. He then thoughtfully raised his broad, heavy paw, and laid it in my hand, as though he knew how much I loved animals. It was a real gratification to me that the dog should have turned towards me. I bethought me of a beautiful saying of Leon Gozlans:—"L'instinct et l'ame se regardant, se

réfléchissent et le fluide universel les unit par le conducteur intime de la vue, pile Voltaïque de l'être."

About noon we left the Hospice, and dining at the little village of Simplon, soon reached the boundary line which separates the two countries. Here our passports were examined, and our baggage very superficially searched.

And now I was in Italy.

The coach, although it descended the hill at a very fair speed, travelled far too slowly for my impatient wishes. Now that the curtain was raised, I longed to gaze without another hour's delay upon the scene of beauty which my imagination had so fondly pictured. Every flat roof, every chestnut tree, and every sun-burnt countrywoman we saw, was welcome to me as a pledge of our approach to a warmer region. About five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Domo d'Ossola, which lies at the foot of the Simplon, and our coach stopped there for the night. But I felt a longing to press forwards, and hired an extra post, which engaged to convey us in five hours to Baveno, on the shores of the Lago Maggiore. This journey to Baveno first disclosed to me some of the expected beauties of a southern clime. The air was mild and balmy, and laden with the perfume of sweet-scented flowers. The white houses with their flat roofs glistened like gold as the rays of the setting sun rested upon them in all its mellow radiance. Fields of maize, mulberry and chestnut trees bounded the road on either side. The climbing vine had entwined itself among the very loftiest boughs of the trees, and hung from branch to branch in graceful festoons, which were laden with ripe clusters of the purple grape. Everything around bore so festive an aspect, that it seemed to me as though Ceres and Bacchus were holding a triumphal procession through the land. From every little height which overhung the road on either side, peaceful cottages looked down upon the fertile scene, and labourers might be seen returning to these pleasant homes, their day's work being done. They carried on their heads large baskets filled with grass and with vine leaves, which are here used as fodder. This imparted to them a very picturesque aspect. Waggon, drawn by long teams of mules, journeyed slowly onwards. A priest might now and then be seen riding on an ass, or seated by the road-side, chatting with the country-people, in an easy, friendly manner, which the respect

manifested towards them by the latter fully justified. And in the midst of all these peaceful sights and sounds, the bells of the neighbouring churches rung forth the Ave Maria: an evening note of blessing whispered over the tranquil scene. When the shades of evening fell, and I could no longer feast my eyes with the sight of surrounding objects, I first began fully to realize the joy which is felt by every one, when a long-desired goal has at length been attained. I had lulled myself into a dream of enchantment, when suddenly a new spectacle presented itself before me, and recalled me to myself.

A storm had gathered on the distant horizon, and now flash rapidly succeeded flash, dispelling for the moment the surrounding gloom, and shedding a light bright as day over the landscape. The passing gleam would then reveal to our gaze the Lago Maggiore, which we were now rapidly approaching, and which, after emerging for a single moment from the darkness, again disappeared almost before we were conscious of its presence. The effect thus produced was striking and poetical beyond all description. •

The night was far advanced ere we reached Baveno, and wearied with our journey, retired to rest. In the morning my first waking glance rested on the Lake. Isola Bella lay before me. It had been familiar to me from childhood through Jean Paul's description of it in "Titan." There, too, lay Isola Madre and Isola Pescatore, lighted up by the rays of the morning sun. Yes! this was Italy, and eagerly through every sense did I drink in the beauties of this lovely Nature.

We were rowed across in a light boat to the Isola Bella. A stately and splendid palace is here surrounded by gardens laid out in the old French style, which however loses its stiffness and formality in this land of luxuriant and scythe-defying vegetation. We were shown the largest state room of the palace, that which Napoleon had occupied the night before the battle of Marengo. The palace is richly decorated with valuable paintings and statues, its floors are inlaid with costly mosaics, and its walls adorned with fresco paintings. Shady alleys of orange and citron-trees, laden with delicious fruit, caused us to feel that we were indeed in Italy. In cool grottoes, sheltered from the noon-tide heat, fresh, clear streams gushed forth from the rock, bathing with their limpid waters the various creeping

plants, which clothed the hard stone in a rich, soft green garment of luxuriant loveliness. Passing through the flower-garden we entered a portion of the adjoining park, where nature has been allowed to develop all her beauty, unchecked by the hand of man. The northern oak and elm mingle with the olive and the laurel, which almost vie with the former in the height and vigour of their growth. One laurel-tree especially rears its head aloft with an air of prouder dignity than the rest, as though it were conscious that in early youth it had been set apart to no ordinary lot.

Beneath the shade of this tree had Napoleon rested whilst meditating the battle of Marengo; and his hand following the guidance of his thoughts had cut the word "*Bataglia*" in the soft bark of the tree, on which it now remains as indelibly impressed as the deed itself has been in the minds of the people.

It had been our intention to pass a couple of days sailing about the lake; but whilst we were rambling about the Isola Bella, dark clouds gathered in the heavens, and on our return the rain began to fall in torrents, which continued to pour without intermission during the whole night. The next morning there was no promise of improvement, and we saw it would be vain in such weather to attempt a visit to the other islands. We, accordingly, in a down-pour of rain, embarked in a little vessel which was to bring us to Stresa, where we were to await the steamer which should convey us to Sesto Callendo. The lake was so violently agitated, that our bark pitched as though we had been on the open sea. Many of the party became sea-sick. Two Swiss ladies actually cried with terror, and the waves dashed into the boat, until we were actually sitting up to our ancles in water.

It took us two hours to reach the steamer, and we then took refuge in a hot, crowded cabin, where travellers of all nations, but especially Italians, sat or lay near one another, according as they were suffering much or little from the miseries of sea-sickness. It was no agreeable alternative to be obliged to seek a shelter from the rain in this wretched hole.

At last we reached Sesto Callendo. But here it seemed to us as though Italy, having on the preceding day given us a glimpse of its beauty, would now present to us the

more shaded side of the prospect, in order that we might become fully acquainted with all we had to expect.

Custom-house officers awaited us at the landing-place, and conducted us to a large, empty shed, where our passports and our baggage were to be examined. This was of course to be expected, and must be patiently endured so long as custom-houses and passports subsist. But in Italy one learns to think of custom-houses and passport offices as institutions which bestow upon their *employés*, as a free gift, all the liberty of which they deprive unhappy travellers. These *employés* come and go, are absent from, or present in, their office, just as it may suit their convenience.

At Sesto Callendo, it was exactly twelve o'clock when the drenched sea-sick passengers landed from the steam-boat. The sufferers were longing for rest, and those who had not suffered were longing for food: all, in fact, united in wishing themselves safe at their journey's end, and comfortably housed in Milan.

In the mean time, the custom-house officers had taken themselves off to their houses, and we were obliged to wait for more than half-an-hour, while these gentlemen were very quietly enjoying their noontide meal. For my part, I think this is a clever device on the part of the custom-house officers, who know how unwelcome they always are, and adopt this means of procuring for themselves a right joyous greeting. Truly, we were not a little delighted when we were at length allowed to exchange the custom-house shed for the little inn near the post-office. This inn, however, was the very type of a bad Italian *locanda*: and I afterwards saw, in other parts of Italy, many taverns, entirely devoted to the use of the lower classes, which were far more comfortable than this one. Dirty porches opened out into a large inner court, which was surrounded on all sides by the house itself: waggons, carts, asses, postilions, *vetturini*, and stable boys, all mingled together in loud and noisy strife: cooks and scullions, uttering cries and imprecations, came running out of the kitchens, their hands full of pots and pans, saucepans and ladles.

In the guest-chamber the unwashed stone floor was covered with poultry, which had evidently come in here to seek a shelter from the rain as well as ourselves, and were treated with all due respect by the landlady as rightful inmates of the house.

But in spite of the dirty cloth which covered the long table; in spite of the unwieldy and rickety seats, and the unpleasant aspect of our hosts, we were not a little rejoiced when a good dish of soup, together with cheese, *macaroni*, and a roast fowl, was at last served up for our refreshment. When this roast fowl was brought in, to the great satisfaction of the hungry guests, I could not help casting a triumphant glance on the intruding fowls which were shamelessly hopping over my very feet, and saying to myself, "You may hop on now; your hour, too, will come by-and-bye; and when we are gone, other Germans, Englishmen, and Russians, will come in our place, and revenge our wrongs by feasting on you!" And then I could not help smiling at myself; it was so truly German to look forward to the *coming generation* as the avengers of the wrongs from which I was myself suffering.

About four o'clock, two hours after the appointed time, the coach was ready to set out: and we took our departure from Sesto Callendo with the comfortable conviction that, during our stay, not a single person had deranged themselves from their ordinary routine of life on our account.

We had been told that the road to Milan was very beautiful. This may be true; but neither my fellow-travellers nor I could form any judgment on the matter. In a wretched coach, under a down-pour of rain, which compelled us to keep all the windows shut, we journeyed along a *chaussée*, bounded on either side by trees, the summits of which were closely enveloped in a mantle of gray clouds. The air felt as damp and uncomfortable as on a cold autumn day in the north; and when night closed in, one might easily have fancied oneself transported to Lithuania. At ten o'clock in the evening the coach made a sudden halt. We were under the *Arca della Pace* at Milan. Under the shelter of this Arch of Peace, which Napoleon had caused to be erected at the termination of the road leading from the Simplon to Milan, our passports were examined, and we were then permitted to proceed into the town. In the course of another half hour we found ourselves safely landed at Reichmann's Hotel, truly rejoiced at having reached our destination, and not altogether sorry to have been provided on our way with a slight sample of the mingled enjoyments and discomforts which Italy had to offer us.

MILAN.

THE CATHEDRAL.

THERE are certain landscapes and buildings in the world which have been so often represented in paintings and engravings, as well as described in books, that every one feels as if the *reality*, when first viewed, *must* present itself to him as a familiar scene. To this class the cathedral of Milan may certainly be said to belong. We went out early the first morning after our arrival, with the intention of reaching the cathedral in time for mass; but the charm of wandering about a strange city for the first time so beguiled us, that instead of going directly to our proposed destination, we explored first one street, then another, and paused to examine this shop-window and that advertisement, until a vivid image of the whole city had become impressed upon our minds.

The character of Milan, as it appeared to me on that morning (an impression which longer acquaintance only served to confirm), is that of tranquil, modern gentility, such as one sees in a German capital. Neither business nor traffic seems to be carried on in the streets, which may be said to be both clean and quiet, when the masses of human beings with which they are filled are taken into consideration.

In the principal streets most of the houses are large and stately, with a court in the centre. These mansions are kept in good order; the windows which look towards the street are closed with curtains; but now and then we caught a passing glimpse of the interior, and saw handsome women standing on the balconies which overlook the courts, or engaged in their domestic avocations; whilst well-dressed servants were hurrying to and fro, busied in their daily work. These closed windows, however, im-

parted a dull aspect to the town: an impression which was heightened by the great stillness which reigned around.

The streets are paved with small stones: there are *trottoirs* for the foot-passengers; and for the carriages, rows of large sandstone flags, along which the wheels roll noiselessly to their various destinations.

We met a few monks and secular priests; flower-sellers were standing at the corners of the streets, and women with long veils thrown over their dark, luxuriant tresses, might be seen wending their way to the market-place or the church. But all moved about with as light and noiseless a tread as though they had fancied themselves in a sick room.

From the Corso Francese, where we had commenced our wanderings, we passed into some of the innumerable narrow streets which cross one another in all directions, and in which the old houses, with their small narrow windows, stand unadorned, and looking just as they have done for centuries past. Here, however, an air of greater cheerfulness prevails, and the active employments of daily life which are going on around one impart more variety and movement to the scene. The hammering of the artizan, and the quick, energetic step of the working man, cause one to feel once more in a world of life and movement. Thus did the morning slip away, and the hour of noon had arrived ere we reached the cathedral. But, oh! how far did it surpass in majesty and in beauty all that our imaginations had pictured beforehand!

If I might be permitted to employ a comparison which readily suggests itself to a woman's mind, I should say that the *duomo* of Milan resembles a gigantic and exceedingly delicate tissue of lace, suddenly converted into stone by the hand of a magician. Time has imparted to the marble of which it is built, a light golden hue, which appears to me to add to the beauty of the structure; the pure, dead white of the original marble would have lent a coldness to the colouring which would have marred the richness of the general effect. The noble building rises before you as you approach, covered with delicate arabesques, in which every statue and every leaf is wrought as exquisitely and as carefully as though they were the ornaments of a costly alabaster vase. In gazing at this cathedral, one feels what a *lever* religion is in the life of a

nation: one realizes, for the first time, what means the Church of Rome must have had at her command to enable her to raise such buildings as this: buildings which in those days it took centuries to complete. The interior of the edifice fully corresponds with the beauty of the exterior. The vastness of its proportions both elevates the soul and fills it with awe. Not a single brick or a morsel of wood is to be found in the whole building; all is of marble, and every part is executed most perfectly. The beautiful old painted-glass windows shed a magic, mysterious light upon the whole, whilst they cast a rich and varied colouring upon the pure white marble of the pillars. A deep solemnity reigned around, and no sound was heard save the thrilling notes of the organ which echoed through the lofty dome.

If the splendour of the scene was imposing in my eyes, accustomed as they were to the simplicity of protestant worship, I was not *less* struck, although far from *agreeably*, by the continual movement going on in this sacred edifice.

The churches in Italy have no pews, but are supplied with rush-bottomed chairs, which are piled up in a corner of the nave, and hired out to the public at the lowest possible remuneration. This placing of chairs, together with their removal the moment they are left unoccupied, causes a continual movement in the church, for the worshippers come and go just as they please. This plan also causes a sort of separation of ranks amongst the worshippers, between those who can afford to hire seats and those who kneel upon the ground.

But it is not this alone which strikes a protestant, who is accustomed only to go to church on a Sunday, in his holiday clothes, to devote a couple of hours to his religious duties, and then to feel that, as far as the outward worship of Almighty God is concerned, he has nothing more to do until the succeeding week. Here, on the contrary, labouring men may be seen coming in, dressed in their working jackets, and with their instruments of labour in their hands, to offer up in haste a passing prayer. Women, also, on their return from market, enter the church, and setting down their baskets by their side, kneel upon the ground, and cross themselves devoutly. Not far from these might be seen a youthful and elegantly-dressed abbe, reading his missal with attention, but bowing with courteous grace, as

he rose from his knees, to a group of fashionable acquaintances. Two dandies, with well-cut beards, and spreading around them a cloud of perfume, seated themselves on two chairs before me, and began to chat over the topics of the day, whilst a large dog lay down at their feet and settled himself to sleep.

In the mean while a little bell rang, the priests intoned the mass, and the choristers swung the censers, which sent forth clouds of incense, filling the church with its grateful aroma.

At last, mass being ended, a young and handsome priest ascended the pulpit to preach, for it was a saint's day. The congregation immediately drew their chairs more closely together, and every eye was riveted in fixed and earnest attention on the preacher, who, with powerful self-possession, and without that appearance of collectedness and fervour which is visible in our preachers when they ascend the pulpit, gazed around him upon his numerous auditory. The priestly ornaments, the dark gown, the white cope, and the dark-red stole, became him admirably. He pleased himself, and everybody else too. His voice was sonorous and powerful, and his gesticulation dignified, as he spoke, in moving accents, of sin and of temptation. "*La tempesta del cuore*," "the storm of the heart," occupied a prominent position in the first division of his sermon. He described, in forcible terms, how the slightest departure from the path of duty might lead to the most fearful acts of crime; how murder and adultery were often the miserable fruits of a momentary act of thoughtless levity. In treating the second division of his subject, he exhorted his hearers to keep a strict watch over themselves, to guard against the first step in the path of evil; and yet, if their consciences were already burdened with sin, not to despair, but to turn to Christ, who cried to every repentant sinner, saying, "Come unto me and I will have mercy upon you."

The discourse was dignified in its composition, mild and persuasive in its teaching, and dwelt more upon facts than upon abstract ideas. This style of preaching, which I afterwards found was the prevalent one amongst all Italian ecclesiastics, is much more efficient in its working on the minds of the great mass of the people than the theoretic abstractions on which *our* preachers are chiefly disposed to dwell. Scattered through the sermon were interspersed

Latin quotations from St. Augustine and St. Bernard, which I have no doubt the hearers, being as ignorant of Latin as myself, found very imposing and impressive. At the close of the discourse, the preacher raised his cap from his head with an air of courtesy, and then left the pulpit, as we did the cathedral, whilst the greater part of the congregation gathered together in scattered groups, and conversed with each other as they would have done in any other public place. As we were going out, however, we saw here and there a man or a woman kneeling by the side of a pillar in some retired corner of the edifice, absorbed in solitary devotion. There, I doubt not, many a silent sorrow, many a grief unknown to fellow-mortal, was confided to the merciful ear of a Father in heaven. We trod more lightly as we passed those solitary worshippers, who seemed scarcely to attract even a passing glance from the brilliant groups of gaily-dressed ladies and fashionable gentlemen who passed them by, hastening towards the brilliant sunlight, whose rays gleamed in a slant through the heavy leatherp curtains that hung before the open doors of the cathedral.

THE CORSO, AND AN AIR-BALLOON IN THE ARENA.

DURING our stay at Milan the Corso was our usual evening resort. There are three streets which bear this name: the Corso Francese, the Corso della Porta Romana, and the Corso della Porta Orientale, which last may be considered as the Corso *par excellence*. The Corso Orientale commences near the cathedral, where the street may already be considered as a wide and handsome one; but it is only farther on that its magnificence is fully developed. Two rows of flags form, in the centre of the street, a track for carriage-wheels, and this serves, in a great measure, to diminish the noise caused by vehicles passing to and fro, which in most towns is so wearisome an interruption. Towards the end of the street, near the gate, are situated the public gardens, which are considered a necessary appendage to every large Italian city. They are only open to pedestrians; and are laid out in beautiful shady alleys, grass-plots, and flower-beds, amongst which children of all ranks and ages play about, safe from the danger of being run over by carriages or horses. Outside the gate commences a noble

triple avenue, which leads from the Porta Orientale to the Porta Nuova, and to this avenue all the *beau monde* of Milan resort for their evening drive.

All the habits and conditions of social life in Italy have grown out of the needs of a people originally of a sociable disposition, and who have, moreover, for centuries found their chief delight in the pleasures of a cultivated and refined society. The English, who enjoy above all things spending their mornings shut up in their own rooms, would never have dreamed of turning their opera-houses into a saloon as the Italians do, nor would they have invented the Corso promenade, such as it exists in Italy. Even in their walks and drives the Italians find more enjoyment in social converse than in the beauties of nature. There is a certain spot in every Corso where the carriages stop, the horsemen draw up, and some time is spent in friendly chit-chat, before they again commence the tour of the Corso, to return, however, ere long, to the halting place, where the conversation is once more renewed. At this spot the flower-venders all collect, and through the gallantry of the gentlemen, the beautiful contents of the flower-baskets soon find their way into the ladies' hands. Almost every one, whether man or woman, carry nosegays in their hands, or wear them in their button-holes, and never have I seen a richer display of flowers than in the Corso of Milan.

The prospect, as you drive along from the Porta Orientale to the Porta Nuova, is surpassingly beautiful. To the left lies the city itself, with its churches and its towers, and, rising above them all, even as a slender golden aloe towers above plants of meaner growth, stands the cathedral in its bright, exquisitely delicate, and yet imposing beauty. To the right the eye rests with pleasure upon the soft, blue, undulating outline of the distant hills.

When we had gazed for hours on the quadruple files of carriages driving backwards and forwards between the two gates of the city; when these had at last returned within its walls to take a few more turns in the Corso Orientale; then how quiet and refreshing did we find the beautiful avenues! Only a few solitary foot passengers remained behind; the lights began to glimmer in the houses and palaces of Milan; whilst in the heavens above shone forth those thousands of glorious lights, towards which the soul

turns such a longing gaze, when no bright star is left to shed its radiance on the horizon of her earthly life.

After enjoying for a time the hushed stillness of this scene of beauty, one almost felt a pang when compelled to return to the turmoil and throng of a great city. In the presence of Nature and of God, all have a consciousness of their own individual being, which imparts to themselves, their sorrows, and their joys, a certain weight and importance, which vanish when we are surrounded by our fellow-men. The presence of others checks, oppresses, and disturbs us; we must fear and fly from them, if we are not drawn to love them. Their merriment grates against our feelings, if we are either so egotistic as to grudge them their light-heartedness, or so dull as not ourselves to catch the cheerful contagion. The return of the carriages from the Corso is, perhaps, the most enlivening part of the whole scene. In front of the brightly illuminated *cafés* men and women may be seen, seated under awnings, and eating ices, which are also handed about to the fashionable groups who recline in their carriages at the door. Here, conversation is once more the order of the day. Gentlemen approach the carriages, and many bouquets which, during the promenade in the Corso, had passed from a gentleman's to a lady's hand, now find their way back to the original donor.

But the Cristoforo Gallery presents, if possible, even a more brilliant and animated scene. It is a long, glass-covered gallery, situated at the left-hand side of the Corso Orientale. Its ground-floor is entirely occupied by shops and *cafés*. Pretty work-girls and milliners are seated at the little windows of the *entresol*, and every now and then pause in their work to steal a glance at the crowd who are passing on beneath them. In the gallery itself, as well as in the adjoining apartments, numbers of people are partaking of coffee, chocolate, and ice. I saw but few persons, all the time I frequented the gallery, engaged in reading newspapers or magazines. Most of the men smoked and talked, and enjoyed the *dolce far niente* so dear to an Italian.

The Corso soon became such a favourite resort of mine, that it was only through the persuasion of my friends that I was induced to absent myself from it on one fête-day, in order to see the ascent of an air-balloon from the Arena.

Passing through the intricate net-work of narrow streets,

which cross each other in all directions in the centre of the town, and which now, forsaken by their inhabitants, lay in a state of holiday repose, we reached more open ground, and walked through gardens to the old castle. There it stands, with its venerable, middle-age walls and towers, occupying the side of the Piazza d'Armi nearest to the town. At the other end of this extensive exercise-ground stands the magnificent Arco della Pace, which, as we have already said, Napoleon began to build when he had finished the road over the Simplon; it was, however, only completed and opened on occasion of the coronation of the present Emperor of Austria. A dense crowd filled the piazza; and although Italian was the language spoken by all around, one yet felt that Germany was not very far off, on seeing beer and sausage-sellers mingled amongst the vendors of grapes and peaches. The number of military who were walking about here for their own amusement was striking, even to us Prussians. There must be a very considerable garrison within the tower.

The Arena lies at the left side of the Piazza d'Armi. A handsome house, supported by pillars of rose-coloured granite, stands at the entrance. Here, as in a theatre, one must deliver one's tickets, and there are also places reserved by the government for private distribution. Strangers can easily gain admission to these privileged places; but, although we were amongst those thus favoured, I own I cannot see what peculiar advantages they possess, as in an oval arena one must necessarily see well wherever one is seated. The only *agrément* I could discover which rendered these seats more desirable than the rest was, that they were situated near doors which led into the saloons of the neighbouring house, to which the public in general were not admissible.

The Arena, which is seven hundred feet in length by three hundred in width, can accommodate above thirty thousand spectators on the stone benches, which rise one above the other in the form of an amphitheatre.

When required for the purpose of a nautical entertainment, the whole surface of the Arena can be laid under water; but to-day the *air* was to be the scene of our entertainment: a balloon was to ascend from the Arena. Ladies and gentlemen belonging to the first classes in society, handsomely and tastefully dressed, occupied the cushioned stone

seats which surround the Arena. It was on this occasion I was first struck by the great number of handsome men and women; but it appears to me as if, in Milan, beauty was the more especial property of the higher classes rather than of the lower, whilst in Rome the very opposite is the case.

The heavens which lay outstretched over the Arena were of the deepest, clearest blue; whilst the cypress and acacia-trees, which waved their graceful boughs in the distance, prevented us from forgetting for a single moment in what country we were.

The aëronaut, a young and handsome man, was drawn round the Arena in his slight, gondola-shaped balloon. He distributed bouquets and poems in all directions, and was greeted on every side by loud and repeated acclamations.

At last, he was drawn back to the centre of the Arena, the detaining cords were cut, and lightly and securely did the little skiff soar aloft. It was a pleasure to associate one's self in thought with the voyager; for the heavens were like a still, deep-blue, boundless ocean; and even as one feels a longing to plunge into the cool, limpid waves, so did one feel almost irresistibly attracted upwards to navigate the blue, ethereal vault above one's head.

When the balloon had ascended high enough to be seen over the entrance-house of the Arena, it was welcomed with a shout of applause by the crowd in the Piazza d' Armi, who were now able to enjoy, *gratis*, the sight which we had entered the Arena to see. The balloon, borne by the gentle breeze, floated over the Piazza d' Armi, and we hastened into the house to have a better view both of it and the crowd below, until the balloon disappeared from our sight, and we returned to the Arena to see the fire-works, which were let off in the clear light of day, and had a most singular and charming effect.

First, there were about twenty balloons sent up. They were only, it is true, empty balloons made of paper or cloth, in which the internal air had been so rarified by fire, that they soared restlessly upwards, until they caught fire and then fell to the ground. These balloons are a never-failing amusement at every public fête in Italy. They look very pretty, as they rise higher and higher in the air, until suddenly the flame becomes visible, and, foreseeing the certain destruction of the balloon, one awaits it with a certain

anxious fear, watching how long the fragile structure will resist the might of the destructive element. I always felt compassion for the poor balloons, which bore the flames so high aloft only to their own destruction: and my great comfort was, that the flames themselves must be extinguished when they had annihilated the little balloons. There is often more justice to be found in nature and in the elements than amongst men.

The fire-balloons were succeeded by rockets and by fire-works of every description. Then three military bands alternately played Italian opera airs, whilst every successful fire-work or exploding fire-balloon was welcomed by the populace with loud and repeated bravos.

Amidst the shouts of applause raised in honour of a burning temple, we left the Arena in order to avoid the crowd, and closed the evening, as usual, in the Gallery of Cristoforo.

G E N O A.

FROM MILAN TO GENOA.

“Und darüber emporzuflammen gleich dem königlichen Tag!”

SCHILLER.

How fully one enters into the spirit of the exclamation which Schiller places in the mouth of his Fiescho! how pregnant with expression it seems when, journeying from Pavia to Genoa, and descending the mountainous road which leads to it, this queen of cities first bursts upon the sight, and Genoa lies outspread before us, laved by the foaming ocean, and radiant with the charm of her dazzling, life-inspiring beauty!

Even in Milan, which contains within itself many German elements, called into being by the Austrian rule, I always delighted in the thought of Genoa, and reckoned the milestones which brought me nearer to the desired haven. The road from Milan thither is at first very monotonous. Rice fields of boundless extent rise out of the surrounding swamps, in which rice thrives so well, and which are also the birthplace of the fevers so prevalent in this part of Italy. Passing onwards amongst these rice fields, bounded by mulberry trees, we reach La Certosa, the celebrated Carthusian convent, which was built by one of the Visconti family as an atonement for having caused the murder of his father-in-law!

This monastery, like the cathedral of Milan, is entirely built of marble, and thousands of exquisitely chiselled figures decorate both its external walls and the interior of the building. The most valuable paintings and mosaics in *pietra dura* adorn the interior of the church, and belong to an order who voluntarily renounce one of man's noblest possessions, the gift of speech. As the monastery was inhabited by Carthusian monks, we were received by a young man still in his noviciate, and who was therefore permitted to speak. He was a handsome, delicate-looking youth,

with mild blue eyes. He appeared to be inspired with the love of art, and spoke in good French, and evidently like one who was well informed upon the subject of the different paintings in the church.

I asked him whether, loving art as he did, he never felt a wish to become an artist instead of a monk. "Not now," he replied. "When I entered the monastery I knew nothing of art; the sight of these paintings, and the conversation of the artists who came here to copy them, opened my mind to the subject, and then I did feel the temptation. But one must conquer temptations," he added, with a deep sigh.

I inquired whether he studied much. He replied that he had very little time to do so. The monks could hold no intercourse with men; so on him and another lay brother devolved the care of providing for all the wants of the convent, as well as the cleaning of the church, &c. which left him only the time needful for prayer, and but very little for study of any kind. Thus, then, he is to be employed for three years in buying provisions and dusting pictures; and after this he will be deemed worthy of becoming a Carthusian: namely, of doing nothing and being silent. And this is to be the history of a human life, and this is deemed doing God service in the nineteenth century!

We reached Pavia shortly after dusk, and wandered through the dark streets, whose handsome balconied houses recalled to mind the more prosperous days of the university. We passed through many deserted-looking streets and squares, for the most part overgrown with grass. In front of one house, which was lighted up, we were attracted by the sound of uproarious mirth. We looked through the open windows on the ground floor. About thirty young students were seated around a table, on which, amidst the many full and empty flasks which were scattered around, burned some antique, Roman-looking lamps. The whole apartment was filled with tobacco-smoke; and this picture of Italian student life seemed to me an exact counterpart of the German, such as we see it in our smaller universities.

In Pavia our apartments were, for the first time, fitted up in the Italian style. The floors were paved with bricks, no more stoves were to be seen, and our beds and washing-stands were of iron.

Next morning we passed through Voghera. The post-house was situated near a book-shop, into which I entered, feeling curious to see what kind of books were to be found in a little Italian provincial town of this description. I asked for the catalogue. Their stock consisted for the most part of books of devotion; many pastoral romances by Italian authors who were utterly unknown to me; a few translations from the French, especially the works of Chateaubriand. There were very few historical works, but many memoirs of Napoleon, either written by Italian authors or translated from the French. I inquired whether they had any German books, but they replied in the negative; and when I asked for some French works, they produced the only one they had, which was "The Trial and Correspondence of the Marchese Bergami;" the lady known in connexion with the well-known phrase, "*Non mi ricordo.*"

On the second evening of our journey, we reached Novi, where the market-place presented so cheerful an aspect, that we rejoiced to think we were travelling by vetturina, and might therefore linger here a while.

A brilliantly-lighted church was the first object which attracted our attention. We entered, and found it thronged with women, for the most part young girls, who, wrapped in their long white veils, were attending the evening service. We were told that they were silk-spinners, three thousand of whom were employed in the factory at Novi. They receive half a frank (about fivepence) daily; and each evening, when their day's work is accomplished, they repair to the church to pray.

In the market-place, outside the church, many men were assembled, who all wore peaked hats and red caps on their dark, glossy hair; and the women, on leaving the church, immediately accompanied these men to see the puppet-shows which were exhibited in booths in the open market-place. These booths were but dimly lighted up with small lamps, and surrounded on all sides by piles of melons and pumpkins. We paused in front of one of these booths, in which "Carlo Panigi" was being acted. One Fernando and this Carlo quarrel with each other, as to which of them is to be honoured with the hand of Erminia, the king's daughter. In the second scene Carlo kills Fernando, and then makes his escape. Harlequin now comes on the scene, looks at the dead man, wonders why he cannot stand up;

and whilst he is busied in examining him, is discovered by the king, who takes Harlequin for the murderer, gives him a sound drubbing, and orders him to be led off to prison. The populace, on seeing this, all began to laugh very heartily at Harlequin's stupidity. The significance of the whole matter lies in this: that in Italy no one ever touches a corpse, or comes to the assistance of a dying man, should he have died or been taken ill in the street, or when he is not amongst his own relatives and friends. People have a fear of compromising themselves with the police, and, casting an unconcerned glance at the body, pass on their way quietly, until these gentlemen come to investigate the matter, and satisfy themselves that no violence has been used.

Voghera and Novi, as well as the other little towns through which we travelled on the third day, were all possessed of very pretty theatres, quite equal to the best I have seen in our small German capitals.

Our vetturino had promised to bring us to Genoa before the close of the third day; and although to us, in these railway days, this may appear a rather tedious mode of proceeding, yet in Italy it is a very pleasant way of travelling, especially when the inside of the carriage is engaged by four people who are well acquainted with each other. The breakfast (*pranzo*), and the supper (*cena*), which is always partaken of at six o'clock in the evening, is included in the price paid for the journey. The vetturini almost always put up at the best inns; and although the apartments in these may not be quite as clean as in the first hotels in Germany, they are yet fully equal, if not superior, to those one meets with in the smaller towns of East Prussia and Westphalia. In many places we found the brick floors covered over with carpets; the huge beds perfectly clean, and frequently provided with mosquito curtains; the repasts cleanly and abundant; and all this is cared for by the vetturino, who also looks after the luggage, which at night is taken off the carriage, and placed in a lock-up shed.

On roads where there was much travelling it frequently happened that, at some midway station, between two great towns, our vetturino would exchange with another going in an opposite direction, so that each might return to his own home. We never found this arrangement productive of the slightest inconvenience, as the vetturino

who thus took us into his charge always punctually fulfilled the engagement of the one whom we had first hired. There is only one thing which is at first disagreeable to one in this mode of travelling; viz. the very early hour of the morning at which one is compelled to start. This arrangement is insisted on by the vetturini, in order that they may take advantage of the freshness of the early morning to achieve a part of their journey. From eleven until two o'clock in the afternoon, they almost always stop to rest. No matter how dark it is, at about four o'clock in the morning start you must. You accordingly step into the carriage, beleaguered by a whole set of men, who all assert that they have rendered you *some* service or other, and all expect you to bestow upon them some drink-money—*una buona mano*. There is the waiter who has attended on you; the under-waiter, who has lighted you to your bed-room; the boy of all work, who has just been to the neighbouring coffee-house to fetch your coffee, for in small towns the coffee is not ready in the inn at such an early hour of the morning, but there is always a coffee-house close at hand, prepared for such early visits. Then, just as you think you are fairly off, there steps forward the porter, who has placed your carpet-bag in the carriage, and the stable-boy, who has harnessed the horses for you. All these divers claimants talk at the same time, and, stretching out their hands with much eager gesticulation for the *buona mano*, make a point, when it is given, no matter what may be the amount, of exclaiming in a plaintive tone, *'poca'*, "It is but little." They all, however, being in reality fully satisfied with your gift, call after you at last, as you drive away, to wish you a "prosperous journey."

On the morning of the third day we passed through the maritime Alps, and the surrounding country immediately assumed a most romantic aspect. Deep ravines, amid whose rocky fissures the fig-tree fixed its roots and flourished; fields and orange gardens, surrounded by gigantic aloes, which abounded in every sheltered corner, combined to impart to the landscape a more southern aspect than it had hitherto possessed. Even the countenances of the country people whom we met were more characteristic: their complexion was darker, their eyes more sparkling, their hair of a more raven hue.

Not by slow degrees, but suddenly and abruptly, the

mountains we were traversing sloped downwards towards the ocean, and, about four o'clock in the afternoon, surrounded by a fantastic hill world, rich with luxuriant verdure, the wondrous, the beautiful Mediterranean Sea lay outspread beneath our feet.

The day had been oppressively hot, the September sun fell scorchingly on the rocks, and its beams were reflected back, dispensing heat as from a burning forge, but suddenly a fresh sea breeze cooled the air. The vetturino, who, like all Italians, often made use of signs instead of words to save himself the trouble of speaking, pointed with his whip towards the sea and towards the city, which lay outstretched before us, radiant and glittering, bathed in a flood of golden sunshine. We entered through the Tommaso Gate, and passed by the Palazzo Doria on our way to the Hôtel des Quatre Nations, which lies opposite the docks, close by the sea-side, and here we were able to enjoy in tranquil ease the scene of enchantment which presented itself to our delighted gaze, together with the happy conviction that we were indeed on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea!

BOATING IN THE HARBOUR.

Genoa is a free port: that is to say, ships are allowed to enter the Porto Franco without paying any dues; but the liberty thus conceded is, after all, no very important favour, for it does not extend to a permission to carry on any traffic without the payment of customs and dues; on the contrary, the side of the city which lies towards the harbour is surrounded by a walled bazaar, through the gates of which no one is allowed to pass without being searched, and this law is strictly observed. Every morning, on our return from the boat after bathing, when we wanted to pass through the gate, we were duly searched; and even the little hand bag, in which we carried our bathing apparatus, was opened. Nor was this done merely at first; it was repeated during fourteen successive days, although the custom-house officers knew us to be strangers who were enjoying the benefit of sea-bathing.

Towards the harbour side, the bazaar only presents to view a dead wall; but, on the side which looks towards the

town, there are a number of small shops, in which all manner of wares and provisions suited for sea-faring men are offered for sale. The flat roof, which can be reached by commodious steps at both ends of the bazaar, is one of the most delightful promenades in Genoa, and is a favourite evening resort of the inhabitants, who go thither to enjoy the refreshing sea-breeze in its greatest perfection.

It is from the sea that Genoa may be seen to the greatest advantage. At the extreme point of the quay is the Lanterna, which stands on the Molo Nuovo. From this spot the city may be viewed in all her majesty: her stately palaces rising from the sea, row above row, like the ranges of an amphitheatre. Pride of ancestry, together with the love of splendour characteristic of wealthy merchants, both united their influence amongst the ancient nobles of Genoa, and called into being a tasteful luxury, which, even at the present moment, imparts an undefinable charm to this queenly city.

As one sails along the coast, passing from the Molo Nuovo to the military hospital, the first object which attracts one's attention is the splendid palace of the Dorias. It consists, in fact, of two large palaces: the one crowns the summit of a beautiful terraced garden, which slopes downwards to the sea: the other lies at the foot of the hill of San Rocco. The lower stories of both are connected by arcades, and command the Piazza Doria, from which the Dorias have even now the right of excluding the public if they please. We here left our boat, and were landed at the foot of the Doria gardens.

These gardens, laid out in the French style, with their architectural yew hedges, extend upwards from the sea along the face of the rock; binding together and winding themselves around a whole cluster of buildings, which form a part of the possessions of the Doria family in this quarter of Genoa.

In the centre of the lowermost terrace of the garden, surrounded by yew trees, stands a large marble basin, ornamented with eagles and dolphins; the sea monarch, Neptune, standing proudly in their midst with his trident in his hand. His face is said to be a likeness of Andrea Doria, whose colossal statue, clad in full armour, gazes down from the summit of the rock upon the scene of beauty and of splendour lying outspread beneath him. The truly

regal halls and saloons of the palace testify the grandeur as well as the taste of this noble house, who are even now one of the most wealthy families in Italy. Their crest, the eagle, is to be seen displayed in every direction, and glances forth from amidst the verdure which adorns the noble galleries and verandahs of the palace. This luxuriant verdure imparts a cheerful aspect to this princely edifice; adorning the cold grandeur of the richly-carved stone with an ever-fresh glow of bloom and of beauty.

The princes of the house of Doria live for the most part in Rome, and for this reason their palace is not maintained in such a high state of preservation as those of the neighbouring families, who regularly pass the winter at Genoa in their castles; for castles they may truly be called, in the fullest signification of the word. At the time of our visit, however, it was undergoing extensive repairs; and gilders and painters were busy in all directions. It is said, that if one of the princes of the house of Doria chose to travel from Genoa to Naples, by short days' journeys of three or four German miles each, he might yet sleep each night in one of his own castles. One church, I think it is called San Luca, was built by a certain Lamba d'Auria (for thus, and not Doria, was the name originally written), and is ornamented externally, from top to bottom, with a representation in stucco of the valiant deeds which this Lamba Doria achieved both by land and water. A very handsome palace, which the Dorias possess in the Strada Nuova, they have presented to the Jesuits, who have converted it into a college.

In such regal beauty does the Palazzo Doria stand upon the shore of the glorious Mediterranean Sea, so proudly and commandingly does it look down upon the city of Genoa, that one can well understand the impatience felt by Fiesco at the thought of being obliged to bow before such a lordly race of nobles as this. One first learns in Italy fully to understand the middle-age struggles of the nobles, and forms to oneself some idea of the power and influence of these princely races from the traces of their greatness which are even now visible.

No trace now remains of the old palace of Ludovico Fiesco. It was demolished after the Fiesco conspiracy; and the present palace, an insignificant, red-painted building, in the centre of the amphitheatre of houses which sur-

rounds the harbour, is scarcely noticeable amongst the palaces which enclose it at each side, and some of which have been fitted up as hotels.

It is interesting to observe in Genoa how, with the changed habits of the nobles, the position of their palaces has also gradually altered. At the period when the aristocracy carried on an extensive commerce, these merchant princes built their houses upon the sea-shore. The palaces of the Dorias, the Fieschi, the Durazzi, &c. which overhang the sea, owe their origin to that period. The Signoria, now the royal palace, is situated higher up, and commands, from its wonderful galleries, both the city and the sea.

The residences of the more wealthy families are now chiefly built about midway up the slope on which the city stands, in the handsome streets known as *Strada Nuova* and *Strada Nuovissima*, through which one can drive with carriages, which it is quite impossible to do in the old, narrow streets near the harbour, or in the very steep ones higher up in the town, which are only accessible in litters.

Although not very aristocratic in my tendencies, I could not help feeling, whilst in Genoa, that there must be something elevating and ennobling to the mind in being able to look back to a long line of illustrious ancestors. In the Palazzo Brignolli, also named the Palazzo Rosso, on account of its red colour, is to be seen one of the finest of the picture galleries in which Genoa so richly abounds. There hang the portraits of three of the Brignole family who were doges; and there is a fine bust of a fourth Doge Brignole. The old servant who acted as our guide said, with a certain air of pride, "*That* is the marquis who commanded the army during the war against Maria Theresa." This reflex of aristocratic pride, springing from the love borne by an old and faithful servant towards his master's family, had in it something very touching.

I was frequently struck, during my stay in Italy, with the peculiar nature of the relations subsisting between the higher and lower classes in that country: between servants and their masters. An Italian speaks of his domestics as "*La mia famiglia*." When an Italian of the higher class says, "My family consists of five or six persons," he does not refer to his wife and children, but to his household. The serving classes are always treated with great kindness, and addressed as *padron* and *padrona*. These courteous

terms testify a certain degree of respect towards them, in which we are unfortunately too deficient.

I scarcely ever saw people in Genoa riding up the hill of San Rocco, on which there are a number of villas occupied by wealthy families, without hearing the rider chatting in a friendly tone with his donkey-driver (for here *donkeys* are the steeds most frequently employed). We were also equally struck with the kind and familiar manner in which the officers always addressed the soldiers under their command. One day, in a very narrow street, scarcely five paces wide, we saw a boy about twelve years of age lying straight across it on the ground, and thus causing much inconvenience to the passers-by. The lad was in a comfortable half doze, but all the time we stood there watching him, no one touched him, no one wakened him up. People smiled, and stepped carefully over him, until at length a team of laden asses coming up, their drivers called to him to get out of the way.

The people themselves are equally remarkable for their courteous and obliging manners. When we first came to Genoa, as we wished to make rather a long stay in the place, we resolved to hire a private dwelling-house, and I had walked all through the Strada Nuova and the Strada Nuovissima in search of a house which had been recommended to me. I stepped into the shop of a milliner, who was sitting alone at her work, and asked her if she could tell me my way. She readily described it to me, but added that I should not find it very easy to discover the house in question, the streets about there were so very intricate. As I was about to take my departure, after thanking her for her kindness, she suddenly exclaimed, "Wait a moment, signora, and I will bear you company, otherwise you will hardly be able to make your way back to your hotel." So saying, she threw her white veil over her head, took her fan in her hand, shut up her shop, gave the key to the hair-dresser next door, telling him she would be back presently, and then walked on by my side, chatting in a cheerful, kindly tone, and asking me many questions about my fatherland and divers other subjects, until she had guided me back to the hotel. When I pressed her to accept some trifling compensation for the loss of her time, she refused it, waving her hand, after the Italian fashion, to signify her rejection of the gift, and saying, "*Mi ha fatto*

piacere di servirla" (It has given me pleasure to render you a service), so that I had no resource left, save at a future time to make some trifling purchase at her shop in token of my gratitude.

Those who are disposed to look at the dark side of everything which concerns Italy and the Italians, may say that all this was done from interested motives; but, however, it benefited me; and even were this charge true, I should much prefer people speculating on my kindness, which in itself is a proof of trustfulness, to their treating me rudely and discourteously, as it so often happens. The politeness of the higher classes towards each other may sometimes be merely a golden tinsel covering worthless cloth; but the politeness and kindly bearing of the lower classes is always a real, and to my mind a most cheering, proof of civilization.

In all parts of Italy a conviction of their past greatness seems strongly impressed upon the minds of the people. They speak of the "days of Hannibal," as of a tale of the olden time; they are familiar with the names of their great poets, and with the deeds of their illustrious nobles; and this contributes much to keep up the interest which is felt by the people, even now, in the descendants of those noble houses.

One evening, when we were visiting the beautiful Villa Negro, under the guidance of a good-natured gardener, I was struck by the appearance of a row of large, barrack-like houses which lay in the valley beneath. We inquired what these buildings were for. "They are houses which the Marquis Serra caused to be built some years ago, in order to employ the labourers during a time of scarcity," replied the gardener. "The marquis is very wealthy, and lets them at a low rent." He then went on to relate that his late master had also been very wealthy, and that his three nephews had inherited his property, but they do not support their position.

"What do you mean by that?" asked one of our party.

"Oh! they give dinners, but no *divertimenti*," he replied; "but they are very benevolent, and that in secret," added he quickly, as though he blamed himself for having said a word against his master. We thought this showed great delicacy and refinement of feeling.

But I have wandered away from my boat and from the harbour all the way to Villa Negro, and I must now return

to the point whence I set out, and continue my excursion round the harbour.

About the middle of the harbour lies the wet dock, where ships are generally brought when they stand in need of repairs. A little farther on lies the Fieschi Palace. We were a large party of Germans on this day in the boat, and the sound of those names, "Fiesco," "Doria," the "Darsena," or wet dock, and the Tommaso Gate, awakened in our breasts a vivid recollection of the delight we had all experienced in our early days in listening to Schiller's beautiful tragedy; and here on the blue waves of the Mediterranean, we thought with deep reverence of the genius so justly honoured throughout our fatherland.

Amongst the numerous ships which had sought a shelter within the precincts of the harbour from the uncertainties of this capricious ocean, were to be found some Russian steamers, which were waiting to convey the empress to Palermo; and also an Egyptian war-steamer, which had brought the son of Ibrahim Pacha to visit the baths of Pisa, and was now awaiting his return. The master of our little bark proposed that we should visit this latter vessel, and steered us towards her. A lieutenant of the navy, a renegade, by birth a Genoese, dressed in a rich Albanian costume, and speaking French perfectly, conducted us over every part of the ship, and treated us with the utmost courtesy. He, and the engine-master, who was an Englishman, were the only Europeans in the ship. The captain was an Egyptian who had been educated for the service in France. The crew consisted partly of bronzed Egyptians, partly of swarthy Abyssinians. A general washing was going on; and these slight, well-formed, half-clad figures, might be seen nimbly climbing the rigging and ascending the masts, which, on this day, in place of waving flags, were laden with innumerable shirts and pantaloons. It presented a singular picture, this half-naked crew; and scattered here and there amongst them some officers of higher rank, lying in a state of eastern repose upon comfortable cushions on the deck, and gazing indolently upon the sea, whilst they smoked their long pipes. The prince's own cabin was fitted up with a mixture of European and Asiatic comfort: a convenient writing-table, surrounded with soft and luxurious cushions; European knives and forks laid alongside of small Turkish coffee-

cups. The costume of the officers in general presented a similar admixture; with the exception of that of the renegade, who was evidently fully satisfied with his own fantastic attire. Just as we were leaving the ship the band commenced their evening concert, and a very strange medley of divers tones and instruments it most assuredly was. It did not bear the most distant resemblance to the *alla Turca* with which our composers supply us, and was anything but pleasing to the ear. Our boatman, nodding contemptuously towards the ship, said, "*Ecco la musica Turca!*"

"Does it not please you then, *padrone?*" I asked. He looked at me for a moment, and then, with an inimitable gesture of contempt, uttered the favourite Italian exclamation, "*Ma che!*" which is employed by the people in such manifold senses, and to express such varied feelings.

He now rowed us along the coast until we reached the spot where a dark cypress wood shades the cholera graveyard, in which ten thousand bodies are said to have been entombed. The Chiesa Carignano towers proudly over this abode of death: and below it, a little to the right, on the extreme verge of the city, lies the Jewish burial-ground, treeless, mournful, and deserted, and distinguishable only by the cold grave-stones which cover the last earthly resting-place of this wondrous and persecuted race.

Steering away from the shore towards the open sea, our boatman brought us to a spot from whence we could see the extreme point of the chain of hills which forms the Bay of Genoa. It is called Porto Fino; and bathed in the warm rosy glow of the setting sun, slopes upwards from the sea, which murmurs softly around its base, as though, with loving tenderness, it would fain cool the burning rock with the gentle touch of its white, refreshing waves. Thus we were rowed about from place to place, scarcely even rocked by the waves, until the moon's silvery crescent stood high in the heavens, and the lamps beamed brightly from the light-house in the harbour, whilst the shades of evening gathered each moment more closely around fair Genoa herself.

As we neared the town we were greeted by a loud salute of cannon. The Princess Helena of Russia had been visiting a Russian steamer, and a salvo of artillery had saluted her on her departure from the ship.

THROUGH THE STREETS.

If it be desired by those who take up their abode in any of the hotels near the sea-side to enjoy a fine prospect, they must take care to engage apartments in the upper story of the house; for the bazaar, which reaches up to the first floor, totally excludes the view.

The *bel étage* consists of the state apartments of these former palaces, and suites of rooms on that floor are charged very high; but a flight higher up, beautiful apartments may be had at a very reasonable rate. We joined a family of German friends, and had a sitting-room in common with them, each, however, being also provided with our own separate apartments. In order to reach these we had, it is true, to ascend a flight of one hundred and twenty steps; but when once reached, the view from the windows was splendid. In Italy, however, one must accustom one self to mounting these lofty flights of stairs; and this is more especially the case in Rome, where, from causes connected with the climate, the upper stories are ever those most in demand. In Genoa, also, I think they are by far the most healthy, as the effluvia proceeding from the seaweed, which is allowed to rot in considerable quantities on the shore, is often very sensibly to be perceived in the lower stories of the house.

In spite of these advantages, however, I must own that it required some resolution to return home when once one was fairly in the street; and many a spare half-hour, between one excursion and another, was on this account idled away either in drinking sherbet in a coffee-room or in strolling about the streets.

One day we set out from our hotel with the intention of attending the service about to be performed in the cathedral in honour of the Virgin Mary's birthday. The cathedral, built in a style of half Gothic, half Byzantine architecture, is covered within and without with broad stripes of black and white marble, which impart to the whole structure a most singular and tasteless appearance. A broad, handsome flight of steps leads up to the church, and these, together with the whole adjoining square, were

covered with troops, who wore a very stately aspect, with their lofty bearskin caps, but must certainly have suffered exceedingly from the extreme heat of the noontide sun.

The interior of the church was hung throughout with red damask, bordered with gold. Between the pillars and over the altars hung large glass lustres, with lighted wax tapers, amongst which wreaths of flowers were entwined. All the churches of Genoa betray the influence of the East in their architecture; and the cathedral, thus decked out, bore a very close resemblance to a Moorish *ballet* decoration.

The nave was lined on each side with the soldiers of the royal guard in their bearskin caps. The ecclesiastics, in their costly ermine-bordered vestments, sat around the high altar waiting for the arrival of the authorities, whilst the male portion of the congregation stood chatting together. The chairs were carried hither and thither, and the ladies and little maidens moved their fans to and fro with such restless energy, that at first it really quite frightened me to look at them. It conveyed to my mind the idea, either that they were all set in movement by a machine, or else that the ladies were impelled to this perpetual motion by some internal cramp.

We had to wait a long time. At last the sound of a drum was heard approaching the church door; the ecclesiastics rose, and, bearing the cross before them, advanced to meet the military governor, who, with his numerous and brilliant staff, now entered the cathedral, and took their places on the seats which had been reserved for them near the clergy. Next followed the civil authorities in mediæval costumes of black and coloured satin, with broad-frilled ruffs and massive gold chains. Then came the deputies of the university, also dressed in antique costume; and, finally, the naval officers: all as if they were attending a court levee.

When the authorities had taken their seats, the organ, with the accompaniment of an orchestra, began to play very badly, and in double-quick time, the overture to the "*Zauberflöte*." This was followed by the high mass, which was played in equally quick time, to such lively music that one might have waltzed to it with the greatest ease. At the conclusion of the whole a hundred cannon shots were fired. It was altogether exactly like an ordinary birthday

levee held in honour of an unseen princess, and was certainly very far from realising in any sense *our* ideas of the worship due to Almighty God.

When mass was concluded, the authorities, both civil and military, left the church, and a kind of parade was held in the adjoining square. A finer body of military I do not think I ever beheld. The dark, expressive countenances, and remarkably fine eyes, which characterise this people, impart to the troops a noble and warlike aspect, for which the more rigid drilling undergone by our troops can in no degree compensate. The most perfect tranquillity reigned throughout the town during the whole day in honour of the festival: the shops were closed, and all labour was at a stand-still. The streets extending from the harbour to the more modern portion of the town are all narrower than we ever see them in more northern climes. In streets which are barely five paces in width, one sees the most splendid porches belonging to old palaces; and through these porches the interior of courts, in which elegant *jets-d'eau* rise from the midst of marble basins decorated with statues and coats of arms. The houses are so high that scarcely a single sunbeam can penetrate into the streets; and it is precisely for this purpose that they have been built so very narrow. This style of architecture is required on account of the heat of the climate and the bright light of this southern sky. To us, however, familiar as we are with the long gloomy autumns of the north, these sun-excluding quarters of the town have in them something quite oppressive to the mind, although they are probably well adapted to these warmer regions.

In order to enjoy the festival to the utmost, we now proceeded to the Villa Pallavicini. Surrounded by a grove of dark-green cypresses, and crowning a hill which commands a full view both of the town and of the sea, stands the bright yellow palace. Magnificent pines with their spreading crowns, evergreen oaks and olive-trees, adorn the base of the hill, meeting the cypress grove midway up the steep ascent. Lower down still, the oleander and the pomegranate mingle their glowing blossoms with the white, fragrant flowers of the orange-tree and the Catalonian jasmine: one feels as if one were inhaling the south with every breath. And after we had revelled for a while in the enjoyment of all this beauty, and were about to take our

departure, every lady was presented with a magnificent nosegay, which the Italians understand so perfectly how to arrange, placing one large flower in the centre, and arranging the others so closely around it that, when completed, it assumes the form of a little dome or cupola. This is a very pretty way of settling a bouquet, and the flowers thus arranged last longer than with us; for the long stalks, when placed in water, are apt quickly to rot.

Leaving the villa, we returned to the street which leads by the nearest way from the sea to the Porto Tommaso. This street, on account of its vicinity to the port, always presents a very animated scene. It is surprising here to observe the vast variety of food which is offered to the people for sale: large dishes of rice, broiled fish of every description, snails, tomatoes stuffed with cheese and meat, macaroni, roast meat of divers kinds, and an abundant supply of the choicest fruits. As everything is dressed on little iron stoves in the shops or in the open street, one can examine the materials as much as one likes, in order to assure one's self that everything is good and clean.

In each of these shops burns an antique three-branched brass lamp. Cheeses of gigantic size are piled up amongst melons, hams, sausages, grapes, tobacco, soap and candles. A little image of the Madonna, or of some saint, with a lamp burning in front, hangs against the wall behind, where she acts as a protectress of the provisions. Soldiers, sailors of all nations, women with white muslin veils thrown over their shining jet-black hair, priests, monks, labourers, children: all were moving to and fro, presenting to the looker-on a gay and animated spectacle.

Here stood boys, who were engaged in throwing a ball from one to another by means of a sort of leather tambourine; there knelt a maiden who was receiving freshly-boiled cutlets on a sheet of paper, to carry away with her; whilst a third person might be seen buying for a penny a large glass of water sweetened with syrup and a green citron, the juice of which he squeezed into it. Men may also be seen standing at the corners of the streets, and singing metrical stories for the people, in return for a small piece of money. Monks are engaged in collecting alms, and offering to their acquaintances a pinch of snuff from their little wooden snuff-boxes. In the midst of all this may be heard the tinkling of the mule-bells, as those beasts of burden pass

on in long files, laden with wood, or with little oil or wine jars, and slowly and carefully wending their way through the narrow streets. It is impossible to picture a more stirring scene, and one can scarcely understand how the varied throng can find room in these narrow streets. The hum and buzz resembles that of a crowded bee-hive; but no one pushes against you, or annoys you in any way; neither did I ever see any quarrelling or drinking going on. Just as we had reached the middle of the long street, a troop of soldiers advanced, preceded by a military band. We were all, of course, obliged to retreat into the neighbouring houses, and there was a great pressure in the crowd, but still the people never for one moment forgot their courtesy and kindness. One of our party wore a white mantilla, which seemed in much peril of being damaged in passing through the busy crowd, almost each individual of which carried some juicy fruit, or savoury dish fried in oil or fat; but every one who approached her said, in a friendly tone, "*Guarda, signora!*" and did his best to avoid touching her. At least a third part of the men were ecclesiastics. In Genoa they are to be seen in all directions, and fill every kind of office. In every household they are the instructors of the young; in the families of the nobles they are domestic chaplains; all charitable institutions are under their superintendence; all the schools are in their hands. They are the librarians and custodians of all public libraries and establishments of every description; and in addition to these secular clergy, innumerable monks fill the monasteries which abound throughout Italy.

As it was still too early to repair to the theatre, we went to the largest coffee-house in Genoa, "*Le Grand Cairo*," close to the exchange. I had always imagined that a mercantile people like the Genoese would have taken care to provide themselves with a handsome exchange; but, on seeing the building, I found how very greatly I had been mistaken. It is situated in the middle of the old town, in a confined square not far from the harbour. Two sides of it are blocked up with houses; the other two are surrounded by an open space. The exchange is merely a vast hall, from the top to the bottom covered with glass windows, which impart to it a lantern-like, hot-house-looking aspect. The construction of the roof beams, which are all

made out of the masts of ships, is, however, considered very wonderful. The buildings, both externally and internally, are totally devoid of ornament; a row of benches are placed against the wall, and some old, heavy tables stand before them. At night a lighted lamp hangs from the ceiling. I came here frequently and at various hours of the day; and though there were always some people in the building, yet it seemed to me there was more real business going on in the various streets which led from the exchange down to the free-port. Here were to be seen groups, figures, and scenes, which very forcibly recalled to the mind that one was in a commercial town. Grave, portly merchants formed the central point; busy, talkative brokers bustled hither and thither amongst them; jovial ship-captains shook hands with merchants who engaged to freight their ships, and then turned away to issue their commands to the expectant sailors. Every one hoped for gain, every one was engaged in speculation; and the success of the few turned to the advantage of all. Leaving the exchange and passing through various alleys, you reach a very small, ill-lighted square, and are not a little surprised to find yourself suddenly plunged into a sea of light, when the curtain hangings which cover the door of the Grand Cairo coffee-room are raised, and from its mirrored walls the vast assemblage of men and women which it contains are reflected at least twenty-fold. Here you drink coffee, chocolate, and lemonade, and eat ice and *granito*, which is a kind of half-frozen ice, not yet hardened into a compact mass, but in the granular transition state between water and ice.

Ice and ice-cooled water are in this climate pressing necessities of life; and yet, in the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples, ice and snow are a royal monopoly, and no one dares to collect either even on his own ground. What adds to the hardship of this law is, that all drinking water is conveyed to Genoa from a distance of four miles, through leaden pipes exposed to the heat of the sun; so that, by the time it reaches the cisterns in the houses, it is lukewarm, nauseous, and scarcely drinkable until it has been iced.

Snow is actually indispensable; and yet the people quietly allow the snow which falls from heaven to be shovelled away from their very doors, and afterwards pur-

chase it with the money which they have earned by the sweat of their brow. Truly those who submit to such tyranny as this must be a patient and much-enduring people!

THE DAY-THEATRE.

The favourite walk at Genoa is that known by the name of Acqua Sola, situated far above the town, and from whence one glances downward upon the fair and busy scenes beneath. Close to the entrance of this walk lies the Day-Theatre—Teatro-Diurno; which begins about half-past four in the afternoon. In a court-yard, surrounded by all sorts of buildings, stands a small, tastefully-constructed house, somewhat resembling a temple in an English garden. This is the stage. In front of it is a level, well-gravelled space, enclosed within wooden palisades, and provided with a linen awning with which it is covered in bad weather. Within this enclosure are seated the first-class spectators upon straw seats, which each one draws near his friends, just as he pleases. Behind this wooden fence are gradually-ascending tiers of seats for that part of the audience who are provided only with second-class tickets. One pays about eightpence for the best places, and fivepence for the others. In the front seats are seen officers and citizens belonging to the higher class; a few ladies; and, among these, very few who wear bonnets. They seem to belong chiefly to the middle class, and wear the white muslin head-dress and the indispensable fan. The back seats are filled with sailors, soldiers, and mechanics; and among this portion of the audience are infinitely fewer women than men.

A new play was performed, written by a young Genoese. Its title was "Nobili, Cittadini, e Plebei" ("Nobles, Citizens, and People"), and in it was admirably portrayed the folly of all classes desiring to appear greater and wealthier than they are, and seeking their happiness in the mere outward circumstances of life. It was cleverly written, and abounded with many humorous touches. The *dramatis personæ*, representing so many classes as they did, were necessarily numerous: an old count, in whose character were some noble elements, but ruined by an indulgence in

pomp and display, which he thought due to his position in life; the marquis his son, a young *vaut-rien*, who by his father's advice seeks for a wealthy wife, and chooses one in the daughter of a banker, whose son, also a young idler, is the marquis's friend. The desire to vie with the nobility both in the costliness of equipages and entertainments, by which the banker as well as his son and daughter are infected, has caused the ruin of the former, in spite of the warnings of his young wife to whom he had been united after the death of his first wife. This young woman and her former lover, whom she had renounced by the command of her parents, for the sake of marrying this opulent old banker, are the finest characters in the piece, preserving their simplicity and purity amid all the luxury and corruption by which they are surrounded. The third class are represented by a shoemaker's family, consisting also of an old couple, a son and daughter. The son has contrived, under the title of a certain Marquis Pella—Fell—to form an intimate acquaintance with the two young spendthrifts; and his mother, enchanted with the honour thus conferred upon him, assists him with money in his evil course. The father, on the contrary, reproves him for his conduct; and blames his daughter, who is about to marry a miserable old miser, miserable alike in mind and body, for the sake of his hoarded wealth, and with this view rejects an honest, handsome young shoemaker who loves her dearly, and whom she would prefer if only his position were higher in the world. The plot is not very deep, but there are single scenes full of truth and beauty.

The whole company played extremely well; the parts of the banker's wife, more especially, and of the old count were admirably performed: and we Germans acknowledged to each other that, as a whole, we had never seen such a piece so well acted by people of our own country.

One advantage that the Italians possess over us upon the stage is their far greater vivacity of character, and their habit of accompanying their words with pantomimic look and gesture. A German, to whom, in spite of his inborn phlegm, the senseless injunction is continually repeated to him in childhood, of "Keep yourself quiet, my dear, and don't make use of your hands in speaking," no sooner appears on the stage and is called upon to depict the slightest emotion, than he thinks himself obliged to pro-

duce some extraordinary effect, and then follow the telegraphic acting, and the whole tasteless striving after effect, which in Germany destroy so much of our dramatic enjoyment. Here, as in France, they utter simple things in a simple tone, and do not, as amongst us, ask for a glass of water with pathos and emphasis. They sit, stand, and walk naturally. Their laugh is unconstrained.

There is one very moving scene, in which the banker's wife, during a ball at her own house, learns from her husband's lips that he is a ruined man, and that his money-boxes have been stolen. She stands perfectly still, and it is only from her hurried question, repeated each time with more intense anxiety, "*Eh ben?*" that we learn the depth of that anguish which makes us tremble with emotion. Then follows a scene in which the luxurious and over-indulged children discover their father's shame, and part from him with bitter reproaches, because he has squandered their mother's portion. And then the horror of the young wife at her step-children's undutiful conduct! And the reconciling tenderness with which she throws herself into the arms of the man whom she had married by compulsion, but who is nevertheless her husband, to whom she has vowed fidelity, and entreats of him to accept of her dowry! Her surprise and grief on learning that it too had been squandered, and her struggle to regain composure before she can utter calmly, "Oh! I do not sorrow for the loss of the gold; I sorrow only that there should be no means left me to aid thee in thy distress!" This was nobly conceived and nobly rendered.

The last act was performed nearly in twilight. Mean while, a little rain had fallen, and every one who had an umbrella raised it up, as the weather was not bad enough to necessitate the stretching out of the awning. The spectators seemed to listen throughout with the deepest interest, and they applauded very judiciously the best parts of the piece. At its conclusion, the actors and the author were called for. The latter was a pleasing-looking young man. The tragedy of "*Electra*" was announced for the following day. I was not able to attend; but one of my acquaintances, who is well versed in dramatic art, was present, and assured me that the performance of the tragedy was quite as good as that of the comedy which I had seen, and that it left very little to desire in the way of perfection.

THE BRIDGE AND CHURCH OF CARIGNANO.

We set out one day for a walk, intending to pass the Bridge Carignano, which is built across a rocky chasm, and forms a connecting link between one part of the city and another. At the farther end of this bridge, surrounded by an open square, stands the Church Carignano.

For the sake of variety, instead of following the direct road through the town, we went by a roundabout way to the free-port, passing through some narrow streets in which the fish-market is held. One of our companions, the State Councillor Von Baer, of zoological renown, a member of the Academy of St. Petersburg, was well known in this quarter, and I had already accompanied him hither, in order to look at the immense variety of fishes here exhibited. A fish-market by the sea-side is a sort of water *ménagerie*, and, as such, highly interesting.

There, near the thick, uncouth-looking tunny-fish, hangs the slender sword-fish, which must certainly be much the cleverer fellow of the two; for some fishermen told me that the shoals of tunnies were always led by a sword-fish, and that for this reason, during the seasons of migration, they took care never to catch a sword-fish. Should such a thing, however, occur by accident, they always throw it back into the sea, in order not to deprive the tunnies of their guide, and thus cause them to lose their way.

Dolphins, sea-devils, and electric eels, all lie side by side; whilst the fish-dealers, like butchers in a butcher's stall, hew and hack away at these enormous animals with large knives, and then weigh them out in slices to the purchasers. Near these monsters of the ocean lie the soft, jelly-like mollusca, wearing anything but a tempting aspect. The cuttle-fish exactly resembles a mass of entrails, and, in appearance, has as little consistency as the mollusca, although when roasted the flesh is well-tasted, and acquires a certain degree of firmness. Many of the mollusca look like a mere lump of jelly furnished with a little breathing tube, through which they also imbibe water. One is almost surprised that they do not melt away beneath the touch; and yet these formless and almost inor-

ganic beings quiver and throb with life, and enjoy in their own way the pleasure of existence. One cannot help gazing at them with mingled wonder and disgust; and one turns with a feeling of satisfaction towards the more substantial brown lobsters, together with the shell-fish, oysters, and mussels, which are laid on broad vine leaves, and offered for sale under the common name of *frutti di mare* (sea-fruits), by which the Italians usually designate all fish of this description. Boys who were accustomed to see the Councillor von Baer daily investigating the contents of the fish-stalls, and who had supplied him with several marine animals to add to his zoological collection, quickly surrounded him, and began to praise their several commodities with true Italian eagerness. They knew exactly what he was likely to require and what he was not; and, like all Italians, were so courteous in their demeanour, so intelligent and so ready in their answers, that it was a real pleasure to have them in attendance on you. Passing through the eastern quarter of the town, densely inhabited by the poorer classes, we reached the road leading to the Bridge Carignano, the architecture of which did not seem to us so very surprising, as we had already seen in Lausanne the wonderful bridge three stories high, each separate stage leading to a different part of the hill, and thus connecting the different quarters of the town together at three several points. The Church Carignano was built by the Sauli family in consequence of a feud with the Fieschi, who possessed a small church in the neighbourhood. The Fieschi interdicted one of the daughters of the house of Sauli from passing through their grounds on her way to their church. The young lady returned home in a very indignant mood, complaining of the treatment she had received; and the very same day her father vowed that he would build a church which should far surpass in size and splendour that of the Fieschi. This plan was quickly carried into execution; and now the Church Carignano, with its large cupola surrounded by four smaller ones, towers proudly over the eastern quarter of the town. It is one of the points where the finest view of the city of Genoa is to be obtained. From the gallery of the central dome you see to the right the environs of the city, thickly studded with villas and small houses. Before you lies Genoa itself, rising like a splendid amphitheatre from the

shores of the blue Mediterranean, whose rippling waves gently break upon the coast beneath.

We remained here until the sun had sunk to rest, and the glowing violet hues of the rock of Porto Fino had faded into silvery gray beneath the pale moonlight. The revolving flame of the lighthouse shone forth brightly amidst the thick-gathering gloom of night; and as I gazed upon it, I could not but reflect how time as it passes onwards casts over each successive generation the gray veil of forgetfulness, from beneath whose covering only here and there a solitary light gleams forth in the distance, towards which future eyes turn their reverent and admiring gaze. As we returned into the interior of the church, over which a few straggling moonbeams cast a dim and uncertain light, we found that the evening service was over, and no one remained in the church save a door-keeper, a gentle, gray-headed old man. He looked so calm and peaceful that one almost felt tempted to ask him for his blessing. Peace and rest are so rarely to be met with amongst men, that one is disposed to consider even their external form as a sort of talisman, beneath whose spell one would gladly place all the wild wishes and tumultuous struggles of one's own sorrow-stricken heart.

On the way to the public gardens, we met several parties of young men in white pantaloons, wearing light nankeen jackets, and round straw hats ornamented with flowers. They carried tambourines in their hands, and sang as they went along. We inquired who they were, and were told that they were "joyous brotherhoods" returning from the dance. There were no women of the party: it seems to me that in Upper Italy they are much less seen in the streets than they are amongst us, and that, save for a certain occasional eye and face by-play, they are very discreet in their demeanour.

After we had strolled about the promenade for a little while, enjoyed the music of the band which plays here every evening, and eaten ices in front of the pavilion, we returned homewards in company with some stragglers from the "joyous brotherhood." Two of them suddenly paused, and, standing beneath the shade of a tree, began to sing. One had a fine bass voice, the other a falsetto; and they sang old church tunes, passages from operas, and popular ballads, all mingled together, and set to words which they

had evidently agreed upon between themselves. So far as I understand the *patois* they employed, it seemed to me that the burden of their songs was harmless and humorous. The people gathered around them and laughed, and the singers themselves laughed in the pauses of their songs. Not far from the merry throng, closely wrapped in a long white veil, sat a female mendicant, who held out her little tin box to receive the alms of the passers-by. I observed that few of the "joyous brotherhood" passed the veiled figure by without contributing their mite to her relief. This act of kindness reconciled me in some degree to the painful contrast between want and superfluity, between sorrow and joy, which had at first grated harshly upon my mind, and it resolved the discord into a gentle chord of expiring harmony.

RIVIERA DI LEVANTE.

Had we been people of distinction, the official journal of Genoa would most assuredly have converted the heavens into a sympathising spirit, and described the fructifying rain as so many tears of sorrow shed at our departure. After a long period of unbroken fine weather, the rain suddenly began to fall in torrents just as we were quitting Genoa, in order to pursue our journey to Florence along the beautiful Riviera di Levante, passing through Carrara and Lucca on our way.

The *chaussée* is at first of a very moderate elevation, and overhangs the rocky coast, which is bathed by the blue waves of the Mediterranean. We cast our lingering look behind us on Genoa, which so well merits the name of "Genova la Superba," but found some comfort in the thought that "Firenze la Bella" would compensate us for its loss. The Riviera is cultivated like a garden throughout its whole extent. Amongst olives, chestnut-trees, figs, and pomegranates, and winding itself around the pine, the cypress, and the laurel, the vine hangs in graceful festoons from stem to stem, laden with ripe clusters of delicious fruit, and wearing a joyous and festive aspect. In many cases there were three, and sometimes even four or five, vines clinging around a single tree, and climbing to its topmost boughs.

Hedges of aloes, cactuses, and blooming monthly-roses, surround the fields; and the waving oleander, with its red and white blossoms, may be seen scattered here and there amongst them. The fig-tree, laden with fruit, seemed to have taken root in every crevice of the rocks; and sheltered beneath its overhanging boughs grow the lavender, the pink, and the white-blossoming myrtle. Fields planted with melons, tomatoes, and ripe maize, the bearded ears of which wave like plumes of feathers in the breeze, alternate with orange groves. The variety and luxuriance of the vegetation are such, that I scarcely knew in which direction to turn my eyes; and, for the sake of the poor, I cannot help rejoicing to see this abundant supply of eatables; and I felt how rich in blessing was the land whose fertile soil and sunny clime rendered the necessities of life thus easily accessible to all. Here, in the genial South, I always felt a redoubled pang of regret when I thought of the needy sufferers in the frozen North, whose every fervent sigh is congealed into an icicle ere it escapes their lips.

The road which runs along this coast is acknowledged to be one of the loveliest in Italy. The climate is warmer here than in the whole remaining tract of country which lies to the north of Terracina. The vegetation of Florence and of Rome wears a far more northern aspect; and nowhere else have I seen, not even in Terracina, so many aloes, cactuses, oranges, and pomegranates, as here. All the neighbouring heights are crowned with towns surrounded by old massive walls, from the lofty towers and gaping port-holes of which, the ghost of an olden time, when there was less security for travellers than there is now, appears to gaze forth upon the passing scene.

Built around creeks of the sea, and sheltered by precipitous rocks, flourish the little, stirring, busy sea-port towns which are so numerous along this coast. The moon stood high in the heavens when we reached lovely Chiavari. There the roads turn away from the coast, passing through the more mountainous district of the interior; and the courier dashed down the hills at such a furious pace, that, for my part, mistaking the shades cast by the rocks in the pale moonlight for ravines and precipices, I expected every moment to be plunged into an abyss.

Wearied by the heat, the rapid pace at which we were proceeding soon threw me into that half-sleeping, half-

waking state which is the very rightful dominion and paradise of dreamers. Like a sparkling sea bespangled with brilliants, the valleys lay outspread beneath me, reflecting back the moonbeams from every glittering dew-drop. Light blue shadows seemed to float around me between earth and heaven, like the spirits of the flowers whose fragrance was wafted towards me by each passing breeze; the world of reality melted into clouds; the incorporeal and shadowy assumed form and substance. Suddenly it seemed to me as though a thousand fiery eyes were staring at me, as if they marvelled at my existence. A long arm was outstretched towards me, and gave me a violent blow. I started up! It was the branch of a tree which had thus brushed against me and aroused me from my sleep. The last waking impression my senses had received had been that of a fig-tree lighted up with glow-worms, which my dreamy slumbers had converted into a fearful Argus-eyed monster.

Bright lights were now burning in the distance, rockets were blazing up to heaven, and gay-coloured Chinese lamps appeared to be floating over the sea in glittering garlands. This was Sestri, which was illuminated in honour of its patron saint. I resolved not to fall asleep again: I wished to enjoy the southern night, the moonbeams resting on the waves, the illumination of Sestri itself; but soon Sestri seemed to me like a large radiant star, which was pouring forth a shower of glowing, glittering flowers upon the earth beneath; and then all was dim and dark again, and when I woke up from my slumbers, lo! Sestri lay far behind me, and my companion was sleeping peacefully by my side.

By the light of early dawn we passed through some steep ravines; and just as the sun was rising above the hills, we reached La Spezzia, whose little barks were gently rocked by the morning breeze, as they lay upon the slumbering waves. Beautiful pleasure-walks have been formed along the shore; for La Spezzia is a much-frequented sea-bathing place, and during the heat of summer must be a most charming residence. It was here, I think, that Lord Byron burnt the ashes of his friend Percy Bysshe Shelley, to whose memory he erected a simple monument in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome. Close to the wall of the burial-ground, on a lowly hillock, lies the flat marble

tablet on which are inscribed Shelley's name, together with the dates of his birth and of his death, and under it the words, "*Cor cordium*" (Heart of hearts).

The Sardinian courier will not go beyond Sarzana, a place situated a few miles from La Spezzia. Here we engaged once more a *vetturino*, as we wished to proceed at once, in order to have time to look about us in Carrara, which we reached about noon.

In consequence of the rain which had fallen during the last few days, the marble rocks here had assumed a brownish-yellow hue, which presented a striking contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the marble in those parts which had crumbled away or been split open, thus revealing the snow-white purity of the original stone. Carrara lies in a deep hollow, surrounded on all sides by these rocks. During the last few days, the place had been visited by some heavy storms and sharp shocks of an earthquake. Nature had now recovered her tranquillity; but such thick gray clouds floated around the summit of the hill, and the path leading to the marble quarries was described to me as being so smooth and slippery after the rain, that I made up my mind not to visit them, but to content myself with seeing some of the sculptors' *ateliers* during my brief visit to Carrara.

But I cannot say that I enjoyed my excursion much. Being perfect strangers, and having no acquaintances in the place, we were obliged to deliver ourselves over to the tender mercies of that greatest of all tyrants, a *cicerone*. Neither he nor our host could we by any means induce to acquaint us, in the first place, with the names of the different statuaries, so that we might make our own choice. Very unwillingly, and, I must own, for my part, somewhat contumaciously, we were conducted to a street in which *atelier* touched *atelier*, and hurried from one to another, without a moment's breathing-time. Seven, eight *ateliers*, belonging to Germans, Italians, French, and Swedes, was I compelled to enjoy after this fashion; and only remember that the *atelier* of the Swedish sculptor, the Chevalier Biström, appeared to us to be the one which contained the most remarkable productions of art.

Biström himself conducted us round his *atelier*, and pointed out some statues to our notice to which he had applied painting and gilding, as the ancients are said to

have done. I could not say, however, that I thought this produced either a pleasing or an artistic effect. I am rather disposed to think that this mode of colouring statuary was, even in ancient times, rather a blameable exception than an example worthy of imitation. Gladly would I have aided, with the help of a good substantial sponge, to restore a beautiful statue of Truth, which stood bathed in a flood of golden sunlight, to its original purity and beauty.

Taken as a whole, the *ateliers* of Carrara, so far as I could judge from this flying visit, had a something too professional about them to suit my taste. They contained an abundance of little Cupids spreading nets, shooting arrows, playing lyres, or, where disposed to take a very high flight, riding on lions. Together with these there were a number of dying saints, hand-wringing Madonnas and Magdalens, and, above all, a superfluity of those elegant trifles which, when any one who is pretty well off in the world is furnishing a house, he so gladly places on spare consoles, and thus earns at a cheap rate the title of a "generous patron of art."

Some sculptors there were who were executing greater and more massive works, from the models of well-known foreign artists; but I did not see here a single original production which fixed itself in my mind as a genuine creation of genius.

Leaving Carrara, we proceeded through Pietra Santa to Lucca, in which place, as it appeared to me, almost every inhabitant might have a church all to himself, if he were so disposed; for such a scarcity of men, and such a superabundance of churches, I never saw in the whole course of my life.

Lucca is pervaded by that air of languid, genteel *ennui* peculiar to small capitals: a something which cannot be described, but which is familiar to every one who has ever resided in Germany, where small capitals abound. Much was told us of the splendour and luxury of the court, of the fêtes and entertainments given during the bathing season, which always attracts numerous strangers to the place. Now, however, there was nothing of all this to be seen; and neither the Promenade, which encircles the town with its beautiful avenues of trees, nor the innumerable churches with which Lucca abounds, could tempt us to prolong our stay; and early in the morning succeeding

our arrival, we left Lucca by the road which leads towards Pistoja.

If a death-like stillness reigned in Lucca, so much the more life-like did the *chaussée* appear to us, with all its busy traffic. The road was crowded with waggons and with *retturini*, who showed so much carelessness in the manner in which they had fastened on their passengers' baggage to the carriages in which they drove them, that it proved at least this pleasing fact, that we were in a land of perfect security. Often the trunks were merely thrown into an open chest fastened on the carriage, or else attached to it behind by a single cord. There was something very pleasant to me in this state of things. I scarcely know anything which conveys to the mind a more painful impression regarding the state of our social relations than the necessity of guarding one's possessions from the grasp of one's fellow-men. I always feel how utterly wretched those must be who stake their freedom, their life, their existence as citizens, on the attempt to win some trifling booty, the acquisition of which could, after all, screen them but for a short season from renewed want and misery.

In journeying along this road, leading from Lucca to Florence, one saw one's self surrounded on all sides by an appearance of comfort, and consequent security, which I never before met with in a like degree. From Pistoja onwards, the land is so fully cultivated that, all the way to Florence, the road is bounded on both sides by substantial walled houses, which are all maintained in good order. Before every door sat men, women, and children, busily engaged in weaving straw; a few of the younger people sat by reading, others—and amongst these latter were some very tastefully attired maidens—were employed in going about to offer the work for sale, in the same way that embroidery is offered from door to door amongst us. Little children of three and four years old were playing with the straws, just as if they, too, understood how to plait them.

The straw employed for this work is made from the flowering stalk of a peculiar kind of reed, large fields of which are cultivated throughout all the surrounding neighbourhood. The straw-plaiters manufacture the hats entirely in their own private houses. They are washed, bleached, and finished on the spot; and here and there, in passing along, one can see all these operations in active progress.

This species of industry, which does not confine the workers in the close and densely-thronged rooms of a factory, but allows them to move about and enjoy themselves, breathing the free air of heaven, has in its very aspect something pleasing and exhilarating. For this reason, the Italian woman's spindle, whilst carrying which she walks about with such an air of stately dignity, is in my eyes much prettier than our northern spinning-wheel: and one is well satisfied, whilst in Italy, to put up with rough sheets, when one reflects that the women who spin the yarn are those blooming, light-hearted looking beings whom one sees walking actively along the roads, spinning as they go.

The dress of the women in the neighbourhood of Florence is very similar to that of our own peasant women in Germany, save for the large round straw hat, which is neither convenient nor becoming, especially when it is blown about by the wind.

Thus surrounded by cheerful pictures of happy and well-paid industry, in the midst of a lovely and fertile country, we proceeded on our way until we reached Florence, and, passing through the custom-house gate, fell into our places behind a long row of equipages coming from the Casino, and returning into the city after their evening drive. At this gate they kindled their lanterns, and we gladly followed in their track, through the ill-lighted streets of the fair city of Florence.

FLORENCE.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE CITY.

THE numerous race of travellers may in general be divided into two classes, who differ widely from each other: those who travel in order to see a great deal, and those who travel in order to enjoy themselves. These last totally exclude from their plan the attempt to "see a great deal." There is nothing more wearisome than to hurry about incessantly from one sight to another, receiving a multitude of new impressions; and for this reason the first day spent in a new town is very frequently one of but little enjoyment.

It is when you have received and mastered the leading impression of the whole, and begin to distinguish the individual features of the place, that the charm of tranquil enjoyment really commences.

The first impression of Florence is, however, by no means of so bewildering a character as that of Genoa. Perhaps this may partly be accounted for by the circumstance, that, coming from Genoa to Florence, one has already become in some degree accustomed to the busy, animated life of the Italian populace. Florence is, moreover, far less bustling, and more elegant and civilised in its aspect, than Genoa. But, amidst all the elegance of Florence, one misses and longs for the blue waves of the Mediterranean; and in spite of the gaily-dressed crowd who frequent the Corso degli Adimari, I often thought with regret of the joyous, bustling scenes of the Porto Franco, of the rough tarry jackets of the sailors, and the steaming ovens at the corners of the streets.

Florence seemed to me, when I first saw it, too little Italian in its aspect, too destitute of any characteristic physiognomy; and this impression was fully confirmed when, a year later, I again visited it on my return from Rome.

Modern civilisation and culture have entirely effaced all traces of nationality from the popular life of the Florentines. The Italian, in other parts of Italy, is genteelly indolent when in a state of repose, and noisy, active, and bustling, when at work. The Florentines, like the Germans, are not only *active*, but *diligent*: that is to say, they labour perseveringly and with an air of tranquil composure.

The town, with its pavement of large and handsome flags, is extremely clean; and I was doubly struck by this on my return from Rome. Notwithstanding the eunuch-like throng who fill the streets of Florence, yet, in contrast with those of Naples, they appeared to me dull and half depopulated. Every one in Florence is dressed according to modern fashion. There are fewer ecclesiastics to be seen than in any other town of Italy; one might almost fancy one's self in Germany. There are no sailors or Easterns to be seen, as in Genoa; no *pifferari*, as in Rome; no ships with their flags waving before the breeze; no fountains from which laden asses fish a goodly repast of green leaves, whilst their masters, the robust *carrettieri*, are busy chatting with dirty monks, or proud Roman dames come to fetch water for their households.

Florence conveys to the mind, at first sight, the impression of a modern city. It is only by degrees that the warlike middle age of Italy seems to gaze forth upon you, as you look upon those old, stately palaces, which, like triumphant giants, proudly raise their heads above the surrounding dwellings.

The Palazzo Vecchio, the Palazzo Strozzi, are knightly castles in the midst of a city. You see at once that these walls were built for the purpose of carrying on offensive and defensive warfare; and it strikes one as very singular to reflect, that the owners of these palaces once dwelt here in as absolute sovereignty and as impregnable security as did ever any German count in his mountain fortress. The little embrasures are still open in the topmost stories; the heavy gates, with their colossal iron bars, still hang on the same hinges on which once they swung when excluding a warlike neighbour from the inner courts of the palace; the iron rings are still there to which the horses' bridles used to be attached, as well as the receptacles for the torchlights which it was the peculiar prerogative of noble houses to burn before their doors.

The ground-floors of these palaces are quite destitute of windows on the side next the street; and, just as in the old Etruscan buildings, which may have served as models to the Florentines, massive blocks of stone are piled one above the other, and only hewn into shape so far as may be necessary to the form of the palace. These blocks are of diverse shapes and sizes, and so thick, that, at the beautiful Palazzo Pitti, I could easily push in my parasol more than half its length between the joinings of the stones.

The Palazzo Pitti is situated in the smaller half of Florence, which is divided by the Arno into two unequal parts. These separate portions of the town are united together by the parallel bridges of Ponte alla Caraja, Ponte della Trinità, Ponte Vecchio, and Ponte Rubaconte. On both sides of the river extend handsome quays; and these, especially that portion of them which is called the Lung' d'Arno, are used of an evening as promenades; and on Sunday and Thursday evenings, after the "Ave Maria" a military band plays for the amusement of the people. Amongst the countless large squares the city contains, the three handsomest are the square in front of the Grand Ducal Palace, behind which extends the beautiful garden Boboli, with its yew and laurel hedges, amidst the dark-green of which, the white marble statues which abound stand forth in all their grace and purity. Next to this in magnificence is the Piazza del Gran Duca, and, separated from this only by the Corso degli Adimari, is the cathedral square.

Old Florence proper nowhere presents a more imposing aspect than from the Piazza del Gran Duca, where the grave, gloomy Palazzo Vecchio (the Old Palace), with its towers adorned with crenellated battlements, gazes forth upon you like a symbol of the middle ages. A covered-way leads from this palace through the adjoining Palazzo degli Uffizii, passing over houses and bridges until it reaches the Palazzo Pitti. This covered-way was formed in order to facilitate the escape of the rulers when they were attacked by the populace and beleaguered in their castles. In the Palazzo Vecchio, the window is even now shown through which one of the Medici let himself down into the square below, at a time when this princely race were banished from the city, and their lives threatened, through the jealousy of a rival house.

But it is not merely the *warlike* side of the middle ages which manifests itself so strikingly in this square, with its ancient fortified palace: we also see exhibited here that taste for *art* which so eminently flourished in Florence during her days of peace. The master-pieces of art are not here stowed away in cabinets where they are seldom to be seen, but stand in open halls, accessible to the people, and producing a favourable influence on their tastes.

In front of the palace itself stand two colossal marble statues: Bandinelli's "Hercules," and Michael Angelo's "David." In spite of the great beauty of the latter statue, there is something unpleasing to the mind in its gigantic size, which also contradicts the biblical conception of the character. The stripling David went forth to slay Goliath, strong in his reliance upon God, and in the spiritual might which was imparted to him by the belief that he was chosen by the Almighty for this great work. But Michael Angelo's David is a Hercules, and not a stripling, and might well have slain his giant foe, not with the sling and the smooth stone of the brook, but in fair and equal combat.

At the left side of the palace, a colossal Neptune, drawn by four sea-horses and surrounded by tritons, rises in the midst of a fountain. A little farther off, in the middle of the square, stands the equestrian statue of Cosmo the First, executed by John of Bologna; and here, between the fair sparkling fountain and the noble statue of Cosmo de' Medici, was the spot pointed out to us where a funeral pile was erected, and Savonarola, the bold champion of religious truth, ended his life in the flames.

In the foreground of the Palazzo Vecchio stands an open hall, the Loggia de' Lanzi. Like slender flower-stalks its pillars rise upwards from the ground, gracefully supporting the elegantly-vaulted roof, by the shelter of which the more valuable statues beneath, are guarded from the vicissitudes of weather. The front of the hall is occupied by Donatello's "Judith," and the "Perseus" of Benvenuto Cellini, near which stands the group of "The Rape of the Sabines," by John of Bologna. Behind these may be viewed the works of many Greek and Roman artists; and here it was, in this temple of art, that the popular orators in the days of the Republic used to address the people.

The recollections of war and peace, which are interwoven with all the old buildings of Florence, alternate after a most

wondrous wise. Pursuing the road which leads from the Piazza del Gran Duca to the cathedral, you see at each side of the Corso; facing each other, two large old churches, with grave, unadorned façades, without either pillars or porticoes. There is a something rigidly republican in this Florentine style: it seems the practical idea of a society of men who thought only of the *needful* and despised the ornamental.

The larger and handsomer of the two churches, that on the left hand side of the Corso, is called "*Or San Michele*," the Barn of St. Michael; the barn having been originally, in the thirteenth century, a great corn magazine. It was next converted into a court of archives. During the feuds so long carried on between the different noble races, it was employed as a fortress, in which the Duke of Brienne intrenched himself; and now San Michele, with its handsome bronze statue, stands there, in the midst of the gay, animated Corso, a peaceful, tranquil house of God.

Opposite San Michele you turn into a narrow side street, through which you enter an intricate maze of confined lanes and byways. The gloomy, half-dilapidated houses in this quarter of the town contrast mournfully enough with splendid mediæval palaces, and with the cheerful, airy, modern dwellings on the Corso. And yet, before one of these old houses the foot of the stranger pauses, and he gazes with reverent silence upon its time-discoloured walls. It has but two windows in front; it is only a few stories high; it is disfigured by a dilapidated gable roof; and the low, narrow entrance-door imparts a mean aspect to the whole. So narrow is the street, that scarcely even on the brightest summer day can a single sunbeam shine through yonder window; scarcely can a single star be visible to those who dwell within those gloomy walls. And yet a more glorious star once went forth from that obscure dwelling: a star which shines brightly even now amidst the gloom of the past!

Over the door, cut in sandstone, a half-obliterated escutcheon is still visible, and beneath it, on a marble tablet, stand inscribed the following words:—" *In questa casa degli Alighieri nacque, il divino poeta.*" (In this house, belonging to the Alighieri, was the divine poet born.) How light and splendid in comparison with this lowly dwelling does the house of Alfieri on the "*Lung' Arno*" appear! It also is

distinguished by a marble tablet, stating it to have been the dwelling-place of the poet.

The inscription runs as follows:—"Here Alfieri composed his great tragedies, to the honour and exaltation of Italy; and here he died."

A friend who was well versed in the history of Florence, his second home, told me that the inscription had originally been worded as follows:—"For the Fame and the Freedom of Italy." This, however, did not please the Austrian government, and was therefore altered in compliance with their desire.

After passing the house of Alfieri, and going a little way farther along the quay of the "Lung' Arno," you reach the Ponte Vecchio, a bridge covered with arcades, and over which passes the connecting way before mentioned, which leads from the Palazzo Pitti to the Palazzo Vecchio. Under these arcades, and also at the other side of the bridge, are to be seen the stalls of the goldsmiths; shop touches shop, and yet the goods they display for sale are not those costly objects of luxury which are suited for the higher classes, but rather simple ornaments for the people, furniture for churches and altars, and decorations for the images of saints. In one of these shops, at the right hand side of the bridge, Benvenuto Cellini once worked; and three stalls farther on, Tommaso Finiguerra discovered the art of engraving on copper.

The first time we visited this bridge, we were aroused from our contemplation of these remembrancers of bygone days by the sight of a procession which was advancing slowly and solemnly from the town side of the bridge, whilst a battalion of soldiers were approaching in the opposite direction from the Palazzo Pitti, a band of music accompanying their march. Very striking was the effect produced by the mingling together of the solemn tones of the church music with the clear, triumphant notes of the military band. But soon, very soon, these last were hushed into silence. A loud flourish of trumpets was heard welcoming the advancing saint. The military standard was lowered, the soldiers uncovered their heads and knelt, the officers bent their knees and bowed their sword points towards the ground; and onwards the procession passed with its waving flags, its richly-decked image of the saint, and its attendant priests attired in costly vestments, embroidered

with gold. The nasal song of the crowd who followed the procession mingled itself strangely with the military words of command, and with the cries of the innumerable hawkers who were wheeling about on little flat hand-barrows, and offering for sale, all sorts of eatables, wearing apparel, iron and clay figures, and old and new books. Gliding about amongst all this varied throng were to be seen slender, light-footed maidens, laden with bunches of roses, verbenas, and heliotropes, which they offered for sale with many an imploring glance and heart-touching entreaty. Nowhere are more beautiful flowers or more exquisitely formed bouquets to be seen than in Florence. One rarely sees a well-dressed woman without a nosegay in her hand, or a young man without a flower in his button-hole. They are the *orders* which the fair Queen of Summer so liberally distributes in this her chosen court; they stir up no hatred, they excite no envy, no raging ambition, no love of insidious intrigues. They are a source of pleasure to all, and pass from hand to hand in token of kindly friendship, or of youthful love. The Florentines bind their flowers together more artistically than any other race of Italians: it is with them a study; a part of the poetry of life.

THE TRIBUNE.

Close to the Palazzo Vecchio stands the Palazzo degli Uffizii: a large palace built by the Medici, which contains many of the public offices of the city, together with one of the richest collections of works of art to be found in the whole world, and the very centre and crown jewel of all is the Tribune. On entering the small cabinet which bears this name, the first object which arrests your attention is the "Venus de' Medici." Next to it on the right stands the antique group of "The Wrestlers;" on the left kneels "The Grinder," whetting his sickle; the graceful "Apollino" and "The Dancing Faun" face one another, and complete the little circle of antiques, which attract to this spot strangers of every nation and every clime. I had often seen casts of the Venus de' Medici; and on finding that it left me cold and unmoved, comforted myself with the thought that it would be otherwise with the original. My whole soul rejoiced at the prospect of seeing it; but now I stood before

it and was sorrowful, for this ideal of beauty awakened no emotion of pleasure, no real enchantment, in my heart. It is such a happiness to lay hold of the beautiful, to receive a new impression of loveliness! and now I stood there unmoved; not doubting the work of art, but my own power to appreciate its beauties.

I dared not own that I was deceived in my expectations when all around me professed themselves enchanted; and in the hope that I should gradually get to understand the merits of the far-famed statue, I quietly seated myself opposite to it, and gazed alternately at the statues and at the strangers who came to examine them.

This I did frequently, for the "Sickle-grinder" soon acquired an irresistible attraction for me; and thus I gradually became convinced that many people felt exactly as I did with regard to the Venus. They approached with hasty steps and countenances full of longing anticipation; but each moment, as they gazed, their features assumed a colder and more indifferent expression. They examined the statue on all sides and from every different point of view, with a heroic determination to discover, at any cost, its ideal beauty; but on very few faces could I discover any traces of genuine admiration, and these few probably belonged to the select number whose souls are susceptible on the side of *art alone*.

For my part, it seems to me that real beauty is a thing which commends itself to every man whose soul is not sunk in the barbarism of a merely sensual life; and a work of art which requires from men a peculiar culture of the taste in order to its appreciation, must be deficient in the power of persuasion—in the life-creative spark—which a work of true genius breathes forth, and which, passing like an electric flame into the soul of the beholder, awakens thought and feeling to the latest generations. The Venus de' Medici did *not* exercise this power over my mind. It is a beautiful form, the head exquisitely graceful, the whole body most delicately chiselled; but the beauty is throughout of a soft and feeble character: not the full, beaming ideal of beauty which I had previously expected. The Venus is *very beautiful*, and this is all that can be said.

The thought often forced itself upon my mind, as I sat looking at this statue, how seldom men venture to have an opinion of their own, to incur the peril of being considered

mistaken, and perhaps of being set right! In order to be fully convinced of this want of self-reliance, which is to be found in the midst of the great mass of men, it is only necessary to wander about a gallery of art for a little while and watch the proceedings of the general run of travellers who come to visit them. There you may see them clustering around scenes of martyrdom, before which every fibre of the human heart recoils, and breaking forth into exclamations of "Divine!" "Beautiful!" "An exalted conception!" &c. They assert that "the subject of a painting is quite a subordinate matter;" that "the execution is every thing;" and utter, in fact, a whole chain of commonplaces. There, too, you may see elegant-looking Englishwomen, ladies who are ready to go into hysterics at the sight of a frog, and blush up to their eyes at the bare mention of a chemise, who will yet stand gazing for hours through their *torquettes* at scenes from which a correct taste would turn away with disgust. They glide about on tiptoe, lisping forth deceptive expressions of unbounded admiration, of which, if they were true, they ought to be ashamed. Each one looks at her neighbour, imitates her example, echoes her words, and feels herself in duty bound to praise and to criticise according to the rules prescribed by the hand-book.

People now-a-days talk a great deal of freedom, individual rights, &c. and yet few have the courage to assert this freedom with regard to their admiration of the Beautiful: a field in which they trench on no individual rights, and have no *censeurs* to fear on the one hand, or imprisonment or banishment on the other. Often and often have my friends gazed at me with an expression of mingled surprise and pity, when I have confessed that I never looked at scenes of martyrdom, and that many of the old pictures of the Madonna by Giotto and Cimabue were anything rather than attractive to me. Most men adopt their opinions just as they purchase their coats, according to the fashion of the day, and the former are often just as little suited to them as the latter. Nor does this practice extend merely to abstract ideas: it also involves their judgment of human beings. For them also they have a prescribed measure, a Procrustean system, a certain number of leading classes under whose diverse heads all mankind must be reduced. Now, as it so happens that many *will not fit*

into this system, and being puzzled under what heads to register these exceptions, these blind lovers of system cast them forth, in order that they may not disturb the harmony of their arrangements.

I must confess that I often felt my mind sadly discomposed by the visitors in the Florentine galleries. Frequently have I heard wealthy strangers, when standing before some work of art executed by the old masters, speak of the thousands they would gladly give to purchase it; and by their side was seated, at the same time, a pale, emaciated man, who was engaged in copying the picture, down to its very defects, with the greatest exactitude and almost loving care, and who would have rejoiced to receive for his copy one-twentieth part of the sum which would have been so freely given for the original.

Had the wealthy *virtuoso* been pleased to purchase the poor artist's copy, he would have procured for himself a real enjoyment, have possessed an exact transcript of the much-coveted treasure, and become, perhaps, to a whole family, an angel of deliverance. But all this he despised. It is not *fashionable* to purchase copies; people must have originals, and they must be, if possible, the works of dead masters. When the poor artist sinks down, like Correggio, beneath the weight of misery which oppresses him; when a pale, broken-hearted wife, and a group of starving orphans, have wept around his dying bed; *then* will be the time to offer for his pictures their weight in gold; *then*, when gold can no more bring joy to his heart or cheer his sinking spirit.

It was when my heart was wearied out with the emptiness, the want of truthfulness, so evident amongst many of the visitors in these galleries of art, that I turned back with even new delight to the Tribune, to gaze upon the gems which it contained: the statue of the Sick-le-grinder, looking up so sorrowfully towards heaven; the Wrestlers engaged in a struggle of life and death; the Apollino in all its graceful beauty; and, hanging on the surrounding walls, those noble creations of Raffaele: the gentle, maidenly Madonnas, folding the Divine Child to their hearts; the little St. John the Baptist, full of the glow of inspiration; and all those images of varied loveliness which possess for the beholder a new and ever-growing charm.

THE MISERICORDIA.

In the midst of the gaily-clad crowds who throng the streets of Florence, one often sees a band of dark, spectre-like forms gliding along at a rapid pace, and bearing on their shoulders either a coffin or a litter with closely-drawn curtains. They wear black linen dresses, fashioned like a monk's coat; the pointed capucin hood is drawn closely around their heads, leaving only two openings for the eyes. A rosary is attached to the girdle of each, and from the arm hangs the pilgrim hat, adorned with the scallop-shell.

This is the brotherhood of the Misericordia, which, as I was informed by a friend, owed its origin to the warlike factions of the middle ages. Whilst party strife was at its height, it often happened that, if any were wounded in a broil, none would come to their help, but they were left to perish unaided in the streets; their fellow-combatants generally took to flight, and the citizens who had not mingled in the struggle feared to come to their aid, lest they should be mistaken for the adherents of either party, and thus attract the vengeance of their opponents. This miserable state of things, from which all suffered equally, led to an agreement that party feuds should not be extended to the sufferers on either side; and a brotherhood was formed which pledged itself to view those hopeless sufferers only as *men*, not in the light of adherents of either this or the other noble house. Thus was the Misericordia first formed.

If a dead or a wounded man was found in the streets, the ringing of a bell gave the appointed signal which summoned the brotherhood to the spot; those who heard the sound hastily drew their cowls and hoods around them, and, thus veiled from mutual recognition, went forth to the assistance of the sufferer. Thus, even amidst the wild strife of parties, a brotherhood was formed whose sole aim it was to soften the woes of humanity by the mild deeds of Christian charity.

This institution has now been regularly organised. Almost all the citizens of Florence, a large proportion of the nobles, the grand duke himself, are, it is said, members of the Misericordia. In the various districts of the town, each warder appoints whichever members of the brother-

hood are to be on duty every day during the month. These, on hearing a bell ring forth the appointed signal, meet together at the warder's house, and he sends forth each to his allotted task. They bring hither to the lazaretto, or to their own houses, the needy wanderer whom they find perishing in the street from want; they convey the sick to the hospital, the dead to their last earthly home. No day passed in which I did not see the *Misericordia* pass beneath my windows, which looked out upon the Corso; and often, when I was returning from the theatre after midnight, did I meet them passing hastily through the dark streets, carrying torches in their hands.

Each time I met these strangers, whose very faces were unknown to me, I felt inclined to bow to them in heartfelt reverence, as I saw peeping forth beneath the long cowl, now the dust-covered shoe of the labourer, now the polished boot of the dandy, both uniting in the same work of love and mercy.

This personal, unpretending help it is which we so much need to see exercised amongst ourselves. Those who render it not are blazoned forth in public lists of benefactors; no orders of merit are bestowed upon them; no honourable mention is made of them in religious saloons. Unknown, unseen, and lost to sight amongst the multitude, each one freely lends his help; not by bestowing silver and gold, which perchance is of but little value to him, but by devoting his strength and energies to the work, at whatever hour of day or night he may be called upon thus to sacrifice his own ease and convenience.

But that which constitutes to my mind the chief value of the *Misericordia* is this: every wealthy individual who enrolls himself amongst its members is now and then brought into the chambers of misery; he sees the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, and hears the cry of the poor; and to most men the actual sight of misery is an irresistible appeal to their hearts to relieve it by every means which lies within their power. Few hearts are so hardened that they can listen unmoved to the cry of woe and hopeless anguish when it falls *directly* upon their ear; and the tears of weeping children, and anxious glances of parents weighed down with care, seldom appeal in vain to the heart of one who is himself a father, or within whose breast there lingers a single spark of human sympathy or love.

R O M E.

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

I HAVE already mentioned the Italian *vetturini*, and now return to them once more; for it was under the care of one of these worthies that we performed the journey from Florence to Rome. In Italy, where every little town you pass through is so full of interest, I think this mode of travelling is peculiarly agreeable, inasmuch as it costs but little, is very convenient, and brings you into contact with many classes of people who are not so frequently met with in a *diligence*.

The institution of *vetturini* has spread itself throughout all Italy, and the different managers are all connected with each other, just as the carriers are with us; only that in the one case they have to say to the forwarding of *persons* from place to place; in the other, they have only to do with the forwarding of *goods*. No sooner has the traveller completed his contract with the *vetturino* than the latter gives him a small sum as earnest-money. On the morning fixed for setting forth on the journey, he sends to have you awakened about an hour previous to the time appointed for departure; then your baggage is fetched; and as soon as this is fastened on the carriage, you set forth on your journey, and travel without interruption from morning dawn until noonday. Neither coachman nor horses, during all that time, pause to partake of the slightest refreshment. Our party, during our journey from Florence to Rome, consisted, besides my companion and myself, of a young Franciscan monk, belonging to the convent of San Paolo alla Regola in Rome, and a Tyrolese sculptor. As we were setting out, the owner of the carriage, addressing the coachman, said to him, with that Italian courtesy which is so peculiarly pleasing, "I commend the two ladies to your especial care;" and faithfully did the worthy man fulfil his

trust. Our travelling companions were pleasing, and both, on account of their circumstances, were interesting to me. The sculptor, a tall, slender Tyrolese, had never, until the completion of his nineteenth year, left his native valley, the Pusterthal. He was a peasant's son, and all his early youth had been devoted to the cultivation of the soil, the pursuits of the chase, and carving in wood; but the last soon became his favourite and almost exclusive occupation, and he soon attempted to paint a little also. Another native of the Pusterthal, who had become a painter in Vienna, about this time paid a visit to his mountain home, and taught the young amateur how to employ oil-colours. On his return to the Pusterthal, two years later, he found that his scholar had painted some very good portraits in oil, and that his wood carving was really artistic. Although himself quite destitute of means, he counselled Joseph G—— (for such was the sculptor's name) to come to Vienna, promising to exert himself in order to procure for him an artistic education. Joseph travelled thither on foot. His friend gave him a gypsum cast of the "Niobe," and Joseph in the course of a few days executed a copy of it four inches high, which, having been submitted to the director of the Academy of Art, led to his admission amongst the students belonging to that institution.

A new life now began for Joseph. The day-time he spent at the academy; the evening was devoted to portrait painting, for the purpose of earning his livelihood; and half his nights were spent in reading: so anxious was he to cultivate his mind. In the course of seven years he had five times won the prize for painting and sculpture; and, having finally carried off the imperial prize for sculpture, he was now sent to study for five years in Rome, as a pensioner of the government; and thus a life of comfort and comparative freedom from care was during that period secured to him. He looked rather pale, and his eyes appeared weak. I asked him if this were not the case, and he replied, "Oh! I have tried them too much by night study. I often thought I was doing wrong; but *you* all, who have received instruction from your very earliest childhood, who have had all the treasures of learning at your command, *you* can never know how one thirsts after knowledge when it seems unattainable, although one's whole soul is set on attaining it. In the Pusterthal I had access to

no books save my Bible and hymn-book, two books on history and natural history, very indifferently written, and 'The People's' Calendar: all these I learnt off almost by heart. Then, when I came to Vienna, and began to comprehend what a vast, extensive field of knowledge lay open before me, I felt as though I were in a fever: I had no rest. From historical works I passed to the German classics, from the classics to the philosophers. When I was in the academy, I felt a pang of regret to think that I could not study, and had no chance of going to college; and whenever I devoted a little time to study, I reproached myself for neglecting the duties of my art. Thus I was in a most unhappy position, until others kindly took an interest in me, and gave me the advice which fixed my wavering resolution and decided my future career." Our young companion then went on to relate, in a most natural and touching way, how, when he entered the academy for the first time in his Tyrolese costume, he felt himself an object of universal curiosity. All the students gathered round him and stared at him. He accordingly laid out the first money he could manage to save in the purchase of a suit of modern clothes, in which, however, he fancied that he looked just as though he had been "transformed by witchcraft" into another being. He described the awkwardness he at first experienced whenever he was obliged to enter into society, the trouble it cost him to lay aside the Tyrolese dialect, and to acquire High German. He then depicted to us, in graphic terms, his journeys to Hungary and Bohemia, where he was employed at the country-seats of many noble families in erecting the works of sculpture which had been executed by his instructor; his intercourse with the Prince and Princess Metternich, who had purchased some of his works at the exhibition; and his farewell audience with the emperor. All this was related with that freshness and lucidness which frequently characterise those who, having grown up in poverty and seclusion amidst the freedom of nature, look forth upon the world and upon men with a clear and healthy vision, unclouded by the discoloured glasses of conventional criticism. Joseph G—— seemed perfectly familiar with our classical literature; was, so far as I could judge, well versed in history; and had mastered the different philosophical systems to a very considerable extent. Added to all this, he was quite at home in everything relating to nature; and

when I saw how familiar he was with the diverse habits and characteristics of every plant, bird, beetle, or stone, that lay in our path, I could not help feeling that I would exchange all the fashionable fooleries of our modern education for the knowledge which the Tyrolese had acquired whilst following the chaunois from rock to rock, or wandering through the woods and mountains of his native land.

Often, when I listened with pleasure to his varied store of information regarding all natural objects, I recalled to mind a circumstance which once occurred in my own neighbourhood. Two little girls, about ten or twelve years old, who were receiving the very best education the town could afford, one day found a cockchafer in the garden, and immediately ran home to show it to the rest of their family; expressing at the same time the most unbounded wonder: "It was so exactly like the *cockchafers made of chocolate* which they had often seen!"

This gave me at the time quite a horror of the mode of education now pursued with the young. It would, I think, be a great gain, if we were first to turn our attention to the trees, and plants, and animals by which we are surrounded, before we transport ourselves in thought to the farthest zones of creation; and were we to allow children time, during the first ten years of their life, to acquire this species of knowledge, they would also have gained a larger stock of health and strength, which would enable them to acquire other knowledge more rapidly. I do not think that Joseph G—— will ever repent of having grown up amidst the woods and fields: he will find it a blessing throughout his whole life, and will look upon it as the seed-time of a rich and abundant harvest, which will yield much fruit, especially to an artist's mind.

Our other travelling companion, Father Salvator R——, a Sicilian, was the son of a merchant, and became a monk almost in opposition to the *will*, and certainly contrary to the *wishes*, of his parents. "I was of a melancholy temperament," he observed, "and longed to lead a peaceful, tranquil life." He was delicate, had suffered much from a liver complaint; and, exercise and change of air having been prescribed for him by his physician, the prior of his convent had sent him to travel, in order that he might avoid the malaria during the hot months in Rome. He

was now returning from a 'three months' tour through the different monasteries in the States of the Church. The route he was to travel had been pointed out to him by his superior. Whenever it was possible to do so, he had lodged in convents, and been forwarded from place to place in the convent carriages; but when this could not be, he travelled by *vetturino*; and during the five days we spent in journeying to Rome, he lived just as we did, in the inns on the road, and only abstained from flesh on Fridays.

We are, however, apt to form a very different idea of convent life from what it really is. Father Salvator told me that he might be out as much as he pleased from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, going wherever he liked, and doing what he pleased, with only the restriction, that he must be at home for a little while about noon. He described their meals as frugal, "because the convent was very poor." In order to defray the expense of any little extra wants, amongst which he enumerated a cup of coffee or a glass of ice, to be partaken of out of the house, they are furnished with a small monthly allowance. They are only allowed to purchase books with the special permission of the prior; they are forbidden to keep dogs, but birds and cats are both admissible.

I asked him whether he ever ventured to read a novel. "In the convent," he replied, "we only read those which have been submitted to the censor; but, when we visit the families of our acquaintances in the town, we read any we like." In these family circles he had also heard opera airs played, but of course did not attend the theatre. During the carnival, however, they were permitted to accompany the prior to the female convents, in which most of the young Roman ladies are educated, and in which at that season plays are acted by the young *pensionnaires*. They are also allowed to witness the amusements of the carnival on the Corso, where the monks belonging to the different convents are generally invited to occupy places in the balconies of some of the adjoining palaces.

The good father's store of learning was very small, nor did he seem to have any desire to add to it, although he could have been but little more than four-and-twenty years of age. In this respect he afforded a striking contrast to the sculptor. Salvator had a very pleasing voice, read well, and, during our subsequent stay in Rome, often afforded

us much pleasure by reading aloud to us passages from an anthology which had been prepared for the especial use of convents, and from which everything had been banished (it was so expressed in the title-page) which could "militate against faith or morals." He once brought me a copy of Boccaccio, which had been expurgated in the same manner. But what Father Salvator wanted in learning, he more than made up for by his courteousness and good-breeding, which bespoke a careful training in early life. I often saw him whilst we were in Rome, until the close of our stay, when he became very unwell, and seldom visited us. I at first attributed his absence to a command from his superior, who might, perhaps, not be disposed to allow of such frequent visits to a heretic. I asked a secular ecclesiastic with whom I was acquainted, an amiable and enlightened man, librarian in the Vatican, and who knew Salvator, whether my supposition was likely to be correct. He smiled, and told me I might make my mind quite easy on the subject. "If Salvator were to recover," added he, "he would be permitted to visit you often enough: it is just possible that through his means *your* soul might be won over to *us*."

We saw no more, however, of Father Salvator during our stay; and, much as he praised the *vita dolce e tranquilla del convento* (the peaceful and happy life of the cloister), yet it appeared to me, throughout the whole journey, as if he became graver and sadder the nearer he approached this peaceful dwelling-place. When our baggage was searched at the custom-house in Rome, and he opened his little wooden box, which only contained a change of linen and a few books, he looked very sorrowful, and shrugged his shoulders with one of those expressive Italian gestures which seemed to say, "What more can I possess?"

In the company of these two men, from whom we could learn much that was new to us, our time passed quickly and pleasantly enough. We passed the night at Arezzo, dutifully attempted to see in the twilight the Loggia di Vasuri, and the house in which Petrarch was born; and next morning by star-light took our departure from Arezzo. The vintage was going on, and even before daybreak the roads were full of life and animation. Large white oxen, with formidable horns, went thoughtfully on their way, drawing after them the long, narrow carts, in which the

grapes lay piled in high wooden tubs. Picturesque as was the appearance of the whole scene, the costume of both men and women corresponded but little with the pictures of Italian vine-gatherers which we are accustomed to see. Their dress resembled as nearly as possible those of our own country-people: that of the women consisted of a gown of coloured cotton, neither remarkable for cleanliness nor for the contrary defect. The men were tall, muscular, and handsome. Following the course of the Apennines, we passed through several villages scattered here and there in the lovely valley of Chiana. Here, in the States of the Church, almost all the villages are dilapidated and crumbling into ruin; and what imparts a yet more mournful aspect to the scene is, that even the smallest town here has its palace belonging to it, and handsome paved streets, which speak of better days in a time long gone by. Journeying up and down innumerable hills, we at last reached a large lake at this side of Perugia, and stopped for our noonday rest at a village which lay upon its shore, called Passignano del Lago. On a wooden tablet, over the chimney of the *locanda* where we put up, stood a long, pompous inscription, announcing that "this was the Thrasimenean Lake, on whose shores Hannibal defeated the Consul Flaminius."

In spite, however, of this great historical remembrance, we all felt voraciously hungry, and ate a capital breakfast of broiled fish and eggs, for which, for the first time in the course of our journey, we were asked so high a price that I thought it necessary to remonstrate; but, as usual in such cases, I might have spared myself the trouble. After breakfast, we set out for a ramble along the shores of the lake. The air was cool, and the sun was veiled by a passing cloud, while seagulls were skimming the surface of the lake, with that rapid darting motion so peculiar to themselves. The gray light; the frosty tone of colouring, which imparted a silvery hue even to the waters of the lake, rippled into curling waves by the morning breeze; all presented a strong contrast to the southern vegetation, and the soft swelling outlines of the neighbouring hills. There was in the whole scene a mingling together of northern and southern elements, the singularity of which completely riveted our attention, until a slight shower roused us from our reverie.

Our host came directly to meet us with an umbrella, and walked back with us to the inn, chatting as we went along, and trying to keep off from us a crowd of young beggars who thronged our path, and besought us to give them something. Quite unaccustomed to this sight in Tuscany, I observed how troublesome these beggars were, and said that in my country the authorities would not permit such a thing.

"Then, of course, in your country," replied our host, "the government take care that the poor shall be supplied either with labour or with bread? Our wretched government (this was in the year 1845, in the time of the last Pope) does nothing for the people. The fathers of these poor children, signora, must pay taxes as well as everybody else; but they have no means of either earning an honourable livelihood or of paying their taxes; therefore they must be allowed to beg, which is, at all events, better than stealing."

"But the people are never satisfied," observed one of our party, wishing to draw some further remarks from our companion.

"That is very true," he replied; "for in Prussia you have a good and wise king, and yet his life has been attempted. What, then, can be expected from us? Our taxes are enormous, and yet nothing is done for the good of the country. *Vedete!*" he continued, turning towards me, "you thought the fish dear to-day; but we pay for them a tax of three bajocchi in the pound." [This is equal to about threepence for one of our pounds.]

This surprised me so much that I could scarcely believe it; but the man produced his memorandum of taxes, showing what he had paid during the whole week.

"Oh! things are going on very badly with us," he exclaimed. "It is no wonder the people rebel. The other day, in Romagna, twelve hundred young people were arrested, more than one-third of whom were *carabinieri* of good families. No time is lost in seizing and condemning the offender; no haste is made in helping and saving the miserable!"

I felt that his assertions were but too well founded, and could only, as we entered the carriage, express to him my wish that better days might soon dawn upon his country, now that the noble-hearted Pius the Ninth had risen upon

it as a star of blessing amidst the surrounding gloom. Truly, such a man was much needed."*

Towards evening we reached Perugia, once a town of forty thousand inhabitants, but now only numbering fourteen thousand. The wide streets and spacious squares are of course silent and deserted, and the grass grows between the stones. Notwithstanding this, there are, as the guide-book informs us, one hundred and three churches and thirty-four convents and monasteries in the town, which is built upon the summit of a lofty hill, and surrounded by strong fortifications. Amongst the fortified works on the Piazza Giunagna, may be observed gates and whole masses of wall, which evidently belong to an early and almost unknown period of history. In the midst of the principal square, two sides of which are occupied by the magnificent cathedral and the spacious town-hall, stands a very handsome fountain, well supplied with water; and close to it, a bronze statue of Pope Julius III. by Danti, which, although considered a very fine one, did not altogether please me. The pope is represented as seated on a narrow antique seat, and his whole posture conveyed to me the impression of a person who was sitting very uneasily, and would much rather stand up.

Next morning we visited the old exchange, the Collegio del Cambio, the walls of which are covered with fresco paintings by Perugino, who was assisted in their execution by Raffaele, at that time his scholar. Perugia contains, however, one work of Raffaele's which at once proclaims him as the master of his art. It is one of the loveliest of all Madonnas, the Madonna of the Galleria della Staffa. She is represented as sitting, with her infant resting in her lap. A purer conception of maidenly motherhood cannot possibly be imagined. The clear-hazel eyes gaze forth upon you with such childlike innocence—the chesnut locks fall so softly around the smooth, open brow—the whole bearing of the virgin mother is so full of lowly dignity—that I have never seen a copy which could in any degree convey the idea of the exalted loveliness of the original.

* It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that these travels were written previous to the disastrous events of the last three years, which have caused so woeiful a blight to fall upon the hopes of those who looked to Pius IX. as the destined regenerator of Italy.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

Shortly after passing Perugia, the road touches the banks of the Tiber, and in the course of a few hours more we reached Assisi, which, being the birthplace of St. Francis, is full of churches and convents. The Franciscan convent is surrounded with such massive walls, that, when first seen in the distance, crowning a commanding height, it may readily be mistaken for a fortress.

In Spello, in Foligno, in almost every little town we passed through, we found churches containing fine old paintings: in that at Spello, there were frescoes by Pinturicchio. When, however, you have a lofty goal, a Mont Blanc, before you, all intervening hills and mountains sink into insignificance, and, passing them by with hasty strides, you press onward towards the highest. Thus was it, at least, that I felt with regard to the attractions on our way, as we journeyed from Perugia to Rome.

It was on the ninth of October that we first saw a temple belonging to the time of ancient Rome, in a state of perfect preservation. It stood on a verdant and rocky height, overhanging a deep valley, in which the limpid waters of the Clitumnus take their rise. The priests of old were evidently as partial to lovely scenes, and understood as well how to choose a site for the buildings they erected, as the monks of the present day. The temple has now been converted into a Christian church, but it is still called the Temple of Clitumnus; and we were shown the grooves in the altar through which the blood of the sacrificial victims was suffered to escape.

From the post station of Le Vene, near which this temple is situated, on to Spoleto, the road becomes each moment more and more beautiful. It leads across the very summit of the Apennines. Large white oxen were harnessed to our carriage, in order to draw us up the hill on which Spoleto is built. Ever more distinctly does antiquity now begin to loom forth amidst the darkness of the past; ever more visible are its traces amidst the footprints of the present. The long, ancient Latin inscription over the time-stained Porta d'Annibale is quite as legible as that over the Temple of Clitumnus. Ruins of a Roman theatre, graceful antique pillars inserted in a modern church, the so-called Palace of Theodoric, and a bridge connecting two rocks, and also serving the purpose of an aqueduct, all speak of bygone days.

In the cathedral there are some frescoes by a monk named Filippo Lippi, who has been there interred. His life was, however, more interesting to me than his works. He fled from a monastery, and, escaping into Africa, was there sold into slavery. When some time had elapsed, he managed to procure his freedom, and, returning to his native land, became a painter of distinction; but at the age of sixty was poisoned by the relatives of a young maiden, whom he had induced for his sake to abandon her home.

But it was not merely the remains of antiquity, which now so thickly strewed our path, that bespoke our approach to Rome: the want of security on the road also tended to remind us that we were in the States of the Church, where the misery is greater, and the morality of the people at a lower ebb, than in any other part of Italy.

As we were passing the Apennines, we saw, every eight or ten minutes, little watch-houses well manned, and patrols, either mounted or on foot, crossed our path continually. The *diligence* was escorted by eight carabinieri; and on the succeeding morning, when we were starting on our last day's journey to Rome, the *vetturini* so contrived matters that we formed a caravan of eight carriages.

Although we performed our journey in perfect safety, and no evil of any kind befel us on the way, yet all these preparations for danger conveyed to the mind a feeling of insecurity which was painful and depressing.

We also met numerous bands of strong, lusty-looking men, whom I at first mistook for recruits, wandering about the country, looking for work, which, alas! they but seldom found. That such a state of things should be permitted in a land where whole tracts of country lie uncultivated, is one of the many crimes for which the present government of Rome have to answer.

In spite of this want of security, the roads were alive with horsemen and *vetturini* hastening towards the Eternal City; and peculiar interest and animation were imparted to the scene by the large flocks of sheep which were on this day returning from their summer pastures to the shelter of the plains. Every now and then, a comparatively small herd of cattle might be seen marching onwards with a majestic air amongst the thousands of curly-fleeced sheep, which, under the guidance of large wolf-dogs, came tumbling over one another in unseemly haste, as they de-

ascended the neighbouring heights. *Pifferari*, clad in mantles and hose made of goat-skin, and wearing large leathern gaiters and pointed hats, accompanied their flocks, and formed a striking foreground to the picturesque piles of rocks, from the glistening volcanic soil of which the golden broom and variegated heath bloomed forth in rich abundance.

We passed the night at Terni: the waterfall, however, I did not visit, being very weary. I stood with Father Salvator in the balcony of our inn, and looked down upon the market-place, where women in white Roman head-gear were offering various kinds of food for sale. Thirty or forty men, wanderers in search of employment, were purchasing bread and onions, and then went and laid themselves down on the steps of the cathedral, there to seek a resting-place during the night, beneath the free vault of heaven. It was a picturesque, but at the same time a heart-breaking scene. In Otricoli, our next resting-place, I saw, for the first and for the last time, in the same degree, what is comprehended in the term "Italian filth." I could not make up my mind even to sit down on a chair or a bench in the *locanda*; but after taking a walk through the town, went into the carriage to rest. Here, in this now so miserable village, was discovered that far-famed Jupiter's head, which is considered one of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the world, and the ornament of the noble collection in the Vatican.

We passed through the country of the Sabines, over the broad slabs of the Via Cassia and the Via Flaminia, two ancient Roman roads. In Nepi, in Civita Castellana, which conceals within its state dungeons many prisoners from Romagna, in all the inns and *chefs* we entered, we heard nothing talked of but the revolution in Rimini and in Bologna. Bitter complaints were uttered against the government, much sympathy was expressed for the prisoners and their families, and a fear was expressed that more executions would take place, for "the government were as quick to condemn as they were slow to pardon." These sentiments were uttered in an under tone, and with an anxious, suspicious glance around, which spoke volumes for the system of tyranny and *espionnage* under which this nation lives.

The morning of the 11th October was cool and cloudy; and, what between the chill produced by the state of the

atmosphere, and the excitement I felt at the thought of reaching Rome in the course of the day, I could scarcely bear to remain quietly in the carriage. When, therefore, the *vetturino* halted about noon at a solitary *locanda* by the way-side, I proposed to the young sculptor to walk on a short distance with me. As we thus journeyed on together, the young Tyrolean sculptor and myself—he, destined to the pursuit of art; I, who had hitherto lived in a peaceful home, now suddenly plunged into the cold, restless atmosphere of publicity; both strangers to each other, far from our own people; and thus thrown together; I could not help reflecting on each human life as a wondrous whole, an artistic creation in itself, until suddenly the thought of what soil we were now treading flashed across my mind, and each individual life appeared to me to dwindle into insignificance when compared with the long succession of races and of centuries, which yet are all linked together in wondrous unity, and close, although to our eyes often invisible, connection.

We were in the midst of the Roman Campagna. No tree, scarcely even a shrub, was to be seen, as far as the eye could reach. The heat of summer had scorched up the green sward which in spring and summer clothes this swelling, gracefully undulating country with a robe of richest verdure. Solitary broad-leaved thistles rose from the parched soil; no human dwelling was visible; no herd of cattle to be seen; no sound, no stir of life, fell upon the ear. As though Nature herself would fain separate Rome from all other lands, in order that she might stand forth more distinctly in all her unrivalled loveliness, she had surrounded her with this grave, sorrowful Campagna, in all its majestic solitude and silence. Farther on, a few carts passed us, and once we met two stout, able-bodied men, who asked us for alms. They asserted that for ten days they had wandered about the country searching for work, without being able to find it. The young sculptor took out his purse in order to give them something. I was afraid they might attempt to rob him, but they seemed satisfied with what he had gave them, thanked him, and proceeded on their way.

As we passed onwards through this depopulated region, my thoughts turned continually towards the crowds of pilgrims who had once trodden its soil; towards the great

events, the heroic struggles, which the Campagna of Rome once had witnessed. The scroll of the past unrolled itself in all its majestic grandeur before my wondering gaze, and my inward eye longed to glance forward also unto the future, and espy that battle-field, wherever it may be, on which the great crisis of the world's history must ere long be finally decided.

When, at last, our carriage overtook us, and we once more rejoined our companions, I could not help feeling this state of enforced repose each moment more unendurable. Soon the *vetturino* called out to tell us that we had now reached Nero's Tomb. I put my head out of the carriage; and yonder, stretching my gaze over the undulating country through which the yellow Tiber sluggishly pursued its winding way; yonder, Rome, the Holy City, with its churches and its cupolas, rose on the horizon; the gigantic dome of St. Peter's towering over all, whilst the cross which crowns its summit, bathed in the full flood of sunlight which at this moment burst forth from beneath the clouds, glistened in the distance, and spoke of hope, of peace, and of fruition. It was one of the most heart-stirring moments of my life; an indescribable emotion of joy took possession of my whole being, and I felt a longing that all whom I loved might be transported to my side to share my sensations of delight.

A brief period now sufficed to bring us within the jurisdiction of the city; we passed the two statues of the guardian apostles, and with beating hearts entered through the Porta del Popolo into the precincts of the Eternal City.

THE FIRST WALK THROUGH ROME.

When St. Peter's first bursts upon the sight; when one treads the noble piazza that lies outspread before it, with its graceful colonnades, silvery fountains, and towering obelisk; when, passing beneath the lofty porticoes, one stands within the very precincts of the building, and gazes upwards at the splendid cupola, one cannot but feel dazzled by the beauty and the gorgeous splendour of the scene; but I believe that the first impression on almost every mind is, that the colossal size of the building has been exaggerated.

A similar impression was produced upon me by the first sight of Rome itself. Resembling St. Peter's in the universal symmetry of its component parts, nothing appears small, neither does anything appear disproportionately great; and the magnitude of the whole produces a harmony so perfect that no individual object, however colossal in its proportions, stands forth with any degree of prominence. The first day in Rome was by no means an enjoyable one to me: overstrained and unsatisfied expectations, together with the endless variety of new objects which presented themselves to my view, combined to produce a sensation of weariness and of restlessness. The Piazza del Popolo, that beautiful and spacious square, as well as St. Peter's itself, appeared diminutive in my eyes; the Corso narrow and gloomy. The crumbling buildings, the time-stained palaces, the modern coffee houses, the provision shops in the streets, the *osterie* (wine-shops), near which might be seen magnificent ancient palaces half closed up, and amongst them all a motley crowd of well-dressed strangers, cowed monks, and Italian peasants: all combined to present to my mind a series of pictures so varied and diversified that I felt utterly bewildered and perplexed.

Added to this, almost every acquaintance whom I met had a different plan for seeing Rome, and each had a special partiality for some one particular object. One was for St. Peter's, a second for the Coliseum, a third for something else. This is a sort of martyrdom from which there is but one means of escape, viz.: making one's visits few and select, and leaving it to accident to arrange the order in which the various objects of interest this great city contains are to pass before you.

We commenced our first excursion through Rome at the Piazza del Popolo, whence three principal streets diverge like so many oblique rays: the one to the right is the Ripetta, leading to the Tiber; in the centre is the Corso, terminating in the Venetian Palace: and to the left the Via del Babuino, which leads to the Piazza di Spagna. The Piazza del Popolo is the first square which the stranger passes through after entering Rome from the north through the Porta del Popolo. At the left hand side of the gate lies the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in which Martin Luther once preached.

The Corso is a long but not very wide street, which

always reminded me of the Königstrasse in Berlin. Lofty houses with glass doors, some of which open upon balconies, whilst others are merely grated like balconies; magazines and shops of every kind on the ground-floors of the houses, in front of which runs a *trottoir*, an accommodation possessed by no other street in Rome; these form the distinctive characteristics of the Corso. Here are to be seen no plate-glass windows filled with objects of taste and luxury, so disposed as to attract the attention of the passers-by; no splendid *cafés* such as adorn the cities of Upper Italy. The Café Nazari, on the Piazza di Spagna, is the only one that can bear any comparison with those of the more northern cities; and lately the Caffè Ruspoli in the Corso has been newly fitted up; but I never saw either of these so much frequented by ladies as the *cafés* of Milan, Florence, and Venice. About the middle of the Corso, to the right hand side, lies the Piazza Colonna, in the centre of which the Pillar of Antoninus rises majestically towards the skies. On its summit, crowning the *bassi-relievi* which cover its sides, stands the figure of an apostle, who truly makes a somewhat singular appearance there. Following the Corso to its termination, you reach the Piazza Veneziana, on which stands the Venetian Palace, now occupied by the Austrian ambassador. Turning to the left, you shortly reach a large market-place, the centre of which is inclosed by an iron balustrade, from the midst of which emerges Trajan's Pillar, the companion-piece, as it may be called, to the Pillar of Antoninus. I say *emerges*, for the Forum of Trajan, which is surrounded by the iron railing, lies fully twelve feet below the present surface of the ground; and, looking down into the sunken Forum, one feels as though standing on the margin of a deep well, seeing the flags of the old pavements, remnants of half-broken pillars, mutilated statues, and empty pedestals, scattered around, in the hollow beneath.

Here one seems to draw near to ancient Rome, to be standing in its very entrance-porch; and still more strongly does this feeling take possession of the mind when, descending from the Capitol, and passing by the Convent of Ara Cœli, you approach the Forum Romanum, where, unexpectedly, the image of the mighty Past bursts upon the sight, in all its overwhelming dignity.

There may be seen, standing at moderate intervals from

each other, the triumphal arches of Septimius Severus, of Titus, and of Constantine, adorned with the proud inscriptions which exalted these victorious heroes into demigods. The captive slaves; the barbarian kings wrapped in their silent, patient woe; the unhappy Jews, sold into bondage, bearing the gorgeous furniture of their now ruined and desecrated temple, the seven-branched candlesticks and the table of shew-bread, march along with downcast eyes, and with that expression of utter humiliation which the hand of the artist has immortalized in these characters of stone. The pillars of the Temple of Concord, the beautiful fragments of the Imperial Palace, the lofty porticoes of the Temple of Peace, all stand there, majestic though in ruins, bidding defiance to the storms of centuries, and bearing witness to the mighty volitions of the past.

In the midst of the temple, which, as an inscription upon one of the architraves declares, is consecrated to the "divine Antonine and Faustina," is now to be seen a church dedicated to St. Lorenzo. Young Romans are amusing themselves by playing ball in the porch of the Temple of Concord, and industrious lapidaries are also engaged beneath its shelter in the diligent pursuit of their vocation. Along the Via Sacra and the Via Triumphale, industrious rope-makers are busily toiling over their work; a monastery lies almost touching the beautiful and highly-ornamented Temple of Venus; and, passing the Imperial Palace, there rises before you, as keystone of the whole, the Coliseum in its unequalled grandeur and loveliness.

But we were now taking only a hasty survey of the whole. Passing through narrow but busy streets, we reached Monte Cavallo, where yet other monuments of the past claimed our attention.

A more hushed and mournful stillness reigns around this spot than that which pervades the Forum Romanum, where young foliage and fresh verdure have entwined themselves around the crumbling ruins, and the joyous stir of human life lends animation to the scene. Ever-growing Nature adorns the falling relics of the past with youthful greenness and beauty; the ruins, clad with garlands of verdure, present an aspect as little dismal to our eyes as that of venerable, hoary-headed age surrounded by blooming youth and rosy childhood. Birds sing as they rest upon the waving boughs of the trees which grow

within the Forum; butterflies flutter as they pass from leaf to leaf of the clustering ivy with which the walls of the Coliseum are clothed; whilst the wall-flower and Indian pink crown the summit of the walls and wave lightly in the breeze, shedding around them a grateful and refreshing perfume.

On the Monte Cavallo, on the contrary, a dreary stillness seems to reign. Here is situated the Quirinal, the summer residence of the pope: Swiss guards in mediæval costume keep watch as sentinels before the door. The water of the fountain falls in continuous murmurs into the granite shell beneath; solitary monks, with downcast mien, wander along the lonely path; pupils of the seminary in their uniform *soutanes* walk along in pairs, to recreate themselves in the gardens of the Quirinal after the dull routine of their daily duties; grass grows luxuriantly from every crevice of the pavement; and one cannot but gaze down sorrowfully upon the city which lies outspread beneath, the lofty cupola of St Peter's towering in the distance. There below in the Vatican lies the solution of the whole riddle, the cause of all this silence and desolation; of these Swiss guards with their halberds over their shoulders, keeping their solitary watch; strangers guarding the palaces of the rulers of the land! Passing by the Via Felice and the Via Sistina, where strangers chiefly reside on account of the superior salubrity of the air, we retraced our steps until we reached the promenade of Monte Pincio, commonly called the *Passeggiata*.

A complete Babel of languages here meets the ear; groups of light-hearted and gaily-dressed children chatter to each other in English, German, Russian, French, and Italian, and play their merry games on a portion of the ground which is securely fenced off from the approach of carriages. Dolls and wooden horses are caressed and scolded in every civilized language under the sun; and in the bearing of these little *buds* of humanity, now gambolling together in childlike peace, it is still easy to distinguish the frank, confiding German, the reserved Englishman, the active, noisy Frenchman, and the glowing, impassioned Italian.

Elegant equipages, spirited horses, fashionably-dressed men and women, are strolling to and fro, enjoying the freshness of this sunset hour. Some are talking politics,

some are flirting, some criticising works of art, or expressing their rapturous admiration of the beauties of nature. To whichever side one turns one's eyes, all seems full of life and of enjoyment. And before us, in the valley beneath, lies the vast pile of the Vatican, out-topped by the cupola of St. Peter's and the gigantic fortress of St. Angelo: all sleeping in profound silence beneath our feet. The Monte Mario, crowned by the wondrous pines of the Villa Pamfili, which stand forth like a dark canopy against the distant horizon, seems to swim in the golden light of sunset; whilst the pale, rose-coloured clouds float across the deep blue vault of heaven, and the stars come glimmering forth in all their tranquil beauty; and ever, as the sun sinks deeper and deeper, do the hues of evening assume a richer and more varied glow, and ever do the dark masses of building and monumental relics of the world's city beneath our feet stand forth in broader and more gigantic outline.

The pillars of Antoninus and of Trajan, the dome of the Pantheon, and the gloomy tower of Nero, only become clearly defined against the sky when the sun has finally disappeared behind the cupola of St. Peter's, and the Italians, as though touched by a magic wand, quit the *Passeggiata* without a moment's delay.

The promenaders of other nations quickly follow their example, the air being deemed unhealthy after sunset. Only the Germans, and more especially the artists, whom daylight chains to their studios, still linger to enjoy the balmy breeze and softening twilight, whilst the bells of every church in Rome announce that the evening hour of repose has at length arrived, and the air vibrates to the gentle tones of the sweet and soothing "Ave Maria."

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

I had heard so much of the discomforts and inconveniences of domestic life in Italy, that I looked forward with dread to a personal experience of its miseries. Endless complaints had reached my ears, of the coldness and the dirt of the dwelling-houses, the dishonesty of the people, and the badness of provisions; but all these descriptions I found to be partly untrue and partly exaggerated; nor did it seem to me that houses were much more expensive here than in any other great city, especially in Berlin.

Whoever has attempted to hire a furnished house in the best quarter of Berlin, during the winter months, will not deem the price demanded for a similar dwelling in Rome extravagantly dear; and if a house be taken for the whole year, the rent is considerably lower, for only half as much is asked for the summer as for the winter months.

Single apartments may be hired, as well as houses of every size; and all are provided with carpets, sofas, an ample supply of kitchen utensils, delf ware, and even plate. Most rooms have fire-places; but during cold winters, should these not suffice, an iron stove with a flue is easily put up: in smaller apartments, a large charcoal pan—*der Braciére*, or *der caldero*—filled with red-hot charcoal, maintains the necessary warmth.

The houses are comfortably and even handsomely furnished; and should any additional luxuries be required, the upholsterers in Rome, as amongst ourselves, let out every kind of furniture on hire.

The Roman house-gear, which is more massive than our own, pleased me much. The large iron beds, almost as broad as they are long, are very convenient, with their net or gauze coverings which hang down from a ring fixed in the ceiling; and, being rolled up during the day, are let down at night, inclosing the whole bed within their light folds, and forming an effectual defence against the attacks of flies and of mosquitos. The tables, with their heavy marble slabs, the little washing-stands in the form of an iron tripod, each has its own peculiar advantage and suitability; and the cotton stuffings of the mattresses and pillows are necessary in this climate, where it would be difficult during the warm weather to guard hair mattresses from the attacks of moths.

Strangers who come to Rome unprovided with servants need have no difficulty in being comfortably supplied with their daily meals. Throughout almost all Italy, the men whom you engage as attendants are equally skilful as cooks, and perfectly understand how to fill both offices. Dinners of every kind and description may also be procured at any hour of the day from the great *restaurants*, and are sent to your house smoking hot, on little miniature covers; or, finally, the materials for a modest noonday meal may be selected from the bill of fare which a servant from one of the hotels will bring you every morning, should you

prefer that mode of supply. In addition to this, the *Leopre*, Bertini, and Nazari coffee-houses, and the *restaurant on the Spanish Steps*, are places where men can dine very comfortably, and where it is common even for ladies to resort when escorted by a gentleman.

Coffee can be procured in the morning from the coffee-houses, and is served in very good style, with the necessary accompaniments of white bread, butter, and whatever addition the taste of each individual may require. All these things are neither dearer nor worse than in other places. We were always supplied with excellent butter, as well as milk and cream. It has a singular appearance to see the cows and goats of an evening led through the streets, and pausing at every house, so that the needful supply of milk is thus brought fresh to your very door. This is probably done in order to obviate the possibility of its turning sour during the hot season, while carried from the neighbouring pastures to the town. Tea, every sort of English sauce and delicacy, as well as foreign wines of all descriptions, are to be had at the English shops on the *Piazza di Spagna*. There are butchers' shops in Rome as in our own country, excellent pastry, and delicious fruit. In short, I do not know of any want which may not easily be supplied in Rome: even breweries are to be found there, where very good beer may be procured. Vegetables, it must be owned, are of very indifferent flavour, and the bread is by no means good: we did not like either the little white loaves (*paguette*) or the common bread. Both are in general heavy as well as tasteless. At last we discovered a kind of brown bread, *pane caseveccio*, in some degree resembling ammunition bread, or the coarse Westphalian rye bread, which we found more palatable.

We had heard much of the annoyance arising from oil being so universally used in Italian cookery, but I cannot say that we found much to complain of on that head. Oil is chiefly used in the preparation of fast-day dishes—*magri*—which are always placed on the table in company with other dishes more suited to a stranger's taste; and, besides, the oil in this country is so very pure and delicate that it does not impart the slightest unpleasant flavour to the food. I once saw our landlady take oil for her salad out of the very same jar from which she filled her lamps. I tasted it out of curiosity, and found it excellent.

My host, who was a native of Rome, and a book-keeper in a respectable mercantile house, lived on the floor above us, in a very small suite of rooms, together with his wife, her sister, and the children of the latter. The whole family were well-looking. The extreme simplicity of their mode of living often astonished me. In the morning, their coffee was brought to them from a neighbouring coffee-house; at one o'clock they had their dinner, which always consisted of a single dish either of meat or fish; and about seven in the evening they partook of the *cena*, or supper, generally consisting of salad and cold meat; but at both meals there was also an abundant provision of white bread and wine. Soups, cooked vegetables, or those made dishes which are so common amongst ourselves, I never once saw served up to them.

The general house-door is left open both by day and by night. Small, light locks protect the doors, which close in each separate floor; and neither I nor any of my acquaintances in Rome were ever robbed of the smallest thing. During the whole course of the year I resided there, I never had reason to complain either of my servants or washer-women, or of any of the workmen whom I had occasion to employ. They asked us a moderate price for their services, and everything they did was well done.

The relation of the lower to the higher classes in Rome pleased me particularly. There is nothing servile in their bearing; and the remarkable purity of their language and forms of expression makes the distinction of ranks less perceptible than amongst ourselves. A woman whom we engaged as ladies'-maid always spoke of her husband as "*uno bravo giovine*;" and said to me once, at a time when I used to keep some of our dinner hot for her on account of her being poorly, "*Ringrazio lei della sua attenzione per me*" (I thank you, ma'am, for your attention to me). The lower classes here always expect to be treated with courtesy and respect by those whom they serve; but they, in return, treat their superiors with deference: not with abject, hypocritical servility, but with free good-will and kindness. The Italians, though crushed and debased by outward circumstances, are at heart a free and noble race.

The dirt of the stairs, floors, and court-yards of the houses inhabited by Italians was, I must say, very displeasing to me. Whatever trouble one may take with

them, or however thoroughly you may get them cleaned by your own servants, in a few hours they are as bad as ever. Added to this, the staircases of private houses are at night either badly lighted or not at all so; and in order to avoid the unpleasant consequences which this double evil might produce, we were obliged always to make our own servant accompany us with lights, both when we visited our friends of an evening, and on our return to our own dwelling. The only theft which I heard frequently complained of was that of the little lamps which hung here and there upon the stairs leading from the entrance-hall into the interior of the dwelling. That on my own stairs was carried off more than once. As I was one day mentioning this to an ecclesiastic, who chanced to complain of the darkness of our stairs, he replied with a smile, "Oh, signora! it is only because you do not know how to manage the thing properly that you have been robbed. Get a common little picture of a saint to hang up behind the lamp, and that will be a better protection to it than all the defences and fastenings in the world. No one would commit a sin against the saint for the sake of a paltry little lamp like that, and perchance you might win for yourself a patron saint in Paradise into the bargain!"

The only articles which are dear in Rome are materials for dress and hackney carriages. The necessity for the latter is also much felt on account of the great size of the city, and the distance which must consequently be traversed in order to visit the different points of interest.

One thing which I found hopeless difficulty in learning was the right way of opening wine bottles, the contents of which are only protected by means of oil from the influence of the external air. The wine in Rome is contained in round flasks with long narrow necks, the lower part of the flask being entirely covered with wicker-work. A piece of tow is suspended around the neck of the flask, and with this the mouth of the vessel ought to be carefully rubbed before pouring out the wine. The most practical hands, however, cannot succeed in doing this so effectually as to prevent the first glass of wine being invariably mixed with oil; and this, I may say, is the only domestic inconvenience I met with, for which I could not discover any necessity to exist either in the circumstances of the country or in the climate.

FOREIGNERS IN ROME.

Foreigners (*i forestieri*) is the name bestowed by the people on all who are not Italians; and in the tone with which they utter this word there mingles somewhat of the contempt with which an ancient Roman might have spoken of the barbarians. But, in addition to the stranger being to the people a *forestiere*, he is also, in their eyes, once for all, an *Englishman*, which is only another word for a heretic. In autumn, however, the arrival of these heretics is as earnestly desired by the people of Rome as are the first flight of swallows, which foretell the approach of spring, by a suffering invalid. A large portion of the middling classes in Rome live by the strangers.

These latter generally begin to arrive in Rome about the month of October, and leave it after Easter. The fullest and most animated time is from Christmas-tide to the season of the carnival, and to the close of Passion-week: after this, the quarter of the city chiefly inhabited by strangers suddenly assumes an empty and deserted appearance. Persians and window-shutters are closed, trunks are being mended at every saddler's in the city, and daily do the Piazza di Spagna and the Passeggiata become more silent and deserted.

Most prominent amongst the foreigners are the innumerable tribe of English people. In the morning you meet them in the galleries and amongst the ruins; in the afternoons on the Promenade. Everywhere they are to be seen, men and women, parents and countless children, in suitable and commodious travelling garb, with "Murray's Handbook for Italy," bound in red morocco, in their hands, according to which they duly see, praise, and criticise. We are, of course, only speaking here of the great mass of English people, who travel without any feeling of real interest in the subject, often without any fitting education and culture, but simply either to be able to say they "*have seen everything*," or else because they can live more reasonably abroad than at home. English people of this description are the plague of all the hotels in Switzerland and Italy: everywhere you find them bargaining, finding fault, and possessed with a true Berserker rage when they set

about sight-seeing. A German artist related to me at their expense the following anecdote:—

His former master, Paul de la Roche, came to Rome, and in company with a *cicerone* set out to visit the most remarkable sights in that city, at the same time requesting his *ci-devant* pupil to accompany him. The friends, engaged in animated conversation, did not notice through what streets the coachman was driving them. Suddenly the carriage stopped, and they found themselves on a flat open plain near one of the gates of the city, where neither any beauty of scenery nor memorial of the past offered any temptation to delay.

"What is to be seen here, my friend?" inquired De la Roche.

"To the best of my knowledge, sir," replied the *cicerone*, "I believe there is little or nothing to be seen; but all English people drive here."

This anecdote precisely exemplifies the manner in which the uncultivated portion of English travellers set about sight-seeing; often, by their senseless criticisms or cold indifference, sadly marring the pleasure of those who are seeking really to enjoy the creations of art or of nature.

If, however, one would forget these "barbarians," one must see the English when, in the morning, they ride forth to the chase on the wide Campagna. Both men and women are there: the former in the red uniform of the hunting club, the latter in riding habits, with round hats and black veils. Old men and matrons drive to the "meet" in their carriages. A handsomer or more noble-looking race of people is seldom to be seen; and one rejoices to find people thus turning for a time from the refinements of social luxury to the more simple and healthful pleasures of nature.

Although there were many Russians in Rome during the winter of 1845-6, when they were awaiting the expected arrival of the emperor, yet, as a nation, they were scarcely distinguishable. Having chiefly received their culture from strangers, the stamp of national character is almost entirely obliterated in an educated Russian, and no peculiarity of manner or habit distinguishes him from those around him. The French, likewise, are almost lost in the surrounding crowd; and, next to the English, the Germans, with whom the Scandinavians also may be classed, stand forth most

prominently; partly perhaps because, being of northern race, they contrast more strongly than do the French with the dark and eager Italians. Amongst the English, French, and Russians, one sees almost as many male as female travellers; amongst the Germans, the former are by far the most numerous; for in Germany it is not so common to travel without a special aim as it is amongst other nations. A German travels for the sake of his health, or for the purpose of study; only a few of the more wealthy with a view to their own amusement. Englishmen, on the contrary, who find it more expensive to live in their own country than in a foreign land, and Russians, who find they live better abroad than at home, wander southwards with their wives and children, and often make Italy their sojourn during many years; whilst a German would hardly make up his mind to absent himself during so long a time from his fatherland. When we consider the mode of life of the various nations who make Rome a temporary residence, we find that the English and French are, on the whole, more at home in Italy than the Germans. Their habits and the hours at which they partake of their meals harmonise better with the customs of the country. Both French and English eat a hearty breakfast; and, like the Italians, partake of their chief repast about the hour of sunset. In accordance with this division of the day, the public galleries and museums are open from two o'clock in the afternoon until five; the theatres commence about eight, and last until near midnight; the hours of promenade are between three in the afternoon and the ringing of the evening bells which sound forth the "Ave Maria." Then all save the Germans hasten home to their evening meal. These last prefer dining at two and taking their suppers at eight, and are in a state of continual haste and discomfort, from their anxiety to reconcile the interests of art and the requirements of hunger.

The English, sparing no expense, perfectly understand how to provide themselves with all their home "comforts," even in a foreign land. In all the hotels throughout Italy the people are prepared for the reception of the *tea-drinking* northerns. In Rome, there are shops on the Piazza di Spagna in which they can find an ample supply of the sauces and wines to which they are accustomed; an English book-shop and reading-room supply them with every

new literary publication. They have several newspapers, and are in frequent and close communication with home. On Sundays, old and young, men and women, may be seen proceeding to church, their tourists' garb exchanged for a Sunday costume, and the red hand-book for a more sober-coloured prayer-book.

They have dogs and horses in abundance, and the Campagna affords them an ample field for the pursuits of the chase. When, a few years ago, a nobleman broke his neck and was killed at a steeple-chase, the pope, in tender care for the safety of his visitors, forbade this species of diversion. The English immediately declared that, if they were subjected to this sort of restraint, they would quit Rome in a body; and the pope, not wishing to drive away the migratory birds who dispersed so much gold amongst his subjects, graciously yielded to their wishes, at the same time playfully observing, that he "would concede to these English lords the freedom of breaking their own necks just as they pleased, even in *his dominions*."

France leaves a very favourable impression on the mind in Rome, from the care with which she has provided for her young artists. In one of the most healthy and beautiful situations in Rome stands the Villa Medici. Over the balls, which are the old heraldic insignia of the house of Medici, stand displayed the French arms, with the device, "*Tous les Français sont égaux devant la loi*."

The Villa Medici, with its splendid palace, its beautiful garden, and incomparable wood of evergreen oaks, is the French Academy of Arts in Rome. It is inhabited by the director and the students, who are boarded gratuitously, and are provided with *ateliers* and a collection of plaster-of-Paris casts, the equal of which it would be hard to find in any other country. The gardens and the collection are open to the public, and the whole establishment is conducted on a footing which bears witness to the liberality of a great nation. When one sees, on the other hand, how very little care has been bestowed upon the German artists, by *their governments*, what exertions they have been compelled to make in order to raise a sufficient sum to erect a building where they can both meet together and also exhibit their paintings, one feels how necessary *national union* is to the formation of a great and self-subsistent people. Such a nation can, of course, do far more to forward

the interests of art as well as of individual artists than any of the two-and-thirty separate monarchies of Germany can ever hope to achieve. Austria alone follows the example of France in this respect, by providing some of her artists with a home and *ateliers* in the palace of her ambassador; whilst the pensioners of the other German princes only receive about three hundred dollars to assist them in their studies.

Rome is very badly supplied with German books and newspapers. It was during the winter of 1846 that the first German bookshop was opened. Its owner, a Westphalian, soon, however, gave it to be understood, that his chief care as a good catholic would be to provide for the German scholars of the Propaganda, and that he had, in fact, been stationed at his present post for that very purpose. There was, consequently, little or nothing to be seen in his shop save devotional books of one uniform tendency, and a few archæological writings: so we were obliged to content ourselves with the scanty supply of books which we, together with some of our friends, had brought for our own perusal, and which we all gladly exchanged amongst each other.

The German artists, it is true, possess a library, which owes its origin chiefly to the gifts of various strangers; but it contains no *new* publications. This library has, however, of late received a considerable addition, through the munificence of the King of Prussia, who bestowed upon it a portion of the numerous collection of books belonging to Prince Henry of Prussia, who died in Rome.

The only German newspaper which finds its way to Rome is the "Augsburg General Gazette" (*Allgemeine Zeitung*). This forms the German traveller's only medium of communication with his fatherland; and it is therefore no marvel that artists who reside long in Italy become gradually altogether alienated from their native country. The various religious and political movements in Germany are only presented to their minds through a pale, and too often distorted, medium; and I am persuaded that the conversions to Romanism which have taken place amongst the Germans in Italy are rather to be attributed to their total isolation from their protestant fatherland than to the innate might of catholicism itself.

The different foreign nations in Rome have but little

intercourse with each other. The aristocracy of each country, frequenting, as they do, the houses of the Roman aristocracy, are necessarily brought into contact with one another, but all the other classes of society live much apart. The Germans celebrate their Christmas Eve together; the Scandinavians burn their Yule-log; the Russians are to a certain degree divided by their calendar from all other nations, their festivals falling on different days from ours.

At Torlonia's great hall one meets people of every nation. These balls are the "agia" which the gold knight allows the foreigners on their bills. Whoever has been accredited to him is invited to these balls, and many amusing anecdotes are related of the mercantile justice with which the prince treats his divers guests. He himself presents them to his lovely and charming partner, a princess of the house of Colonna; and permits them to enjoy either a briefer or more protracted conversation with her according to the course of their bills of exchange. Should the princess, attracted by the agreeability of her guest, unduly prolong her interview with a person of limited means, Torlonia immediately advances with another stranger, and brings the conversation to a close by claiming her attention for the new arrival, and uttering the gently-whispered suggestion, "*Basta, Theresa! basta!*"

The lady who had been witness to this scene, and related it to me, could not have been herself a sufferer from this arrangement; for, being not only a most amiable and attractive person, but also one of the wealthiest amongst the Russian nobility, she, no doubt, met with a proportionately due share of courtesy and attention.

Another place of resort, where many strangers are to be met with, is the house of the German musician Landsberg, who kindly invites to his musical soirées as many guests as his spacious apartments can contain. German music is there performed both by professors and amateurs, in very superior style; and the fine German quartetts for bass voices, as well as Beethoven's majestic symphonies, sound in our ears as solemn greetings from our distant home; doubly sweet when heard in the land of the stranger.

But Landsberg is not the only German who with cordial hospitality throws open his doors to his country people. If Germany herself does but little for her children in a foreign land, her young students and artists do all that

in *them* lies to provide hospitable entertainment even for their wealthier countrymen, who come as strangers to visit the Eternal City.

The artists in Rome have lately established a casino, which is henceforth to be supplied with German newspapers. Every stranger of German race will be allowed admission to this casino on the payment of a small entrance fee; and during the preceding winter, balls and concerts had been given there, at which any deficiency of transalpine splendour was more than compensated by the friendly hospitality of the hosts. The saloon was decorated with flags painted by the artists for the purpose; variegated lamps and wreaths of flowers ornamented the walls. There was no deficiency either of good singers or unwearied dancers; and the laurel-wreathed cup of union went the round of the table amidst the joyous voice of mirth and song. They were merry festivals, indeed, those artists' balls, and will long be remembered with pleasure by those who can enjoy harmless gaiety though coming in simple guise. All strangers agree on this point; namely, that nowhere can you live a more pleasant, unrestrained, and unhackled life than you can in Rome: for this reason, that in Rome you take the liberty to allow yourself this liberty. Most men, and the Germans more especially, build up between themselves and their nearest neighbours towering partition-walls of etiquette and *convéance*, behind which they intrench that dignified little monosyllable *I* in genteel exclusiveness. When, however, these partition-walls have been duly reared, the *I* often discovers, to its vexation, that they exclude all prospect of the *Thou*, and not only deprive his neighbour, but himself, of the free air of heaven and the unconstrained power of movement; and yet he is ashamed to say, "My exclusive system was a folly." He is too cowardly to tear down with his own hands the partition-wall which divides him from his fellow, and thus each one continues to sit pouting in his solitary cell, grumbling at circumstances and at men in general.

In Rome, where people have not time to erect these barricades; where they could scarcely produce their privy-councillor titles, red ribbons of the nine different orders, and richly-embroidered uniforms, without exciting a smile; there does the original, true-hearted, cordial character of our nation stand forth in its true light. One of the regular

morning occupations of the strangers in Rome (and a sad abuse this custom is, as at present carried on) is to visit the artists in their studios. Such artists as the sculptors Wolf, Jerichau, Tererani; the painters Rahl, Riedel, Gurlitt, and the much-honoured Cornelius, are plagued beyond all endurance by idle visitors, who merely want to fill up pleasantly a few vacant hours. They never consider that time is the artist's only capital; they do not remember how invaluable to him, during the short days of winter, is every bright hour of sunshine; and that many strangers, with their idle chat and senseless criticisms, not only waste the precious hours, but totally untune his mind and jar upon his feelings.

These divers elements—travellers of all nations, artists, *servants*, and invalids, who come to Italy in search of enjoyment, of culture, and of health—form, like the individual stones of a kaleidoscope, the beauteous star, the varied mass of strangers, who, assembled together in Rome, live in an almost constant state of fervid excitement. This is very evident in general society. One knows that this circle of human beings, who have gradually become endeared to one, must part from each other in the course of a few months; one feels that many now valued acquaintances will most probably never meet again on earth. Therefore we make the most of the passing hours, endeavour to enjoy each other's society, and to be together as much as possible.

I think that these social influences are too little taken into account by physicians who send nervous invalids to Italy for the benefit of their health. A southern land of itself transports the phantasy into a hitherto undreamed-of world of wonder. The sight of so many noble creations of art, the retrospective view opened out into the past, all combine to stir up every faculty of the soul; and however peaceful and secluded a life may be possible to lead after some years' residence in Rome, the *first* winter spent there must ever be a time of much excitement to the stranger who brings thither an open, impassible, and active mind, accompanied by a weak and suffering body.

For one in health, Rome is a place of residence the equal of which is not to be found even in Italy itself.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was the twenty-fourth of December, and my afternoon's walk led me towards the Lateran, beneath the noble portico of which I stood a while, gazing upon the scenes around me.

Between the mediæval city walls the gate of San Giovanni opened wide its portals; and hard-by there stood a fragment of the ancient aqueduct, around which were richly coiled the large shining leaves of a dark-green ivy. From the neighbouring villa gardens there rose up towards the blue heavens lofty cypresses and spreading pines; while beyond the city walls lay outstretched the broad Campagna, and the soft outlines of the Alban Hills, the snowy summits of which were steeped in purple, closed in the sunny winter-landscape.

On the right of the Lateran, in the porch of the Baptistery, were many peasants with their wives and children, creeping on their knees up the holy stairs, which no one would dare to ascend in any other mode, as it is supposed to be the identical staircase by which the Saviour entered into Pilate's judgment-hall. Among the penitents were a few citizen's wives, two monks, and an abbot, who was carefully wrapped up in his ample cloak.

A procession of gray nuns, to whom the attendance on the fever hospital is entrusted, were passing along, when they were obliged to pause a moment and make way for the Neapolitan post, which was guarded by an escort of carabinieri. At the door of an *osteria* stood a group of *pifferari*, before the Madonna's picture, which they were greeting with their Christmas music.

The *pifferari* are shepherds from the Campagna, who come into Rome about Christmas-time with their pipes and bagpipes, and play before each image of the Madonna a primitive but most moving melody. It is, they affirm, the same song with which the shepherds of Judea welcomed the Saviour's birth eighteen centuries ago. They may be seen from morning till night, of all ages, from hoary-headed age to early youth, clad in short brown cloth mantles, their pointed hats ornamented with bands and feathers, and their feet shod with sandals, playing their

melodies here and there, as they were now doing near the Lateran, although a sharp *tramontana* made the air bitterly cold. Through the midst of them were passing some two-wheeled cars laden with oil and wine casks, and driven by countrymen clothed in brown goatskin dresses, which were confined around the loins by a crimson girdle; and their stiff leather gaiters were fastened with ten or twelve polished buckles. Monks of all nations, whose several countries might be guessed by their varied physiognomies, were sauntering slowly along. Amongst them might be observed the black-robed Jesuits, ever to be seen in pairs. An elegant Englishwoman was there, accompanied by a gentleman wrapped in a tartan plaid; a gray-headed cardinal, with his scarlet mantle, who tottered feebly along, escorted by his chaplain and several servants in livery, while the plumed and scarlet-panelled state-carriage followed close behind. Women and children pressed around him to kiss his hand and receive his blessing, which, as he was passing onward, he imparted with a graceful yet dignified motion of his hand. A little farther down, on our homeward way through the street of Santa Maria Maggiore, we saw a handsome-looking Roman woman sitting before her door, and sewing by the last gleams of daylight, while another woman was binding up in tresses her full flowing hair. A mendicant friar was standing near them with a pinch of snuff between his fingers; and all three were chatting across the street with a *friggitore* (huckster), who was boiling broccoli and roasting chesnuts upon a small iron stove which stood in the open air. Ever-varying pictures, ever-changing scenes, passed before us, until the deepening twilight concealed them from our view; and we reached our dwelling just at the hour when the church bells throughout Germany ring in the joyous Christmas festival. Recollections of the happy years of my childhood awoke within me; together with an earnest longing after my own home and my own people. The whole charm of Christmas poetry which had imprinted itself in my soul as a little child, now returned in its early vividness and freshness. Once again I hearkened to the melodies which the city musicians were wont to play upon Christmas eve in the streets of Königsberg; once again I sat with my sisters in the small chamber of the *entresol*, anxiously awaiting the sound of the little bell which was to summon us into the

festive and ornamented parlour, wherein stood the sparkling Christmas-tree. Part of my family were still dwelling within the paternal home; others amongst us were wandering in distant places; and I, all alone, and with a saddened heart, was celebrating my Christmas festival at Rome.

Among my acquaintances there, however, was a worthy German family, who, amid the Christmas joys of their children, were not unmindful of older people. The laurel-tree laden with gilded oranges, bore many other presents also, suited to persons of all ages; and we remained very sociably together until near midnight, when we set out to visit the churches which were to be the resort of the "faithful" throughout the night.

We had been advised to visit first San Luigi de Francesi. Flaming torches were burning in its porch, and the whole church was so brilliantly lighted up, that, on entering into it from the dark street, its glare was oppressive and bewildering to the sight. My companions were a very amiable Russian lady and her brother, whose heart was fully open to the wants and miseries of the people.

Englishmen in black coats and white neckcloths, with elegantly-dressed ladies leaning upon their arms, were lounging about to the sound of the cheerful music, making their way unconcernedly through the crowd, just as if they were in a ball-room. This was very inconvenient to the Italian women, many of whom were seated on chairs with their prayer-books in their hands, although any attempt at devotion there was quite out of the question. A loud buzz of voices, made up of the mingled hum of many different languages, almost drowned the music by its noise. Many of the gentlemen who were lounging about made incessant use of their eye-glasses, and seemed regardless of disturbing the people who were kneeling on the ground, or the cripples who, by way of precaution, had gathered around the pillars. My Russian friend observed all this with displeasure. "*Ce maudit grand monde a tout entravé,*" said he; "*il ne laisse pas même aux pauvres assez de place pour y prier en repos!*"

We were glad to escape out of the crowd, and glare, and heated atmosphere, and bent our steps to Ara Cœli, the church which stands upon the Capitoline hill. A dim, uncertain twilight floated mysteriously throughout the spacious

nave. The church was scarcely half filled. Solitary lamps were suspended from the variously-formed pillars, which had originally belonged to different heathen temples, from whence they had been transported hither to uphold the vaulted roof of a Christian church. "Vigils" were being performed at the high altar.

Whole families of the peasantry, from the aged grandparents to the helpless babe which lay slumbering upon its mother's breast, were gathered together around the pillars. The heads of the little ones were sunk down in sleep, whilst their elders were either kneeling close to them and repeating the rosary, or else sitting on the ground in silent meditation. A solemn stillness prevailed throughout the church, the bell for divine service ringing clearly beneath the vaulted roof, and immediately afterwards the cloister clock struck twelve.

The morning of Christmas had begun, and that day was celebrated on which light had arisen upon the earth, and when the Saviour appeared, who, through His own death, had "brought life and immortality to light."

In one of the darkest corners of the church, there hung against one of the pillars a very indifferent picture of Christ, which was dimly lighted by a single lamp. Upon the white robe of the figure was depicted the bleeding heart, and before it knelt a poor man clothed in rags, and the tall, slender, noble form of a lady high in rank, with whom we were acquainted, and whose life had been embittered by unspeakable sorrows. We glanced at each other; and each one bore within her breast a bleeding heart, and each one had to pray for strength to live an earnest life, for a star of faith and hope to dawn upon our darkness and shine upon our onward way.

THE LOTTO.

In Rome, Sundays and holidays are very strictly observed. The churches are well attended, all the shops are closed, and labour and traffic of every description are suspended.

The pope alone carries on *his* mercantile transactions on these days of rest; and when every other shop is closed, the tobacco-shops and the offices for the sale of lottery-tickets are kept open. The Evil Spirit ever works the hardest when man is idlest; and so more cigars and more

lottery-tickets are sold on festivals and saints' days than on any others.

The *lotto* is in every respect the counterpart of the old "number lottery," which in Germany also was the destruction of thousands. The *lotto* consists of ninety numbers: only five of these are drawn. The gamester holds three numbers, which lie between one and ninety. If the three numbers possessed by the holder of the tickets should chance to be amongst the five drawn, he wins the great prize, of the value of many thousand scudi. Two successful numbers win twelve hundred scudi, whilst a single number is almost valueless. Hence it may be perceived how very slight is the chance of gain to the ticket holders, and how great the advantage which must accrue to the government from this most demoralizing impost, of which they reap the entire profits, and which they consequently seek to render as attractive as possible to the populace.

In every street three or four houses may be seen, with signs hanging over the doors, on which are inscribed the words, "*Prenditorio per il lotto.*" A table, on which the ninety numbers are exhibited all standing in a row, is placed on the *trottir*; a puppet with a long beard, in the costume of a necromancer, dressed in a dark robe and crimson scarf, with a magic wand in his hand, acts as the guardian of the stall. In the evening it is lighted up; and these lottery-ticket offices are kept open until a late hour of the night, and frequented long after all other shops are closed. As a ticket may be purchased for a couple of bajocchi (about 1½d.), the very poorest person may, if he be so disposed, stake the proceeds of his hard day's earnings on the throw of Fate; and, alas! but too often does he yield to the temptation.

When a man has laboured ten or twelve hours for a scanty pittance, and is returning home, weary and exhausted, along the brilliant Corso, to his gloomy and comfortless home, with the conviction that "to-morrow shall be as this day," and that want and hardship must be his daily portion while life shall last, his heart sinks within him, and the gloom of night overshadows his soul. Suddenly a bright light flashes before his eyes. He turns his head in the direction whence it comes, and sees the necromancer watching over the ninety numbers of the lottery! A wild hope takes possession of his breast, and for the

chance of wealth he barter the food which his children will cry for on the morrow.

The *lotto* is quite a passion amongst the Italians, and I have myself more than once had proofs how completely it engrosses all their thoughts. One amusing instance of this I will now relate.

My breakfast was brought to me every morning from a neighbouring *café*, and placed on the table in my sitting-room, whilst I was still in the adjoining bed-room. On hearing the waiter enter the apartment, I had occasionally called out to ask him what kind of weather it was; and hence he soon began to consider it his duty, when he laid the tea-tray on the table, to communicate to me in a loud tone this interesting information, without my taking the trouble of asking for it. He would sometimes call out, "*Bel tempo, signora!*" sometimes, "*E' scioccoso,*" or "*Tira rento,*" &c. One morning, after leaving the room, he turned back, and cried out, "*Oggi si fa il giccoco!*" (To-day the lottery will be drawn.) I can scarcely describe how comical, and, at the same time, how significant, this trifling circumstance appeared to me. On another occasion, I said jokingly to the woman who came to do our house-work—

"*L'adrona*, I have been dreaming all night of flowers: what can that mean?"

"I must refer to the *Smorfia* to know that," she replied.

"The *Smorfia*! what is that?"

"You do not know what the *Smorfia* is? How do you then manage in *your* country to find out the right numbers for the lottery? The *Smorfia* is a dream-book, which guides you in choosing your numbers."

"Have you a *Smorfia*?"

"Of course! every one has one of them, just as certainly as they have a mass-book: *bisogna aver una*" (one must have one).

I begged her to bring me the book. Her husband was a Neapolitan, and it was in Naples that his *Smorfia* had been purchased. Under the strict rule of the censorship and the protection of the Neapolitan government was this dictionary of folly published and circulated amongst the people.

Nor is it even a mere insignificant pamphlet, but a good thick octavo. The title ran as follows: "*Nuova Smorfia*

del Giccoco del Lotto di Giuseppe Romeo di Luca." This was the sixth edition, printed in 1839. The copyright of the work is secured to the author. A notice on the title-page is as follows: "According to the rules of the existing laws, and in obedience to the royal ordinances, the present book is placed under the protection of government; and every copy which does not bear the author's signature will be considered to belong to a pirated edition, and the publisher will be prosecuted accordingly."

The book commences with an address to the *dilettanti* of the lottery, in which the great value and invariable credibility of the *Smorfia* are clearly demonstrated. Then commences the dictionary, which runs as follows: "ABA: *Abate secolare*, 6; *Abate regolare*, 8; *Abate al confessione*, 70; *Abate morto*, 31," &c. Next come, first, the Mondays on which it is lucky to play; secondly, the Golden Key, or the true treasure of Fortunatus. The last chapter commences as follows: "By means of this precious book, every one who is possessed of a small sum of money may acquire great riches. Of this truth I am myself a remarkable exemplification." A similar strain of folly runs through the whole book; and I think it is impossible for any unprejudiced person to read it without feeling a strong emotion of indignation against the existing governments of Italy. They are not satisfied with plundering their subjects by means of these lotteries, and plunging them into depths of misery from which they should strain every nerve to rescue them; or with shutting out from them, by means of the censorship, every channel of enlightenment: they must also confer privileges upon books which systematize this fraud, and cast a yet denser gloom over the night of superstition in which their people are sunk. A duty is laid upon every article imported from one Italian state to another, just as if each was to the other a land of aliens. The several states are distinct from each other so long as the interests of the people alone are concerned; but to forward a system like this, fraught with evil to their subjects, the Italian princes unite together heart and hand; and, although it is impossible to purchase in Rome a yard of Florence or Neapolitan silk which has not been heavily taxed, you may see advertised at every corner, "To-day the lottery for Tuscany will be drawn;" "Tickets for the lottery at Lucca may this day be procured until midnight;" "The drawing of the Neapolitan lottery terminates to-day."

How can any ruler answer for it to his own conscience to permit such a system of juggling and fraud to be carried on for his own benefit?

I had often intended to be present once at the drawing of the lottery-tickets, which takes place in public. The desired occasion presented itself on the 17th April.

On the Monte Citorio stands a large palace, which belongs to the government. Its balcony was on this day hung with purple, and ornamented with gold lace somewhat tarnished. It was shaded by a scarlet canopy from the heat of the mid-day sun, for twelve o'clock at noon is the hour fixed for drawing the numbers.

A crowd of people were assembled in the square in front of the palace: workmen, *carrettieri*, peasants, fruit and vegetable sellers; but the greater number of those present looked more ragged and ill-fed than the generality of their own class. School-boys and street urchins might be seen clambering up the pedestal of the obelisk which adorns the centre of the square. A pair of country priests or schoolmasters stood chatting with their neighbours in assumed indifference; but it was at the same time evident that they were deeply interested in the result of the lottery. In the mean while, little boys went about offering for sale preserved pumpkins and green almonds, which helped the more youthful portion of the crowd to pass away the time during the long interval of delay and expectation.

Most of the boys had probably only come there as spectators. They amused themselves as in a theatre, giving tokens of impatience, and calling out for the fun to commence. To them it was all mere pastime; but the older persons present were still and silent, and their countenances were expressive of ever-growing anxiety.

About a quarter before twelve the directors of the lottery stepped forth into the balcony. A monsignore, in his purple robe, was the leading actor in the scene: he stood in the centre, whilst two men dressed in black stood one at each side of him, and a boy in the white frock of the Dominicans completed the group. At last the clock struck twelve, and a loud shout of joy burst from the crowd of urchins assembled in the square. A flourish of trumpets from the balcony announced that the drawing of the tickets was about to commence. One of the men dressed in black counted out the ninety numbers in succession to the monsignore, who, after repeating the number in a loud tone to

the assembled crowd handed it on to the other man dressed in black, who placed it in a casket. This process occupied a considerable time. The impatience and anxiety of the crowd became each moment more intense. In the case of many, a whole future was at stake: an exchange from a life of want and misery to one of ease and abundance seemed to lie within their very grasp.

The ninety numbers now lay in the silver casket. The cardinal closed the lid and handed it to his neighbour, who, raising the box on high, shook it so violently that the tickets might be heard to rattle against each other. A deep silence in the mean time reigned throughout the whole of the densely-crowded square.

The little Dominican stepped forward; the cardinal made the sign of the cross over his head, for everything in Rome is done under the sanction of that sacred symbol: even the lottery is here deemed a Christian institution! The youth now put his hand into the casket, drew out the first number, and handed it to the monsignore, who cried out, in a voice of thunder, "One-and-twenty!" I turned my head towards the piazza, to look at the assembled crowd. Almost every individual there held a ticket in his hand, and every countenance wore an expression of anxiety.

Five times was the sign of the cross repeated over the young Dominican; five times did the trumpets sound, ere the fateful numbers were drawn and called aloud by the monsignore. The countenances of the throng of gamblers in the mean while grew even darker and darker: not in one single countenance did I see an expression of joy and hope: not one man or woman held up his ticket in a transport of delight as a pledge of good fortune and prosperity! And when the last number was drawn, and the well-paid directors stood laughing and talking together in the balcony, hundreds in the square beneath turned away with disappointed hopes; hundreds of wretched, deceived, poverty-stricken men, whose last bajocco had been spent in thus enriching their deceivers!

ROMAN BEGGARS.

Begging is a monopoly in Rome, but one less strictly guarded from encroachment than the government monopoly of tobacco.

Sono privilegiato" (I am privileged!) was the cry frequently sounded in my ears by old men, who wore suspended at their breasts a brass plate, such as is worn in Prussia by the messengers belonging to the different courts of justice. It is under the shelter of this "ægis" that these privileged beggars appeal to the benevolence of the passers-by. They are to be met with in every direction, and are not so stationary as the beggars of the Monte Pincio and of the Spanish Steps, who are in general either cripples or deformed persons, and may be seen daily, in often-recurring groups, lining the street from the top of the Spanish Steps onwards to the French Academy, and ever crying in the same pitiful tone to the passers-by, "*Date qualche cosa al vostro povero estropiato!*" (Give something to your poor cripple!)

These words, and those of the little beggar-children, "*Mi muojo di fame!*" (I am dying of hunger!), which they utter, pointing at the same time with their five fingers to their open mouths, are two stereotyped forms of speech, which every one in Italy, hears repeated at least a thousand times over.

Although the mild climate and the low price of many kinds of food render poverty less wretched and beggars less pitiable than in many other countries, yet the people here are in general ready enough to listen to the cry of the poor. Often have I heard rosy-checked little urchins, with an orange in one hand and a piece of bread in the other, cry in a most mournful tone, "*Mi muojo di fame!*" and yet the bajocco of the passer-by was readily bestowed, and without a single word of admonition. Surly, ill-tempered beggars, ready to utter a curse on the hard-hearted who turned a deaf ear to their importunate intreaties, I have never seen in Italy.

As most of the fraternity have their appointed posts, those strangers who frequent these particular quarters soon find themselves on a confidential footing with a certain band of beggars. Half-way up the Spanish Steps, we always encountered one stout, well-fed man, who had no legs, but could move very quickly on his hands. He was said to be rich, and in the course of the preceding year he had given one of his daughters a house in the Trastevere as a marriage portion. This man was the chief of all the beggars on the Monte Pincio. Every morning and evening he

rode on an ass to and from his own dwelling, and a well-dressed boy acted as his guide. It was said that all the beggars on this station were only his subordinate *employés*, to whom he paid a given salary in return for their services. I am disposed to believe that there may have been some truth in this report; for often of an evening have I seen the whole group gather round him with their tin boxes in their hands, talking and gesticulating with all their might and main.

"Give your poor blind man something!"

"I have nothing to give."

"But to-morrow, signora! to-morrow you will have something to give your poor blind man!"

Next day the same prayer is repeated. The blind man knows each individual stranger by his step and voice.

"You have not given me anything for a long time," he cries. "You promised me something. The weather is so lovely, signora, and I can see nothing!"

The little gift is now at last bestowed, with a feeling akin to shame that it had been so long deferred.

Each of these beggars considers the territory on which he plies his trade as his own peculiar domain, on which no one else has a right to intrude; and I once saw two old men engaged in warm contention at the Quattro Fontane, because one of them, a beggar belonging to the Spanish Steps, had trespassed on the ground to which the other conceived *he* alone had a lawful right.

In addition to the cripples, another class of beggars who congregate on the Spanish Steps are the *ciuciari* families, in groups of all ages, from the grandfather to the infant at the breast; for the most part handsome, well-formed people, who are employed as models by the painters. They come in from the Campagna, wear the costume of the country-people, and receive a *bajocco* from the passing stranger, chiefly for the sake of their beauty. Not far from these beggars, and chiefly fed by them, may be seen on the Monte Pincio flocks of masterless dogs, animals of most mongrel breed, which have no roofs to shelter them, no human being to care for them, and which make off an existence just as well as they can. Some amongst them dart off at full speed about the hour of noon to the Lepre, where they are fed with the leavings of the table; others wend their way at an appointed hour to certain houses and *ateliers*,

where a few broken pieces are thrown to them; and in the evening a long procession of them may be seen chasing each other across the *Passeggiato*, on their way to the holes and lurking-places where they seek a refuge for the night. No one ever thinks of fancying they are mad, or crying out that they ought to be shot. They enjoy the liberty of the wilderness in the midst of a civilized city. The handsomest beggar in Rome was a boy whom we always encountered near the fountain in front of the little Temple of Vesta, and who offered, every time we met him, to show us that temple, the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, and the house of Pilate, which is also known as the house of Cola Rienzi. One of my companions had told the boy, more than once, that we were perfectly acquainted with all these sites; and as he continued to persecute us by pressing the offer of his services, and continually asking us for a *bajocco*, my friend, half in joke, threatened him with his stick. "Ah, no! not the stick!" cried the lad; "see the beautiful weather and the beautiful temple! give me then a beautiful *bajocco*!" Perceiving us to smile at this sally, he saw that he had nothing to fear, and began to pour forth a rapid volley of nonsense, of which the following words were the ever-recurring *refrain*: "See, beautiful signora, the beautiful weather and the beautiful temple! The gentleman threatens me with his beautiful stick: will not *you* give me a beautiful *bajocco*?"

"Well, well," said my companion; "you shall have the *bajocco*: but first explain to me clearly what are the real facts of the case as regards this house. You say it is the house of Pilate?"

"Yes, signor."

"But did you not also call it the house of Rienzi?"

"Yes, signor."

"Now, how can it have belonged to Rienzi, if it was the house of Pilate?"

"Why, signor, I suppose Rienzi must have hired it from Pilate!" exclaimed the lad, with so much roguery of expression, that this of itself fully deserved the couple of *bajocchi*, which were duly bestowed upon him.

We thus see that the Italian beggars are endowed with their respective privileges from very different sources. The most genteel class amongst them are the begging monks, who profess to derive *their* privilege from God himself.

Next come the beggars who are licensed by government, and who are always sickly or aged people, incapable of work, and who have just claims on the benevolence of the healthy and the rich. After these come the unlicensed cripples, on whom nature has bestowed the most valid privilege of all—utter helplessness and deformity; whilst, bringing up the rear of this miserable band, come that large body of beggars who, under the rule of this wretched government, either cannot find work to do, or *will not* do it when it is provided for them. The latter class are those against whom the indignation of strangers is chiefly directed; and it must be owned that they *are* a very lazy, troublesome, and importunate race.

·A VISIT TO THE CONVENT OF TRINITÀ DEI MONTI, AND A
JESUIT'S SERMON.

Rome has the peculiarity of embracing within its bounds a multitude of characters and of spectacles which are so entirely beyond *our* cognizance, in our protestant northern lands, that we scarcely even believe in their existence. Were a man to be suddenly transported from protestant Germany to Rome, without passing through the intervening steps, he might well fancy himself in a land of dreams. Images of saints, monks, cardinals' equipages, processions; all these are things which we hear of all our lives, but never realize until we find ourselves surrounded by them on every side.

In Italy, and especially in Rome, catholicism presents herself before us in all her gigantic might and immutability; and well has she known how to adapt herself to the varied wants of every class amongst her children.

This thought occurred to me with peculiar force as I was one day visiting the Convent of Trinità dei Monti, during the time of the "ladies' retreat," preparatory to the celebration of Easter.

Who amongst us has not read of the practice, so common amongst the fashionable Frenchwomen belonging to the court of Louis Quatorze, of retiring for a time within the walls of a cloister, in order to enjoy a temporary season of repose after the turmoil and dissipation of the great world? A retreat for similar purposes is very frequent in Rome at the present day, and bears the name of *esercizii spirituali*.

The season generally devoted to this purpose is that immediately preceding the festival of Easter. Leaving the Corso, and passing along the Via di Condotti, you see rising before you, towering over the Spanish Steps, the stately Convent of Trinità dei Monti. Most of the nuns are Frenchwomen, and chiefly belong to noble families. They live according to the rule of Ignatius Loyola, and devote their time to the education of the young. Their pupils, about sixty in number, are all of high birth. In a side-wing of the building there is also a day-school for little girls belonging to the poorer classes of society.

It is in this convent, which is famed throughout Rome for the beautiful church music performed by its inmates, that the ladies who wish to retire for a time from the world observe their Easter retreat. A lady, who had herself once spent a fortnight within its walls, procured for me the privilege of admission to one of these "exercises;" and I will attempt in some degree to convey to others the impression left upon my mind by the whole scene.

Accompanied by a friend, I ascended the handsome flight of steps which lead to the convent. We rang the bell; a little sliding window was pushed aside; a very handsome nun peeped out, and then opened the door to us. The dress of the nuns is less convent-like than amongst other orders: they wore black dresses, which hung in loose folds around their persons, and were confined at the waist by a cord, from which depended a rosary. A large pelerine was closely fastened round the throat, and their heads were covered with white coifs made of thick muslin, and trimmed with such wide borders that their faces seemed almost buried beneath their folds. A long black crape veil hangs from the back of the head almost down to the feet, and a silver crucifix is suspended from the neck. As the "*esercizio spirituale*" was not to begin for another hour, we had time to visit the church in the interval. It is a spacious, airy, elegant building, with a lofty vaulted roof; highly-polished carved wood-work, ornamented with gilding, crimson window-curtains, and handsome glass chandeliers, combine to impart to the whole interior somewhat more of a saloon-like than of an ecclesiastical aspect.

It was past the hour of noon. A benevolent-looking nun entered the church, leading with her five little maidens of from eight to twelve years of age, who were about to make

their first confession. They were not clad in the garb of the convent, but each, in addition to her ordinary clothing, wore a long black veil, and all looked very pale and delicate.

We quitted the church (fearing that our presence might be an intrusion on the young penitents), and entered the court-yard of the convent, which occupies a large square space, surrounded with an open portico.

Passing along innumerable passages, and up and down many flights of steps, the man who conducted us led us into the garden, which crowns the summit of Monte Pincio, and is kept in the same beautiful order as everything else about the convent.

The prioress, a handsome, fresh-coloured looking woman, about fifty years of age, was walking up and down, and conversing with the two nuns by whom she was accompanied.

The lady who was with us, and who had previously resided for a brief space in the convent, approached the superior, and kissing her hand, introduced us to her notice, as persons who wished to be present at the religious exercises which were now about to commence. The superior, in a friendly tone, bade us welcome, and led the way to the chapel in which the afternoon service was to take place.

But, before I proceed to describe this service, I must say a few words regarding the mode of life pursued by the ladies during this Easter retreat. The time of penance (if we may venture to call it so) lasts during ten days. Two *esercizii spirituali* are held: the first in Italian; the second, about fourteen days later, in French. The ladies live according to the rule of St. Ignatius, and a Jesuit conducts the exercises. On the present occasion the preacher was Padre Rillo, a Pole: the most distinguished pulpit orator belonging to the order of the Jesuits. I had already heard much of this man; of his unwearied activity in the cause of the church, the untiring endurance with which he prosecuted the most laborious journeys in her service, and the ardent self-devotion with which he sacrificed all for that which he deemed the cause of truth.

Each of the ladies who retire to the convent, for the purpose of devoting a brief space of the year to these religious exercises, occupy a neatly-furnished cell, appropriated to her use in a building attached to the convent, but situated

in the adjoining garden. This building is only one story high, and presents but a mean appearance; it is, however, like all the rest of the convent, perfectly neat and clean, and is at this season surrounded by roses in full bloom. The penitents rise early, attend mass, and in the course of the day listen to four sermons, two in the morning, and two in the afternoon. During the time of meals, which these *pensionnaires* of the convent partake of together, but not in the society of the nuns, one nun reads aloud to them from the life of some saint. All conversational intercourse is forbidden: they are only permitted to speak for purposes of actual necessity, or in reply to a question from the superior. On the day they leave the cloister they partake of their evening meal together previous to their departure; the nuns sing the service of the mass, and the parting ceremony is said to be most striking and impressive. These *pensionnaires* are all admitted gratuitously; but, should any amongst them be able and willing to contribute a small sum towards the expenses of the convent, their offering is not rejected, which is, I think, a very fair and liberal arrangement. There were altogether about forty of these temporary inmates at the period of my visit.

Having stated these particulars, I will now return to the chapel. My surprise was great, when, on raising the heavy curtain which hangs before the entrance of every Italian church, a glass door was opened, and we entered a room so entirely darkened that at first I could scarcely see where I was. By degrees, however, my eye became accustomed to the gloom, and I began to distinguish surrounding objects. The chapel is a long, narrow building, adorned with gray arabesques on a pale blue ground, just as any ordinary apartment might be. The words, "*In hoc signo vinces*," inscribed upon the wall, are surrounded by palm and laurel branches. The floor is covered by a handsome carpet. This, together with the white curtains which hang before the windows, imparts an air of drawing-room-like comfort to the whole apartment, which does not exactly harmonize with our ideas of a church. A simple altar stands at the end of the chapel, over which is placed the favourite Jesuit emblem of the "*sacré cœur*." A crucifix stands near the altar, and above it hangs the ever-burning lamp. A death-like stillness pervaded the chapel; and this, together with the surrounding gloom, and the close, sultry

atmosphere, produced a most depressing effect upon my mind. About forty or fifty ladies were sitting or kneeling around. They sat on benches, which were placed at each side of the chapel, facing the altar, and a free passage was left open in the centre for two nuns, who glided noiselessly about, arranging everything and leading the new-comers to their seats. When all were assembled, the superior entered with four nuns, and took her place near the door; the curtain was let down before the entrance; the heavy wooden gates were closed, and all was yet darker than before: it was only near the altar that any object could be clearly distinguished.

In the course of a few moments, a door, which I had not before remarked, opened just behind the altar, and with a firm and quick step Padre Rillo entered, and took his place on a seat in front of the altar. He offered up the accustomed prayer, to which all present listened on their knees. During this time I had an opportunity of observing the *padre*, at least so far as the glimmering lamp-light would admit of my doing so. He appeared to be a man of about forty years of age, and of noble apostolic mien. His handsome profile, on which the light fell strongly from the only open window, stood out in well-defined outline against the dark background which the rest of the chapel presented. His long hair and flowing beard imparted to his whole aspect an air of attractive dignity.

The prayer ended, he commenced his sermon. It related to the vocation of some to a spiritual life in the retirement of the cloister.

The *padre's* manner and delivery pleased me much. He has one of those clear, gentle, sonorous voices, the faintest sounds of which fill distinctly on the ear. He spoke in a low tone on the present occasion, for he was addressing ladies, to whose nerves this mode of address was far more agreeable than any thundering and passionate declamation.

He commenced his sermon by showing the nothingness of everything in this world, and the all-importance of doing God's will whilst we lived in it.

"You are not placed in this world, ladies," he exclaimed, "to attend balls and festivities, to dazzle others by your beauty and your wealth. No: you are placed here to do the will of God, and that with an undivided heart. Take a sheet of paper; write upon it, 'I am here in the world to

do God's will.' Keep this thought ever before your mental eye; in this thought live, and move, and perform every action of your lives. 'But how shall I know,' you will ask me, 'what is the will of God?' This is an important proposition, and demands our whole attention. We have here to deal more especially with the question, how are we to know whether an individual is peculiarly called either to a secular or a religious life? and whether a momentary inclination either for the one or the other may not mislead and deceive us."

He then proceeded to describe in graphic terms the happy circle of domestic duties which a wife and mother is called to fill, and then depicted in glowing language the superior sanctity of a life of religious seclusion. Viewing the matter as a Roman catholic, it was impossible he could have said anything that was more excellent, or more entirely to the point. He then went on to say that all depended on the vocation, on the voice which God caused to speak in every human breast; for man himself was easily deceived when called upon to choose his own path.

"In your case, for instance, *care signore*," he continued, "you yourselves, your daughters, your sisters, may be lovely and high-spirited, witty and animated. You may perhaps deem that with such qualities a woman is born for the world; but in this, beloved daughters, you may be mistaken. Perchance this may be the very woman whom the Lord will call to serve him in retirement, foreseeing in his wisdom that her perils in the world would be great; and what would it avail her to win favour for a time in the eyes of man, were she to become hateful to God throughout eternity? Another, on the contrary, may think within herself, 'I am of a gentle, quiet disposition, care but little for this world's pleasures, take no delight in pomp or in display: I will retire into a convent.' By no means, beloved daughter! You, perchance, with your gentle and lowly spirit, are the very being destined by heaven to shed happiness and peace over a domestic circle which will love and bless you."

The *padre* then went on to impress, in yet more forcible terms, the danger of mistaking our own inclination for the call of God. I felt that he had some definite aim in view, but could not divine what it was. At length he approached this aim more closely, and dwelt on the necessity of seeking counsel from a confidential friend before deciding on

such a step. "But who should this friend be? Not your instructor: she may be a worldling; not your mother: in her blind love she may mislead you to your soul's destruction. Not even the superior of the convent you frequent: she too, although unknown to herself, might be swayed by interested motives. One being alone there is, who, unmoved by earthly views, separated from the world, and uninfluenced by its attractions, can have no other aim, no other object, save the salvation of your soul: this man is your director!" (*il direttore*). The Jesuits themselves are in general the directors of all ladies of quality!

Now, then, we had reached the destined goal. He said that everything depended on choosing a trustworthy director, and unveiling to him every secret thought and hidden fold of the heart, so that he might be enabled to judge what was for the soul's health of those entrusted to his care, and what was not. He spoke with great earnestness, and there was something inexpressibly touching and persuasive in the tones of his gentle, harmonious voice. His words seemed to breathe the tender, anxious sympathy of a loving friend, and his countenance beamed with peaceful serenity and joy.

The heat in the chapel was oppressive. The *sacré cœur* glistened brightly through the gloom: for the rays of the only lamp which burned within the sacred enclosure fell with concentrated power upon this holy though much perverted emblem. Padre Rillo closed his address with a silent prayer; again the little concealed door behind the altar opened, and noiselessly, even as he had come, did the Jesuit father disappear. A deep stillness pervaded the whole assembly; all present remained upon their knees, as if absorbed in prayer and meditation; a tremulous sigh or convulsive sob, bursting from some burdened heart, alone broke the silence which reigned around.

The whole scene was oppressive to my spirit. I longed for light and air, and rejoiced from my inmost soul when the superior opened the door, and I stepped forth once more into the pure air of God's beauteous world. We wandered about the gardens of the convent for some little time, accompanied by the very pleasing and polished nun who had throughout acted as our guide. These gardens command a splendid view over the whole of Rome, extending to the Monte Mario in the distance. The lady-penitents

were strolling about the garden in silence, this being the hour allotted to exercise and relaxation. It seemed to me that the greater number were foreigners, and that there were very few Italians amongst them. I recognized a couple of fair young English girls whom I had previously met in society. They bowed in silence, as they passed me; and I could not but ask myself what impression these young minds would receive from the words they had just heard. What influence would it have upon their hearts to be told that their director was to be a more confidential friend, a surer counsellor, than the faithful, tender mother who had watched over their childhood and shielded them in their guileless youth?

The nun accompanied us with friendly courtesy to the outer gate of the convent, after expressing in kindly terms her earnest hope that we might be tempted one day to become their inmates during the brief season of retreat.

When we emerged from the convent walls we found it was just the hour of the evening promenade on the Monte Pincio. The gay and motley crowd of foreigners were passing to and fro in joyous bands, and amongst them, silent and unobserved, the students of Loyola were also taking their evening walk, linked two-and-two together. In black and sober-fashioned garb did these students pace up and down near the young dandies and lovely women who frequent this fashionable resort; but little do that gay throng reflect that these unnoticed students are members of a mighty and mysterious body, whose influence is great beyond all human calculation, and whose weapons are as sure in their aim as were the unseen arrows of Apollo, directed to the defenceless hearts of Niobe's children.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES IN THE CAPITOL.

A Distribution of Prizes! The image which this expression conjures up before the mind in Germany is that of a large gloomy hall, of men dressed in black coats and wearing a very solemn mien, of Latin speeches and *cumuli*. In joyous Italy, however, every public ceremony becomes a festival, and glancing lights and glowing colours never fail to add their full quota of lustre to each brilliant scene. Nowhere are these adventitious charms displayed to greater advantage than on the occasion of the Prize Distribution

in the Capitol: a festival which takes place every second year, under the direction of the Academy of Fine Arts, and at which women as well as men are admitted as competitors for the prizes. On the 12th of March, the day appointed for the ceremony, we approached the Capitol by the artificial ascent (known by the name of the *Cordonata*) leading to the Capitol. A bright, warm sun stood high in the meridian and shed a genial glow around; not a single cloud obscured the clear blue sky above our heads; the colossal figures on the steps looked as though they had renewed their youth for the occasion; and all nature seemed so pregnant with life and gladness that I should scarce have marvelled had even these stone giants, animated by the quickening breath of spring, bestirred themselves into life and motion.

Roman women, dressed in a brilliant yet not unbecoming variety of colours, were wending their steps towards the Capitol, leaning on the arms of their male escorts. Children belonging to the lower classes of the Roman populace were playing around, and cast a glance of curiosity upon the passing strangers, whose foreign speech attracted their notice, but scarcely sufficed to divert their attention for a moment from the pastimes in which they were engaged. What mattered to a joyous child the imposing ceremonial of the day, or the grave historic recollections associated with the soil, which is to *him* but the scene of his diversions? Children are the only representatives of the harmless, life-enjoying *Present*. We grown-up people think and **care**, fear and hope; but we no longer enjoy. Our strivings, our wishes, and our passions, impel us onwards so swiftly from that *Past*, which has but too often ill fulfilled the promise of our early hopes, towards that *Future* in which we yet look for their accomplishment, that we have neither time, nor strength, nor spirit left to hold fast and to use aright those little moments which speed so swiftly past us, and which we name the *Present*.

As my companion and myself ascended towards the Capitol, we could not but feel our attention in some degree diverted from the brilliant spectacle around us by the recollection of those great events in the world's history with which this spot was associated. By this way had the conqueror of ancient Rome passed, in his triumphal course to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, there to offer up his

laurel crown and his victorious trophies. Here, from these very steps, had Cola di Rienzi harangued the people. Here it was that Tasso had been crowned. Below, on the left side of the street, stood the house of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, who had built these stately steps, and sketched the plan of the three palaces which now adorn the summit of the Capitoline Hill: the Capitol, the Palace of the Conservatore, and the Capitoline Museum.

The necessity of being punctual to an appointed hour, however, soon brought our meditations to a close; and, carried onwards by the crowd, we quickly found ourselves at the Capitol. The flight of steps and the balcony which lead to the great hall, the *Aula Massima Capitolina*, were covered in with an awning of rich old tapestry. This imparted a twilight gloom to the approaches towards the hall, which enhanced tenfold the brilliancy of the scene within; innumerable wax tapers shed their lustre over the varied groups assembled in the hall; and, even passing from the full brightness of Italian sunshine, the whole enclosure seemed radiant with light.

The hall has a vaulted roof, and is of a spacious oblong form. At the upper end of the apartment, on a high platform, stands the papal throne, covered with crimson velvet, and over it hangs a likeness of the reigning pope. To the right and left of the throne are placed the seats intended for the members of the Academy of San Luca, and, a little lower down, those reserved for the successful competitors. Beneath the *estrade*, or platform, and surrounded by a railing, are placed the benches appropriated to the senators, cardinals, and a few other personages, whose high birth or official position gives them a right to be more comfortably seated than the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Facing the throne stands an orchestra for the band, and galleries run along both of the side walls, entirely appropriated to the use of ladies, who are always to be numbered amongst the spectators at every Roman festivity. They add much to the beauty of the scene; and, truly, the outward bearing of the Italians towards the female sex in general is so courteous and respectful, that, in *this* point of view at least, Italy might well be called the Paradise of women.

By the time we entered the *Aula Massima*, all the seats in the body of the building were occupied, the passages

were thronged with people, and even the galleries seemed quite full. The heat was excessive; and the gentlemen of our party were looking anxiously around to see if they could discover a good place for us, when two gentlemen, who evidently had something to say to the arrangements of the festival, were kind enough to take a hospitable interest in the fate of us poor foreigners, and conducted us to the reserved seats in the gallery.

From thence one could with the greatest ease command a view of the whole interior of the hall. The balustrades of the galleries were hung with blue and scarlet draperies edged with silver, and above them sat a brilliant circle of ladies belonging to all nations, whose blooming loveliness and elegant attire were shown to the best advantage by the splendid illumination shed upon the scene by means of eight gigantic chandeliers. In the body of the hall sat the academicians in their rich dresses, which recalled to the spectator's mind the Napoleonic uniform. Red-stockinged cardinals, with their crimson hats in their hands, clergy belonging to the different religious orders in their varied habits, together with the ambassadors of foreign powers in their gala uniforms, presented a most striking and picturesque *ensemble*. A grand overture opened the proceedings of the day. Then an academician, standing at a lecture-desk, and having by his side the indispensable *eau sucrée*, made one of those long speeches which are usual in all lands on similar occasions: one of those speeches in which people do not venture to say anything they wish to say, and yet must speak a certain appointed time, in order that it may seem as if *something* had been said.

In the midst of this speech, to which very little attention was paid, there suddenly arose a slight stir amongst the audience. Every eye was directed towards the seats of the cardinals. I looked in the direction thus indicated, and saw all the cardinals and officials rise from their seats to welcome a young man, who, dressed in a plain black coat, at that moment entered the hall and took his place amongst them. This was the Archduke Constantine, the second son of the Emperor of Russia: a tall, slight youth, with an open, intellectual countenance. He seated himself amongst the cardinals, and then the Distribution of Prizes commenced.

The first prize for painting was adjudged to a lady. We

had seen her—the only lady—take her seat amongst the competitors for the prizes. She was no longer in the first bloom of youth, but possessed that noble Roman type of form and feature which retains its beauty throughout every succeeding stage of life, and is ever dignified and commanding in its aspect. Her black dress and long black veil became her admirably, and suited well with her pale complexion, her dark glossy hair, confined around her brow by a slight gold band, and her full, thoughtful black eye. When her name was called and she rose to receive the diploma, together with the gold medal attached to a violet ribbon, a loud "*Brava*" re-echoed through the room. The Italians never either rejoice or sorrow in silent stillness; never will they allow themselves to be deprived of the right of expressing their pleasure or their displeasure openly and decidedly. The president of the academy handed the medal to the first cardinal, in order that he might invest the fair victor with the badge of honour. The cardinal, in *his* turn, rose from his seat, and passed it to the young archduke, who at first appeared to decline the compliment, but at length yielded to the cardinal's entreaties, and bestowed the medal on the lady, who curtsied respectfully and retired.

There was something graceful in the whole scene, which formed a pleasing interruption to the dull uniformity that usually characterises such scenes. After the reception of the medal, the lady, who subsequently received a second prize, took the central seat amongst those allotted to the competitors; and then the ceremony proceeded according to the usual routine. The cardinals handed over the medals to the artists to whom they had been adjudged; the favoured recipients kissed their eminences' hands in token of gratitude; and soon the nine seats of honour were occupied by the nine successful competitors. But the signora alone recalled in any degree to the mind of the spectator the proud race from whom she was descended: the men, whose ages appeared to vary from twenty to thirty, were all plain, and by no means possessed either of a striking or dignified exterior.

The distribution of prizes being concluded, the members of the academy commenced the recital of a series of original poems. Those who have never heard Italian verses declaimed by Italians themselves can form no accurate con-

ception of the strange pathos, the strong cadence, of their recital. The voice rises and falls in such harmonious tones, that at last you feel as though it would lull you gently to repose. Exceedingly pompous and grandiloquent things were said of the greatness of Rome and the fame of the old Italian poets, and loud applause greeted these statements of past grandeur and renown. The last poet who came forward was an old man: his poem was very long, and his voice so weak that it scarcely sufficed to fill the hall.

On this occasion was displayed that hard and unkindly disposition which I have so frequently observed amongst the Italians. Not the slightest respect was shown to the gray hairs of the old poet. The audience laughed and talked, and now and then a mocking "*Bravo!*" was heard; but no one seemed to be moved to pity by the growing embarrassment of the aged man. It was really too painful.

At last, when he had finished his recital, he was received by the academicians themselves with the most marked and respectful friendship. I could not, however, but perceive with deep emotion how he seemed to decline their expressions of respect, and threw himself back, as though exhausted, upon his seat. Of all kinds of discourtesy and rudeness, none is so bad as that which shows itself by an insolent bearing towards the weak and the defenceless. Those who honour childhood, womanhood, and age, present the best patent of nobility; and above all does declining *age* claim our tenderest consideration, for heavily does the consciousness of failing powers weigh down the spirit of one who has borne manfully the heat and burden of the day.

The fête was closed by an oratorio, which was admirably performed by the Philharmonic Society, although both text and music were singular enough, and but ill suited to each other. This, however, would be considered a matter of but slight moment in Italy, where the church bells are often set to ring a *tarantella* or a *saltarella*.

The personages brought forward in the oratorio were Raffaele Sanzio d'Urbino, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the Genius of Rome, and a chorus of the Fine Arts. This chorus of the Fine Arts step forward in unison, and invite the great geniuses of the Past to come forth from the Land of Shades and appear in the region of Day. Michael An-

gelo is the first to hear the summons and obey its mandate. He, however, appears upon the scene with evident unwillingness; for he has been disturbed from his sleep, and finds the miserable Present by no means worth awaking for. Shortly afterwards Raffaele also wakens up, and begins to speak in sweet and joyous accents, like a child who has slept and been refreshed. The voice of the one reaches the ear of the other; and, doubting and amazed, they call each other by name, recognise one another as former friends, and commence a duet together. In this musical dialogue, it is still evident that Michael Angelo finds everything in the world very detestable: the age contemptible and mean, men pitiful, art degraded. He is in the worst possible humour, and much disposed to annihilate mankind and the world both together. The gentle Raffaele, deeply grieved, seeks to soften down matters a little; the Genius of Rome likewise steps forward as a mediator; and Michael Angelo, the old growling bear, at length yields the point, after long exhortations on the part of his two friends, and a great deal of self-commendation from the chorus of the Fine Arts.

All consequently ended by being fully *d'accord* on this one point: that the Present is quite as great as the Past, and that the living artists of the day are fully equal to Michael Angelo and to Raffaele. They thank God for this wonderful discovery, praise the present rulers of Rome, prophesy every possible good to the Eternal City, and end by singing, to an Italian opera air, "Long live the Pope, the Father of the Tiber! Long live the King, the Shepherd of his people!" There was something so diverting in the idea of making the enraged Michael Angelo give vent to his indignation in sweet Italian melodies, that we left the Capitol highly amused and in the best possible humour.

The spectacle which presented itself to our view, as we crossed the threshold of this time-honoured edifice and once more stood in the open air, was surpassingly beautiful. The great square, the splendid *Cordonate*, were lighted up with torches; and the colossal equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius seemed to stretch forth its arm with a commanding gesture amidst the gloom of night, as though he would scare away the intruding race who dared to wander up and down where he had once passed in all the pride

and glory of the triumphant conqueror. Castor and Pollux, the "Trophies of Marins," and the lions, loomed yet larger in the mysterious moonlight than they had ever seemed in the clear light of day; and over these warlike relics of Rome's ancient greatness gazed down in solemn earnestness the unadorned façade of the Church of Ara Cœli.

Slowly did our carriage descend the Capitoline Hill; and as we thus proceeded on our way, great was our amazement at the glorious spectacle which suddenly burst upon our astonished sight. The whole street leading from the Capitol to the Forum Romanum was illuminated with torches, in order to prevent any danger which might otherwise arise from the steepness of the descent. The crimson glare of the torchlight cast a flickering glow over this, the most beautiful and poetic spot which Rome, or perhaps the whole world, contains. Slender and majestic, there they stood, the pillars of that sunken temple. The fragments of the crumbling walls lay scattered around their pedestals, but in proud and graceful dignity did those noble pillars rear their heads towards the star-bespangled heavens, even like holy thoughts in the mind of one whose spiritual might and beauty, and whose unshaken trust, no changes of fate can shake, nor any earthly power destroy.

In free countries alone can truly pleasant and instructive society be enjoyed: that is to say, a society by means of which the inner and spiritual life is prompted to worthy and noble deeds. Dancing and compliments, card-playing, dining out, smoking, and drinking; these may be enjoyed anywhere: as easily in Russia as in Germany or Italy. Such amusements, however, are all fleeting in their nature; they form no bond of union between man and man; they offer no sort of real interest to him who seeks somewhat more from his time than that it should pass away as swiftly as possible. The better portion of us have long since passed out of the childhood of humanity into its riper manhood, and desire to find, even amid our hours of recreation, a certain intellectual earnestness, looking to the lighter embellishments of wit and fancy for an aid, nothing more.

The Italians inherit from their forefathers the most graceful and courteous forms of intercourse. They are the

children of a distinguished family, well educated, and of a right noble bearing. They possess within themselves the most admirable elements of a social disposition, if there were only some intellectual motives by which they might be linked together in the companionship of a rational "society." But in Italy the spirit, and with it the life, of society is bound in iron fetters; and thus it leaves behind it the impression of an uninhabited palace, the costly paintings and furniture of which are so thickly overlaid with dust, that, in spite of their original value, they have a sad and faded aspect.

In France, people of different parties are brought together by political, religious, or literary interests; and each one has a right to express himself freely on these several subjects; so that, although a hasty word of dissent or misapprehension may often result in long pamphlets full of controversy and discussion, yet these diversities of opinion, when freely stated, only prove a new source of incitement and of progress. In Italy, however, this source of stirring intellectual society is almost out of the question. There are men enough who, with wakeful eye and a hopeful heart, watch the free movements and the progress of other countries, longing earnestly that Italy might be a sharer in those blessings; but not only are their deeds, but also their very words, enchained. A strict surveillance is exercised over social meetings, and this watchfulness is extended even to strangers. I have been assured that the entertainments of a noble Italian lady, at whose house foreigners always meet with a cordial reception, were given at the cost of pontifical gold, and that she herself was in the pay of the police. A knight of one of the highest orders of the papacy was pointed out to me by a witty abbé as being a spy; and a German, who had long been settled in Italy, warned me against this agreeable abbé, as being himself of the same class. Whether these accused persons deserved the imputations thus cast upon them, I cannot pretend to say; but even the bare suspicion of being encompassed with spies must suffice to deter any man of independent spirit from entering into society. It may also be readily supposed how easy it is to procure spies in a country where freedom of religious or political thought is deemed a heresy, and where each one who reveals it is supposed to do a work acceptable in the eyes of God! In general;

the Italians of the citizen class, the *employés*, and the lesser nobles, live only among themselves, and strangers of the same rank rarely come in contact with them. Among the aristocracy of different nations there is a more frequent intercourse; although, even among them, it is limited to routs and balls, to the opera-box, or to a drive on the Corso. The interior of family life remains closed against foreigners. An intimate acquaintance is, therefore, seldom formed; and so much the more rarely that all the deeper interests of life, religious, political, and literary questions, are purposely avoided in conversation, as apt to lead into forbidden regions.

I was occasionally admitted into Italian circles, and always found the conversation very superficial. There was a great deal of well-bred politeness, the expression of which was enhanced by its graceful ease, and often by a playful wit; and the news of the day was detailed very much after the fashion of a "Court Gazette." The coming and going of princely personages, alterations in genealogical calendars, the scarcity of water, dearness of corn, conflagrations, theatres, favourite singers, and, above all things, the ballet; these are the axles around which conversation turns. Here and there, indeed, one may observe a group of people who, in subdued tones, venture to touch upon weightier matters; and from them may be occasionally gleaned information which cannot be obtained in the books and papers that have passed through the ordeal of the censorship. I was told that the cardinals were in possession of all the prohibited works, and that any one else might procure them in a contraband manner. There is, however, a great difference between the freeman who peacefully enjoys his piece of dry bread in the sunshine before his own hall-door, and the unhappy wretch who devours stolen fruit, alone and fearful, in some obscure and retired corner.

Roman society, being thus grievously deficient in interesting subjects of conversation, seizes hold of music and poetry with proportionate avidity; so that *dilettantism* flourishes luxuriantly. Italian usages, moreover, favour the growth of this plant; for in many houses no sort of refreshment is offered to the guests; no ice, no supper, not even a glass of water: so that abundant leisure is allowed to the *dilettante* for the exercise of his talents.

The society at the Baroness F.'s house had been de-

scribed to me as forming one of the most charming circles in Rome. There, as I was informed, all the time-honoured and gracious forms of intercourse were still preserved. The Baroness F. is the wife of a gentleman high in office; an intellectual woman, and a talented *improvisatrice*. On a stated evening in the week she received her friends and acquaintances, and I among the rest had an invitation to her house. Between nine and ten o'clock we entered through a very dark portal into the inner court, which was but dimly lighted up by the torches of some cardinals' equipages which were waiting there. We ascended the broad flight of marble steps. We heard the fountains playing in the court. Above, in the large ante-chamber, there burned upon a table the three-branched Roman brass lamp, and around it stood about thirty servants, clad in the liveries of their masters, who were awaiting their arrival, and amusing themselves the while with dice and card-playing. A couple of older ones sat warming themselves near a large coal-dish. No one paid us the slightest attention. Our own servant opened the door for us.

The ante-chamber led into a very spacious apartment, which was also lighted by a single lamp. The vast empty chamber, the gloomy tapestry, the marble pavement, the long row of stuffed benches which were placed around the walls, all looked as though ghosts and goblins might fittingly hold their midnight meetings there. At the upper end of this saloon stood several servants in the livery of the house, waiting near the entrance of the reception-chamber to announce the guests as they arrived. Just then the music was beginning. Rossi, the best violinist in Italy, together with the first clarionet-player from the Scala in Milan, were seated near a fair young Englishwoman, and were about to begin a trio. The hostess led me to the sofa, and requested me to take my place between the Cardinals M. and G.

As I sat there and looked around me, the whole scene was full of strange and novel interest to me; for in protestant Germany I had not been used to see the rich and varied ecclesiastical dresses which were so remarkable here; and not less striking to me was the singularly unadorned aspect of the apartment. Flowered muslin draperies hung across the windows. At first I mistook them for gray damask, so liberally had the hand of Time imparted to them, as to ancient coins, a thick and venerable

crust. Some excellent ancestral portraits, together with an admirable one of the baroness as Sappho, all done by good masters, looked down from the walls, amid indifferent lithographic sketches of living princes and remarkable personages. The cardinals with their scarlet hats, the bishops and abbés in black taffeta mantles; the black, violet, and crimson silk stockings, the three-cornered hats, the indescribably affected manners of the young men, who, with their eye-glasses fixed in one eye, talked to the ladies, together with the conventional behaviour of these last, formed altogether a picture which reminded me so forcibly of one of Goldoni's plays, that it produced an irresistibly comic effect.

After the first piece of music was over, the cardinals, together with two old countesses, went to play cards. The toilet of the old ladies was much richer than is usual among us at such small parties. Most of them wore velvet and diamonds. On the way to the card-room the cardinals were stopped several times by young ladies, who reverently kissed their hands. Then the music began anew. Rossini, Mercadante, and Verdi were sung; but I cannot say that, either on this or on later reception-nights, I heard any very good music, although I had been prepared beforehand for remarkable excellence. The accounts usually given of the wonderful talent of the Italians for singing are, on the whole, much exaggerated when we come to compare it with what we are accustomed to hear at home. The Italians have a musical ear and sing well, but among the lower classes a good voice is rare. Those mariners and gondoliers who are described in books of travels as such charming singers, are chosen expressly to perform as ballad-singers before strangers. They can no more be considered as fair specimens of the people than, among us, can the Bohemian musicians. Nevertheless, in spite of the rough throats and drawling pronunciation of the lower classes, one ever listens with new delight to the plaintive *ritornelle* of the peasant, and to the lighter airs of the South, as they come thrilling from afar during the stillness of the night.

The music at the baroness's soirée was followed by declamation. Our hostess was entreated to *improvise*, and after a little solicitation, she recited a beautiful canto, "The Christmas Night," which was received with well-merited applause. In spite of this, the scene had for me, who was unused to Italian manners, something very un-

genial; for the more frank and amiable, the more national, Italians appear in their daily life, so much the more conventional are they in the established forms of their poetical performances. The language of every-day intercourse, when compared with this, is like a vaudeville to a tragedy of Racine's; like French wit to the pathos of the French theatre. The dramatic attitude of the baroness, the mode in which the cardinals hastened back from the card table to their seats on the sofa, and prepared themselves, like the rest of the company, to be enchanted by the performance, were quite irresistible. The declamation itself, the rising inspiration of the *improvisatrice*, the rhythmical movement of her right arm, from which swung to and fro a small scent-bottle, like a chronometer of feeling, must, to every one who witnessed it for the first time, have seemed extremely ludicrous. At a later period, when I had grown more habituated to Italian manners, the declamation of a very talented lady, whom I had many opportunities of hearing in Naples, gave me great pleasure; whereas, on this evening at Rome, it was with the utmost difficulty I could overcome my desire to enjoy a hearty laugh.

It is impossible to observe the air of perfect confidence with which, in society, an Italian lady advances towards the instrument when she is going to play; how, while singing, she holds her piece of music-paper aloft, as if it were a flag of triumph: it is impossible, I think, to observe these, as well as the attitude and expression of a declaimer, without coming to the conclusion that the *bravura* style of the Italian opera-singers, which often seems to us so ridiculously exaggerated, must in Italy appear by no means remarkable. It being the fashion in society here to accompany the performances of amateurs with a low "*brava!*" and at their termination to testify approbation by clapping of hands, each one strives like a spirited war-horse to win this sort of mock and empty triumph; and every performance ends with the same self-conscious and expectant glance with which a Garcia or a Pasta, after the finale of "*Gloria vittoria!*" lingers before the public.

After the improvisation of the baroness, a certain Marchesa M. the last scion of a renowned race of doges, read a lament of the imprisoned Tasso, long and wearisome as the genealogical register of her venerated ancestors. Every one yawned, and yet every one, with a touching adherence to

duty, repeated, "*Ah! brava!*" And Monsignor L. while he clapped together his elegant hands in token of applause, said, in a tone of despair, "That was really as murderous as the slaying of the children at Bethlehem: we have been nearly bored to death!" "And yet you are applauding!" I observed. "It was indeed horrible, signora; but what is one to do? How can it be helped? for do you suppose that a lady would cease her declamation until she was greeted with those sounds of applause? It is a courteous act of self-defence: nothing more. Ah! that is a dreadful woman!" repeated monsignor once again, as he rose up to offer his tribute of flattery to the marchesa.

On his return, I inquired of him, "Pray, monsignor, is the vow of truthfulness among those which you are obliged to take on being admitted to the priesthood?"

"Most assuredly not; that would be quite too much," replied he, smiling; "for how can a man contrive to exist with truthfulness in a world full of lies? One must speak to people in a language they can understand. Even missionaries find out this to be the case." Then turning to my next neighbour, who was talking of the approaching carnival, he inquired of us both whether we would not go to the Corso one day on foot. The lady, an Italian, scolded him for offering such a suggestion; and I mentioned what had been told me by others, that it was not considered decorous for women of the higher classes to do so.

"Bah!" observed an abbé; "it is not approved of, and yet 'tis done." "That is a convenient sort of morality." "And therefore the more widely spread," rejoined monsignor, laughing. "Women think the carnival so paradisaical a time only because it gives them an opportunity to pluck the forbidden fruit of freedom. Besides, ladies, there is a spice of curiosity in your sex which makes it very agreeable to you to go out once a-year *incog.* and find out in a quiet way what your nearest friends and neighbours may be about."

It was one o'clock when the party broke up. The servants of the house lighted us with wax-torches down the stairs, which we had ascended in darkness; and by their brilliancy I was enabled to observe the beauty of the hall and court of the palace: a noble residence, in which the baroness's family had dwelt during many hundred years past.

THE POPE AND A "FUNZION" IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

We were standing in the centre of the Piazza San Pietro, and rejoicing in the warmth and brightness of the sun-beams, which the silvery waters of the fountain parted as they fell into all the glowing hues of the rainbow, when suddenly the great bell of St. Peter's began to ring. A Master of the Horse in rich uniform dashed across the square at full speed in the direction of the Vatican; behind him followed at a slower pace a troop of carbiniers, together with the *guardia nobile*, who surrounded a glass coach drawn by six horses, having their heads ornamented with waving plumes. Three footmen stood on the space between the coach-box and the body of the carriage; three others stood behind.

In the interior of the coach sat a benevolent-looking old man, with a very large and somewhat red nose. He wore a white stole and the scarlet hat of a cardinal. This was the pope, Gregory the Sixteenth. Opposite to him were seated, bare-headed, two ecclesiastics.

The equipages which chanced to be passing at the time paused in their course, and the ladies whom they contained knelt upon the seats. The populace in the Piazza bowed their knees to the ground. The figure in the glass coach betrayed no tokens of emotion, neither did it acknowledge these marks of respect even by the most transient inclination of the head.

A second carriage, drawn by four horses, followed the first: it also contained ecclesiastics. A company of carbiniers closed the procession. The kneeling groups arose, the bells continued to ring, the Swiss guards in the Vatican blew their trumpets until the holy father had alighted from his carriage on his return from his daily airing.

A few days later, a service was to be held in the Sistine Chapel, in order to celebrate the anniversary of the pope's accession to the throne. Having been misinformed with regard to the hour at which the ceremony was to commence, we arrived too early for the service in the Sistine, and attended previously a mass in St. Peter's, standing upon the very stone on which once the German emperors used to kneel at their coronation. It is a large massive slab of *rosso-antico*.

The clear sunshine shed a flood of radiance over the

gorgeous splendour of St. Peter's, the bewildering height and stupendous magnitude of which we only learn by slow degrees fully to appreciate, or even to conceive. The canopy over the high altar is as lofty as the palace of Berlin. This fact may help to convey some idea of the gigantic size of this noble edifice; whilst some conception of its unequalled splendour and beauty bursts upon the mind, when we learn that all the colossal pictures which adorn the church are, not paintings, but mosaics executed in stone, with a view to render these beauteous works of art more imperishable. The "Transfiguration" of Raffaele, the original of which is to be found in the Vatican, and all those master-pieces of art which adorn the altars, are mosaics of inestimable worth.

On the right side of the nave there is a very ancient bronze statue of St. Peter, which is an object of peculiar veneration. A cardinal followed by his suite entered the church shortly after ourselves, and bent to kiss the saint's foot as he passed by. Scarcely had he done so ere a couple of country girls imitated his example with all speed, doubtless in the hope that there would be double virtue in a kiss so rapidly succeeding that of a cardinal. The attendants of the latter, however, carefully wiped the foot of St. Peter with their handkerchiefs before they performed the accustomed act of devotion.

Quitting the church, we entered the adjoining sacristy, where we were, as usual, courteously admitted, although many of the priests were already preparing for the service in the Sistine Chapel.

The sacristy of St. Peter's is not, as in other churches, a single apartment, but a whole row of chambers cut off from the body of the church, surrounding a large central hall, and having two handsome chapels attached to it, each large enough to form of itself a separate church.

The principal apartment was as full of life and stir as an ante-chamber. Ecclesiastics of divers grades strolled to and fro, laughing and talking with each other, and with the numerous laity of high rank who were also present; some were engaged in writing and sealing letters; others nodded to the chorister-boys as they passed by, or eyed us with their lorgnettes; whilst many were putting on their vestments to be in readiness for the "*funzione*." In the meanwhile, three priests entered the apartment on their return

from St. Peter's, where they had been engaged in administering the holy eucharist. These men bore the consecrated cup in their hands; and had they been passing through the streets, every head would have bowed in lowly reverence, but here no one noticed the sacred symbol, or even seemed to be conscious of its presence!

The hour appointed for the service had now arrived, and we ascended the noble flight of steps leading to the Sistine Chapel. This chapel was far from answering my expectations. It is a spacious apartment, with a vaulted roof; and is beautifully proportioned, but altogether destitute of architectural ornament, and unsupported by pillars.

The lower portion of the walls is covered with brocade; the upper division is adorned with frescoes painted by the old Florentine masters. Facing the entrance, on the eastern wall of the chapel, is Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment:" one of those master-pieces of art in the beauty of which I felt bound to believe, although I must own that it awakened no responsive chord within my own soul. Michael Angelo's paintings and statues are, with few exceptions, beyond my powers of appreciation or enjoyment. His "saints" resemble so many gigantic Herculeses; and as for his "condemned souls," I never gaze upon them without an oppressive sensation of terror and dismay. It is not such feelings as these which are fitted to awaken pleasurable emotions when viewing a creation of genius; and I feel assured that there are many ladies who understand and enjoy Michael Angelo as little as I do myself.

The chapel is divided by a gilt wooden railing into two separate parts. The first and smaller division contains a splendid "tribune" for crowned heads. Don Miguel, who has for some years past occupied a villa in the Campagna, was now seated on this tribune.

In addition to these seats appropriated to royalty, the outer chapel contains benches for the use of ladies; who must all, however, appear in black dresses and voils, whilst it is equally imperative on gentlemen to wear none but black coats.

In the second and larger division of the chapel stand the high altar, the papal throne, covered with crimson velvet and surmounted by a lofty canopy, a choir for the choristers, the seats of the cardinals, and the places appropriated to the male portion of the congregation.

By degrees the cardinals began to assemble, and in a short time there were probably about twenty present. Each one was attended by a *chevalier d'honneur*, a chaplain, and a train-bearer, whose office it was to prevent the ermine-bordered mantle from trailing in the dust. Amongst others were pointed out to us the Prince Barberini; the former Minister of Finance, Cardinal Tosti, who was dismissed from his office, but not from his rank, on account of his bad administration of the revenues; the learned Mezzofanti; a good-looking and benevolent old man; Cardinal Acton, the stately Englishman; the Cardinals Piccolomini, Gazzola, and Macchi; and, last of all, the gray-headed Cardinal Micara, formerly General of the order of the Capucins, and one of the most benevolent men in Italy. He deprives himself of all the luxuries, and allows himself few even of the comforts of life; living with monk-like austerity, and practising the most rigid self-denial, in order that he may be able to devote his income to the benefit of the poor. A little while ago he proposed that a certain number of cardinals should pledge half their income during a period of ten years, and devote the proceeds to the draining of the Pontine Marshes, which might then be divided amongst the poor in small allotments; but he was unable to carry out this philanthropic plan. He is a universal favourite; even the wild impetuosity of his character possesses an attraction which attaches people yet more strongly to him. Often have the lower classes described to me, with a smile, how frequently beggars were rudely and almost angrily dismissed from Micara's door, whilst, at the same time, ere they had turned their backs, he would send out and load them with his bounties. Original characters of this description soon win the sympathies of the populace; and on occasion of the papal election, which shortly followed our departure from Rome, we heard it said that the Trasteverini were most anxious that Cardinal Micara should be elected pope.

When the cardinals were all duly assembled in the Sistine Chapel, the consecrating bishop, followed by his suite, approached from the interior of the Vatican; next came the *guardia nobile*, who took their places in the inner chapel, whilst the Swiss guard kept watch outside; and last of all appeared the pope, who approached with a firm step, surrounded by a numerous body of ecclesiastics. He wore

a scarlet velvet mantle over his white stole, the white, gold-edged episcopal cap upon his head, and beneath it a little white skull-cap. Four *chevaliers d'honneur* posted themselves at the right-hand side of the throne, a body of ecclesiastics took their places at the left, and now the ceremony commenced by every cardinal ascending the steps of the throne and kissing the pope's hand. This ceremony, which lasted a long time, was followed by the mass. The pope himself intoned some parts of the service with a fine and powerful voice. Although by no means possessed of a striking exterior, his advanced age and the benevolent expression of his countenance, together with the graceful dignity of his movements, imparted to him a venerable aspect. The manner in which he bestowed his blessing, and the action with which he accompanied the words—twice extending his arms wide, as though he would embrace the whole world within their grasp—was peculiarly dignified and impressive.

In spite of this, however, I must confess, that neither here nor on any other occasion did the catholic ritual produce an elevating effect upon my mind. The foot-washing, the Easter procession, were to me both wearisome and uninteresting. The latter ceremony must be peculiarly disagreeable to Gregory the Sixteenth; for being borne aloft, as he is on that occasion, always causes him the most distressing dizziness, to prevent which he is compelled to keep his eyes closed. He then resembles a lifeless puppet; and I cannot discover anything either poetic or impressive in seeing the crowd prostrate themselves on bended knee before such an image of helpless decrepitude as he then presents. Even the benediction which the pope pronounces on the morning of Easter day, over the crowd assembled in the Piazza in front of St. Peter's, appeared to me cold and unimpressive, on account of the evident indifference and total want of faith in his power to bless manifested by the assembled throng. We had quitted our carriage in order to mingle amongst the crowd; and around us on every side we heard nothing but discussions regarding women, *osterie*, money matters, dinners at Bertini's, &c. No one appeared to consider for a single moment that a religious ceremony was going on; and the scene was thus deprived even of the solitary charm which many popular festivals present: that of seeing a vast multitude of human beings electrified by one common and inspiring thought.

When I gazed upon the gentle, kind-hearted old pope, borne along at a dizzy height beneath his gorgeous canopy; when I saw the thrones in the Vatican and the Quirinal, beneath the lofty daïs of which etiquette requires that he should eat his solitary meals; I could not but reflect what a mournful, solitary existence this aged man was doomed to lead, and felt that his departure from this life, which took place shortly after we left Rome, must indeed be to him a release from a heavy burden.

Every morning, after the conclusion of mass, the pope listens to a long Latin discourse in the Sistine Chapel, after which he returns to the Vatican.

The last time I saw him was in the garden of that noble palace, on his way to a pavilion, in which he was about to admit some ladies to an audience; it being contrary to etiquette for him to receive them within the precincts of the Vatican itself. This is an honour which is very easily obtained, and there are great numbers even of protestant ladies to be met with amongst the eager competitors for admission to the papal presence. I cannot say, however, that I felt any very great ambition to join their ranks.

SAN GIUSEPPE.

The feast of San Giuseppe is observed in honour of Joseph, the husband of Mary, the foster-father of the holy child Jesus. It is a favourite festival in Italy; and one need only walk through the streets on that day to perceive what a joyous, pleasure-loving people these Italians are. On the evening preceding the feast, tables are laid out at every corner, and in every public square poles are erected, awnings are spread, and laurel branches in full bloom are planted before them. The countenances of the groups of young people who stood gazing at these tables bespoke the pleasure with which they anticipated the joys of the morrow. San Giuseppe is considered as the especial patron of all baked and fried dishes, and on this day frying and eating are going on at every corner of the streets.

It has always been a peculiar source of gratification to me, in this country, to observe the cleanly, wholesome, and savoury food with which the lower classes are in general able to provide themselves. When we hear theoretically discussed the establishment of public kitchens, where the people could procure more nourishing and better cooked

provisions than individual families can afford, it always appears to be an out-of-the-way, visionary, impracticable plan; but here it has grown out of the habits and customs of the people: the practice is universal, and productive of much comfort. No day-labourer's or artisan's family ever think of cooking in their own home. In every street a *friggitore* is to met with, who cooks his provisions in a little iron oven under the free vault of heaven, and there his customers come to purchase their daily food. In this way the workman saves both time and fuel, and can thus afford himself a better meal than he otherwise could; whilst, if he chooses, he can assure himself of the cleanliness with which his food is prepared, for it is all cooked in the open air and under his own eye. This mode of cooking necessarily limits the nature of the food employed. Beef, soups, everything which requires several hours' cooking, is of course excluded. The nourishment of the lower classes consists chiefly in stewed vegetables, which, being juicy and aromatic, need but little addition to render them savoury; in eggs, a little meat, macaroni, fish, and frogs, which latter are considered excellent when well fried in oil. To this we must add the excellent wine which their country so abundantly supplies, good white or black bread (for both are used), *ricotta*, a sort of curd made from goats' milk, which affords an admirable substitute for butter, and remarkably good cheese; and I think we have a list of dainties from which even a *bon vivant* might manage to select a meal by no means to be despised. As we strolled along, on the morning of the Festival of San Giuseppe, through the Via Tritone to the Piazza Barberini, we passed in that short space no fewer than five *friggitori*. The tables, spread with white coverings, were laden with dishes. Some contained large baked rice-puddings, ornamented with red wall-flowers. Every imaginable kind of vegetable and of fish, all sorts of preparations of flour baked in oil, and fried dishes of every kind, abounded; whilst the cooks, in their white jackets and trousers, worked with so much zeal and diligence that one might well have supposed they had not only to supply the whole city of Rome, but also the whole world itself, with their savoury *fritti*. It was in truth a more joyous and interesting sight than the preparations for any royal feast could possibly be. The streets presented the smiling aspect suitable to a day of feasting and repose.

Minenti, the young dandies of the working classes, were standing near the tables and around the ovens of the *friggitori*. They are fine-looking fellows these slight Roman youths, with their high hose fitting closely to the knee, and then hanging in loose folds around the ankle; their coloured pantaloons, confined above the hips with a gay striped scarf; whilst their short black or green jacket sits gracefully over the white shirt, or, in warm weather, is allowed to hang loosely over their shoulders. There is altogether something remarkably striking in their appearance; and it was quite a pleasure to me, in the course of this festal morning, to see such a number of bright, cheerful faces looking forth joyously into the world. In the North, where the labouring classes have but few holidays, where the necessities of life can only be supplied by unremitting toil and diligence—amongst us, the very *holiday*, when one *does* chance to occur, is converted into a day of labour; for every moment of it *must* be devoted to some sort of pleasure or “extra amusement.” This the Italian, whose genial clime permits him to indulge in oft-repeated holidays, does not find necessary. He can afford to dream away his holiday in a sort of *dolce far niente*; for, even should he allow this one to pass without partaking of any special amusement, he knows that another is near at hand; and this imparts to his whole bearing a certain graceful *laissez aller*—a repose in his idleness, which distinguishes him at once from a Northman.

Amongst these Roman *minenti* may be seen standing here and there a city maiden, a *minente*; but *she* has cast off her national costume: she wears pretty nearly the same dress that a damsel of the working classes would wear amongst ourselves in Germany, only slightly altered in order to adapt it to the climate. In winter, when it is always cold in the house, and so warm in the streets that one does not even feel the need of a mantle, the universal dress of the maidens of the working class is an over-frock of coarse coloured flannel, fastened around the throat, and sitting closely to the figure; a large metal comb, whether of brass, silver, or gold, encircles the back of the head, whilst their dark, luxuriant tresses are confined by the *spicciatore*, a long pin or dagger, which is the characteristic weapon of the *minente*. In summer, the over-frock is replaced by a loose petticoat; and a coarse, crisp, white linen

smock, with long sleeves and neatly-stitched borders, is drawn closely around the throat, and supplies to the neck and shoulders the place of all other covering.

But the fairest of the Roman maidens are the *Trasteverini*. It is a pleasure to see such a maiden, in all the bloom of her youthful beauty, standing by the side of a peasant from Langara. She seems to be actually beaming with life, and youth, and joy. The farther we wandered from that part of the city which lies near Monte Pincio, the quarter in which strangers chiefly dwell, so much the more did the life and bustle of the streets increase, especially in the neighbourhood of the booths belonging to the *friggitori*. At the other side of the Quirinal, not far from the Forum of Nerva, there stood one of those booths, which bore such a tempting aspect and was surrounded by so many merry customers, that we could not resist our inclination to taste some of the good things which it offered to the passers-by. For one bajocco (about three-farthings) we were presented with two *fritti*, which were quite as well flavoured as the best "puffs" I ever tasted in a first-rate confectioner's shop. If we, mere strangers, were given two of these *fritti* for so small a sum, the country people, it may readily be concluded, receive about twice the quantity; for the necessaries of life are here very cheap, and do not, as with us, rise in price during the winter; for here vegetation never ceases: the soil is always productive.

Near the Arch of Septimius Severus, just below the Capitol, we entered the Forum, and, wandering along the Via Sacra, we passed beneath the Arches of Titus and Constantine, till we reached the Coliseum. From thence we emerged on the road which leads to the ruins of the Imperial Palace on the right, whilst on the left the Gregorian Gardens present a pleasing prospect to the passer-by. We seated ourselves upon some large stones which lay near at hand. A few ecclesiastics were wandering about the garden; the foliage of the trees, just bursting forth into spring verdure, was gently stirred beneath the breath of the morning breeze; the colossal ruins of the Imperial Palace seemed to gaze down sternly upon the passing scene; whilst a troop of young *minenti* rent the air with their joyous shouts whilst playing the merry game called *ruzzica*, which, in honour of the feast, they performed with cheeses instead of with the true *ruzzica*. This *ruzzica* is a sort of

sling, thrown with the left hand; and, on the present occasion, whoever could fling the cheese farthest was to be allowed to take possession of it as his lawful prize. It requires great strength and skill to handle the *ruzzica* properly, and we watched the game with interest for a considerable time.

A few paces farther on, a group of boys were engaged in the same game. In every direction people seemed to be amusing themselves, whilst at the same time the utmost decorum and propriety everywhere prevailed. During the seven months we resided in Rome, I only once saw a drunken man, and it was evidently regarded as a singular occurrence, for he attracted a regular procession after him.

On this Festival of San Giuseppe I was out until a late hour of the evening; and saw eating and drinking in abundance, but nowhere a trace of excess. As I was returning home, the people were still clustered in groups around the ovens of the *friggitori*, and Rome was almost illuminated by the glow of these portable kitchens.

One could very well eat an evening meal in comfort, and lie down in peace that night; for, most assuredly, not a single man, woman, or child in Rome went hungry to bed.

“LA SENTENZA.”

On the 27th of April, 1846, I was walking along the Corso with some friends, on my way to the place of *réunion* of the German artists, which is situated near the Palace Simonetti. There were just then some new pictures to be seen there, which had been described to me as particularly well worthy of notice. I had no sooner emerged from the Via Frattina and entered the Corso than I perceived an unusual stir amongst the populace. Before the door of every house, the female inmates stood clustered on the *trottoir*, carrying their children in their arms. The porticoes of the several palaces were surrounded by listening auditories; *carrettieri*, country-people, salad and strawberry vendors, stood scattered around; and that race of loungers so peculiarly Italian, the monks and abbés, swarmed at every corner. We were in hopes every moment of meeting some acquaintance amongst the crowd, and learning the cause of this unusual bustle. A public festival it could not be, for there were no carbiniers present, and on such occasions they are never wanting; a holy day it was still

less likely to be, for our servants had not announced one to us, and *they* would surely not have forgotten it. I walked on with my friends, wondering as I went, until I reached the Piazza Colonna, and the firing of a cannon announced the hour of noon.

The Piazza Colonna presents at all times an animated scene. Around Anthony's Pillar are clustered the hackney-coaches for hire; shoe and brush vendors carry on their busy traffic in front of the Palazzo Ruspoli. In all directions may be seen numbers of people opening and reading letters which they have just received at the post-office; and now, in the early spring, the lemonade vendor has again established himself near the fountain, and offers to the passer-by, in most courteous guise, his tempting and refreshing beverage.

These lemonade booths are to be met with in summer time in every large square, and are always placed in the neighbourhood of a fountain. The sides of the booth are formed of the leafy boughs of the oleander and the laurel, over which is stretched a little awning. Beneath this shelter stands a table on which the lemonade is prepared. Water is conducted by a leathern pipe from the fountain to an urn in the tent, whence the glasses are continually furnished with a fresh supply by means of two small reeds. The piles of citrons and sweet oranges embedded amidst dark green leaves, the cool trickling water beneath this leafy tent, together with the cleanliness and alertness of the vendor himself, dressed entirely in white, present such a cheerful picture, that I only wonder it has not more frequently been transferred to canvass. The diverse physiognomies of the thirsty customers who are ever to be seen standing around also afford a good subject for the pencil. But, on the day of which I now speak, it was not thirst alone which arrested the passer-by in his course: it was evidently the expectation of some coming event which caused him to linger on his way. I begged my companion to accompany me to the booth, and there I soon learned from a handsome Roman damsel that to-day the *sentenza* (the sentence of the law) was to be executed on three thieves, who had committed a theft on the preceding Shrove Tuesday, the last day of the carnival.

"The thieves will soon be passing by," exclaimed the fair Roman, as she went her way with a merry laugh, talk-

ing to her companion, whilst her dark, bright eyes and golden earrings glistened emulously in the warm sunshine. Determined to loiter about for once, like true tourists, we strolled up and down, and lingered for a while in the neighbourhood of the Palazzo Doria. A little Franciscan monk, who was chattering good-humouredly, now with one and now with another, amongst the passers-by, and offering them his snuff-box in a friendly manner, was standing near us, and we were struck by his appearance.

He did not look like an Italian: his countenance was rather of the Slavonic type; a short, *retroussé* nose, and clear blue eyes, from which there beamed forth the good-natured shrewdness of happy simplicity. As the weather was warm, his brown hood was allowed to hang back loosely over his shoulders. A little basket hung upon his arm, half-concealed beneath the folds of his cowl, whilst in his hand he carried the snuff-box, which is the almost inseparable companion of the Italian clergy. "Ask the monk," said I to one of my friends, "when the prisoners are to pass. He will tell us all about it, for his whole face beams with a longing desire to talk." "Signor, when are the prisoners expected to pass, and whither are they going?" asked my friend.

The little monk's countenance glowed with pleasure. A stranger had spoken to him; he was a man of some importance; it would afford him a subject for conversation in the cloister at the evening meal. He immediately stepped on the *trottoir* where we were standing, cleared his throat, and then duly commenced a full statement of the case.

"You see, signor," said he, "these are men who committed a theft on Shrove Tuesday; and a theft during the carnival is always more severely punished than at any other time, because the houses are almost all left open and badly guarded, and the thieves can so easily conceal themselves by wearing masks."

"The theft was committed on Shrove Tuesday, you say, and the sentence is to be carried into execution to-day?" remarked one of our party. "That seems very quick: an interval of nine weeks has scarcely been allowed to elapse!"

"Yes, justice is very well administered amongst us," replied the monk. "See, signori! the thieves made their way into the house of an advocate, who was driving on the Corso with his wife. They were three in number, and all

three wore masks. When they entered the house, they tied behind his back the hands of the only servant who had been left at home, and compelled him to tell them where his master kept his money. What could he do? He was obliged to tell. They then pressed him to show them where his mistress kept her jewels. 'She has them all on her at present,' replied the servant. 'No,' replied the thieves; 'she has not got them on her, for we saw her just now on the Corso; you *must* show us her jewels.' So he was compelled to show them; and then, when the rascals had got all they could, they made their escape. The servant began forthwith to cry out of the window, 'Thieves! thieves!' and immediately the carabinieri came, and arrested them on the very steps of the house, taking from them all their ill-gotten goods."

"And for how long a period are they condemned?"

"They are condemned to the galleys for life, and for ten years after their death."

"*Ten years after death!* What does that mean?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Ten years after death! It means that no universal amnesty can ever reach these thieves; that they are forever excluded from all hope of pardon. You see, signora, it *must* be so. Theft in carnival time must be severely punished. Have you not read the sentence? It is written up at the corners of the streets. There it is:—'*A vita e dieci anni dopo la morte*'—all three!"

"Ten years after death!" repeated my friend. "This is the Christian mildness of the law in a state which is ruled over by the spiritual chief of Roman catholic Christendom! When will men be delivered from *such* a rule as this?"

These words, being spoken in German, were of course not understood by the monk, who, with perfect composure, proceeded with his narrative.

"They will now soon be passing this way. Before they are conducted to the gate which leads to Civita Vecchia, they are led through the whole city. One of them is a shoemaker, a fine young man. He is about twenty-five years of age, tall, fresh-coloured, and handsome, with chestnut hair: a fine young man."

"Twenty-five years of age, in good health, and condemned to the galleys for life!" I exclaimed with a shudder.

The monk heard and understood my words, but he could

not comprehend our feelings on the subject. The men had committed a theft; the sentence of the law had been passed upon them; he took it all as a matter of course, and troubled himself no further upon the subject.

"Yes," continued he, "that shoemaker is a fine youth. The other man was about forty years of age; a discharged coachman, who had once lived in the service of a noble family. The third was a man who hired himself out on jobs; he was even older. He had on bad, torn clothes. The young man was dressed as a *païno*." [This is the name bestowed by the *minenti*, who have retained the short jacket, the original costume of the peasantry, on those who have adopted more modern fashions.] "He was dressed as a *païno* when he was arrested. In such handsome clothes! with long hair! a handsome youth! You see, signor, every one here in Rome tries to look like a *païno*. Take care of yourself while you are amongst the Romans!"

"Why so?"

"See, signor! one of these thieves, the man who hired himself out on jobs, cheated all the strangers here for ever so long a time, until he became notorious, and nobody would have him: he has been in prison before now. I tell you, signor, I advise you to beware of the Romans: they are all a good-for-nothing set!"

As he thus spoke, he cast a cautious glance around, and then, as we did not interrupt him, but only nodded a friendly assent, in order to encourage him to proceed, he pursued the conversation in a yet lower tone of voice, and looking round him anxiously from time to time.

"There are three noble trades here in Rome: *spie*, *ladri*, *e ruffiani*—(spies, thieves, and ruffians). The princes, the cardinals, the monsignori, are good and well-educated people, but all the rest are a worthless set. Beware of them all! I make no exceptions."

It was enough to make one shudder to hear a man speak in such terms of his own nation; and the monk, perceiving the expression of dismay which passed over our countenances, added in an exculpatory tone—

"But what can you expect, signori? The people here are so ill-educated!"

"Are you a Roman?"

"No; a Milanese," he replied; "but things are not much better even with us. In France ——"

"Were you ever in France?"

"No: I have not been there myself; but I was once in the same monastery with a monk who had lived a long time in France; I know it as well as if I had lived there myself. In France things are different: the people are well brought up; here they are not. Here they celebrate Easter, not because they believe in it, but because they are afraid of the prison. They go to church for fear of the prison. They despise our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. If people are devout in France, they are so of their own free will; here they do everything merely from the fear of punishment. They are badly brought up," said he, taking a pinch of snuff. "I warn you to beware of the common people, for they are all a worthless set!"

There was something really fearful in the quiet composure with which he related all this. His report was most probably only too true. He had a full conviction of the miserable condition of the people; he saw clearly their benighted condition; but it never seemed to occur to him to make any further inquiries as to the cause of this state of things. He viewed the depraved condition of this noble and richly-gifted nation as a necessary and unalterable fact. The tranquil simplicity with which he owned and lamented the extreme wickedness of his own people was really quite startling to us; but we did not venture to enter into any arguments on the subject. We thanked the monk for his communications, and he bade us a friendly farewell, making over us the sign of the cross as he turned to depart.

He might have served for the exact original of Lessing's "Lay Brother." There were the same good-nature and child-like simplicity, the same sense of *right*, and the same utter quenching and subjugation of the spirit beneath the weight of hierarchical tyranny. In the mean while, the post-office clock struck one; the crowd increased each moment, and every eye was turned towards the Venetian Piazza. Some carbiniers were approaching in that direction, making a clear passage through the crowd, just as they do on occasion of the horse-races in the carnival. The carbiniers never fail to be present when anything is going on: their antique-looking helmets meet the eye in every direction. Whether it be the pope who is taking a drive under the protection of his *guardia nobile*, or Lord Ward who is giving a ball, the corpse of a noble to be interred,

a saint to be canonised, or a thief to be conducted to the galleys, carbiniers are as sure an announcement of some event which will gratify the sight-loving taste of the people as the arrival of swallows is of the coming spring. The carbiniers were quickly followed by a troop in full armour, who surrounded three little carts of the description here ordinarily used for the purpose of conveying wine, oil, &c. from the Campagna into the city. They are small, chair-shaped vehicles, hung on two high wheels, and with a covering of skins or cloth, which affords protection from the sun and rain. The horse, placed between the long, narrow shafts, is guided by the driver, who from his lofty seat continually impels him onwards with his never-ceasing "a-r-r-r-r!" In the primitive condition of things which exists in this country, these little chariots are also deemed suitable for the transport of thieves. Each of the three criminals in this instance occupied a separate carriage. They were clad in the striped brown dress appropriated to convicts, with broad, pointed skull-caps, and heavy chains on their hands and feet, whilst they were bound by an additional one to the cart in which they drove. I could not see the expression of their countenances, neither did I wish to do so. What could the sight of such misery teach us beyond what we already knew?

The whole winter through, each morning and evening, I saw the convicts, generally from forty to sixty in number, pass beneath my window. Under the direction of overseers, and guarded by a military escort, they are marched to the Monte Pincio, in the cultivation of which they are now employed. They keep the paths clean, mow and plant, and some are engaged in the construction of the small fountain which has just been dug there. Never did I see amongst them *one* mild, pleasant countenance. They all looked cold, hard-hearted, and indifferent; and yet even amongst *them* one gentler spirit attracted my notice.

Often do I recall to my mind one particular day when I was attracted to the window by the rattling of the chains. It was a clear, fresh afternoon, about mid-winter, and many of the convicts had been buying from an itinerant vendor some of those little yellow beans which are offered for sale, ready baked, in small wooden vessels. The overseers stood by, watching lest this traffic should afford an opportunity for any clandestine intercourse. A beggar-boy at this moment

approached, and with him an ugly black poodle; the dog stopped near one of the convicts, who looked at it thoughtfully for a few moments, and then stroked its back. The poodle immediately jumped up and fawned upon him. The countenance of the hitherto most unprepossessing prisoner suddenly assumed a new expression; he patted the poor animal, and as the signal for marching onwards was given at that moment, he hurriedly drew from his pocket a piece of bread, broke it in two, gave one-half to the dog, the other to the beggar, and passed on in silence to his daily task. How deeply this scene moved me no words of mine can describe. Nothing, in my mind, could be a stronger argument against solitary imprisonment. No regrets for the past, no thoughts of the offence committed against God, can so benefit the heart of a man who has been hardened in sin, as one living touch of sympathy, which awakens and charms into being the germ of humanity that lies slumbering within his breast.

Often, during the remainder of my stay, I tried again to discover this poor fellow amongst the convicts, but I never could make him out. About a fortnight afterwards (it was on a Sunday), four prisoners passed, bearing a galley-slave's coffin to the church-yard. It was during the time of service, all was still in the streets. The chains had been removed from the convicts' feet, for they were bearing a brother to the grave. A deep compassion for these unhappy beings filled my breast. I could not help hoping that they were bearing to his last earthly resting-place him who had, but a few days before, shared his scanty prison fare with the only fellow-creature to whom he, in his misery, could yet lend a helping hand. Oh! how many and how deep are the wounds of our common humanity! How shall we find healing for them all! And yet we know there is healing, though man will not use it.

But I must return to the Corso. The crowd continued to gaze upon the thieves with cold curiosity. Not a single word, either of sympathy or of condemnation! Silent wonder: nothing more! Only here and there a woman might be heard to exclaim, "*Che bel giovine!*" as the younger man passed by. He bore himself with a certain air of dignity, as if he had been familiar with such scenes, and would fain play his part worthily. I could no longer bear the mournful sight. Punish the evil-doer, prevent

him from again inflicting an injury upon society, and you do well; but lead not the wretched man, like a wild beast, in triumph through your streets. Chastisement is no heroic deed of which man need make his boast. Let the trial of the criminal be carried on in public; but when once sentence is passed, let the condemned one hide his shame in solitude. Heap not upon the crushed spirit the additional misery of exposure; scorn not the wretched, whom you might perchance have saved, if the hand which was so ready to chastise had also been ready to help. Pray not for the souls of the *dead*, but deliver the souls of the *living*. This is the true spirit of Christianity; the spirit of holy, all-embracing love.

THE FÊTE OF CERVARO.

When the carnival has now long been buried and gone; when the last *moccolo* light has long been quenched in darkness, and the whole tranquil period of Lent has intervened between the carnival and the Easter tide; then is the period chosen by the German artists to celebrate the Cervaro fête, designated by the populace as the "Strangers' Carnival."

The spring is, to the strangers assembled in Rome, the flower-crowned genius of separation; but they would fain not see that joyous winter life close in gloom and dulness; and, even as the Romans bid farewell to the merry carnival with shouts of gleesome merriment, so do the Germans terminate their sojourn in Rome by a scene of gaiety and joy.

In the spring the Campagna is fresh and green. Like a gently-waving ocean suddenly congealed, so does the vast plain with its undulating hillocks lie outspread before you; that plain on which so many a bloody fight has been lost, and so many a victory been gained on which the world's destinies have hinged! The blood of the countless victims of the fight has been absorbed by the silent earth; victors and vanquished have long since crumbled into dust; only the name and the deed still live, carefully cherished in the memory of succeeding ages; and the golden dandelion and bright-eyed anemone bloom where once the earth was trampled beneath the foot of the warrior as he struggled for life or death!

Here it is, on one of the first days of May, that the artists go forth in the early morning to celebrate their "Farewell Feast." They are attired in varied and grotesque masquerade dresses, and each wears as a badge a new, bright bajocco, fastened to a green ribbon. At a very early hour, the Campagna is already alive with carriages. Every one in Rome who can possibly manage it has horses and carriages, and every one who has horses and carriages rides out to the quarries of Ponte Mammolo and Cervaro on the day of the "Farewell Feast." The Albano road is literally thronged with passengers: whilst men and women on horseback, having their hats adorned with gay ribbons and waving plumes, may be seen galloping across the plain. At length the procession of the artists themselves appears in sight. The president of their guild (fraternity) is also the president of their farewell feast, and always the leading personage in the revels of the day. On a triumphal chariot, drawn by six white oxen, he passes slowly onwards. The wheels of the chariot and the horns of the oxen are wreathed with flowers, and the president himself is decked out in the fantastic garb of the middle ages. His bodyguards and his court accompany him, riding either on asses or on horses as the case may be; fools and wise, knights, Persians, Bedouins, and peasants, all follow in his train. The rear is brought up by other chariots, on one of which is seated the god Bacchus, as master of the wine-flasks, surrounded by Bacchantes and white-clad scullions, who keep guard over the wine and the provisions prepared for the fraternity. Thus does the procession wend its way to a solitary ruin, the Torre de' Schiavi, where the first halt is made and the president musters his troops. Onwards they pass in review before him: Don Quixotes and Apollos, savages and knights, Chinese and Raffaelles, all seeking to compel their asses to maintain a dignified demeanour; whilst the standard-bearers lead the way, and the music of innumerable instruments, each emitting a different tone, according as chance may elicit, produces a perfect *charivari*.

As soon as the mustering of the troops is over, the band pursues its way; now, however, dispersing themselves over the plain, and each one following his own sweet will, until they reach the stone quarries of Ponte Mammolo. When thus dispersed, the band of masqueraders appear even

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more imposing than whilst marching in closer array. The white mantles of the Bedouins, especially, wear a singularly picturesque aspect, glistening in the sun and fluttering before the breeze, whilst their wearers scour the plain. The stone quarries of Ponte Mammolo are situated at the distance of about half-an-hour's ride from Rome. They consist of large caves, whence the ancients used to quarry the stone required for the purpose of building; now they are no longer used, and moss and creeping plants have had time to clothe their interior in many parts with luxuriant verdure.

The hills whence the stone has been hewn surround a small basin-shaped valley, and on these adjoining heights the spectators form a picturesque encampment. The horses are unharnessed and placed near each other, whilst the surrounding carriages form a sort of palisade, which prevents them from straying from the spot. The cushions are taken out of the carriages and laid upon the ground, where they afford comfortable seats to their owners; awnings are spread to shelter the assembled groups from the heat of the noontide sun; large baskets full of provisions are produced; elegantly-dressed men and women with their own hands spread the feast on the greensward; and in the midst of the still, dreamy Campagna, where, at other times, only the solitary goat-herd is to be seen, devouring his hard crust beneath a crumbling wall, there now resounds the merry laugh of the fashionable throng, whilst the exploding corks of champagne bottles, and playful toasts given in every civilised language under the sun, cause the old echoes to ring again with unwonted sounds.

Everything is, however, in the mean time, proceeding with due solemnity in the valley beneath. The distribution of orders has commenced, and the president is naming the office-bearers for the ensuing year. It is a state consisting of cosmopolites, as the device borne by the French flags, "*Tous les arts sont frères*," is the fitting motto of this artist life. The names of the office-bearers were called according to their respective countries, and it then became evident from what various and distant countries these men were here brought together by a common aim and purpose. Painters and sculptors in white jackets and aprons hastened from the adjoining caverns to receive their orders, after preparing, by means of boards and casks, a table for well-

nigh three hundred men. The hands which had yesterday been engaged in fashioning the bust of a Jupiter, now busied themselves in shelling hard-boiled eggs and cutting up plates-full of chicken and bread-and-butter.

At length the repast is duly spread. Three hundred artists take their seats around the table in the cool, dim twilight of the quarry; German choruses, French and Italian songs, are sung with joyous glee; dish after dish disappears beneath the influence of youthful appetites, and flask after flask of champagne is quickly emptied; and ever as the feast draws nearer to its close, does the sound of mirth and merriment rise higher and higher.

But suddenly, amidst thunder and lightning, does the sibyl of Ponte Mammolo issue forth from the deep gloom of the interior cavern, and threaten the rash invaders of her sanctity with speedy annihilation. But the sibyl is a woman, and can but ill withstand manly courage, manly entreaties, manly influence. The president courageously advances towards her, and depicts in glowing terms the fame, the worth, the skill of the assembled artists, who have sought the shelter of this friendly cave in reliance on her generous hospitality. The sibyl, flattered by his words and moved by his entreaties, invites her guests to return and visit these shades on some future day, and, prophesying to them all success and happiness, disappears again, amidst peals of thunder and flashes of lightning similar to those which had graced her advent.

The close vicinity of the goddess seemed, however, to cast a damp over the festivities of her earth-born guests. The artists shortly quitted the dim twilight of the cave, and ascended to the sunny heights of the Campagna; a circus is marked out by planting in the ground the banners of the different bands; Bedouins on nimble-footed steeds run races with ass-mounted clowns, and Sancho Panzas with knights and monks; divers games requiring bodily skill and agility are played; and, thanks to the glowing hues of the widely-extended landscape and the fantastic and varied costume of the combatants, the whole scene is picturesque beyond description. The *unartistic* portion of the crowd formed a circle of spectators, who sat in their carriages as on tribunes, cheering on the leading actors in the scene with loud and repeated acclamations.

A firework, which was let off just before the sun went

down, marked the conclusion of the festival. Then the horses were again harnessed to the carriages, and the motley throng of strangers set forth on their return to the city, which those who drove reached shortly after the "Ave Maria." It was, however, some hours later ere the equestrian portion of the revellers reached their journey's end; for both riders and steeds were exhausted after the fatigues and pleasures of the day.

At the gates of the city the returning artists were met by eager and curious throngs; and, even until a late hour of the night, we heard one straggler after another greeted by the assembled crowd with a loud and cordial "*errica!*"

And once more, over the vast Campagna, did that old, dream-like stillness assume its silent sway, and gently-dropping dew distilled upon the verdant plain, which on *this* day had been trodden down by no blood-stained warrior's weary tramp, but lightly pressed by the passing footsteps of joyous men engaged in harmless mirth! Henceforth, more luxuriantly than ever shall the golden dandelion and the bright-eyed anemone bloom on these now peaceful plains.

THE COLISEUM.

It is the fashion to go and view the Coliseum by moonlight and amid the glare of torches. The effect produced by this noble edifice, as it stands out against the calm, clear sky of midnight, is truly sublime; and the wild, flickering blaze of the torches, as they wave throughout its area, produces a marvellously fine effect. Yet these evening visits to the Coliseum, so long, at least, as they continue to be in fashion, must always lack the crowning charm of solitude. Equipages crowd around its entrance, as if it were a theatre; and from the groups which are gathered together upon every side, one hears expressions of wonder in divers languages uttered by strangers, upon the very spot where, perhaps, their forefathers, as captive and dying barbarians, satisfied the cruel lust of the Roman people for gladiatorial shows.

But when one visits the Coliseum early in the morning, one enjoys it alone, undisturbed, and therefore all the more fully. On issuing out of those narrow streets which divide Trajan's Forum from the Campo Vaccino, and over

which the humid night-mist and the gray tints of dawn are lingering still, one enters suddenly, near the academy of San Luca, into the beaming sunlight of early day. Peasant girls are sitting upon the grassy mounds by which those noble pillars are surrounded at their base: they are decking themselves out for their visit to the city. The white head-dress must be more carefully folded, and the shoulder-knots, which had been loosened during a long walk through the Campagna, must be more closely tied. Those pretty Albanese know that a thousand glances will follow them on their way. Farther on, near the pillars of the Temple of Concord, and close to the Farnesian Gardens, are lying beneath the shade of trees some silver-gray oxen, with their high twisted horns: they have just been unyoked from the waggons close by, in which the produce of the country has been carried in for the use of the city. A deep stillness reigns throughout nature. One walks solitary along the Via Sacra, and all alone one enters into the wide circus of the Coliseum.

All is still. The lofty arches of the theatre rise in three tiers, one above another. The dark-red stone glimmers with variegated hues of light, so that one can scarcely regret the marble with which they had once been overlaid. Isolated walls, complete portions of the edifice, remain in their original glory; others have been crushed by the relentless hand of Time. Nature has filled up the chasms between what has fallen and what still abides. Rich tufts of verdure spring up amid the ranges of seats. Where once the noble dames of Rome gazed forth upon bloody games, now bloom the wallflower and the pink. In place of the costly jewels which once sparkled here, shines the dew in countless glittering drops; no heart-wringing cry of expiring man or beast is heard, but only the low, sweet song of birds, as they soar up yonder in that clear blue sky, the golden light of which seems to kindle the cold walls themselves into warmth and beauty.

It is neither the grandeur nor the majesty of this colossal edifice which so deeply moves the soul. One does not even desire to explore its divers corridors, its flights of steps, or its subterranean cages, in which the savage beasts were once held captive till the moment when they were let loose on their prey. One's own individuality seems for a moment to be forgotten, as one gazes with longing earnest-

ness into the past and into the future. How brief and puny does a single lifetime appear, while poring over the destiny of nations which have left but a track of their existence behind! The radiant sunlight, the ever-fresh life of nature, seems to contrast too vividly with the perishable fate of man's work; of man, who longs for immortality because he feels within himself the capability of so high a destiny.

Suddenly the sound of bells strikes upon the ear. In the cloister near the Temple of Venus the mass is singing. One glances upwards; and, behold! in the midst of the circus of the Coliseum stands the cross, planted in the very soil which had once been deluged with the blood of Christian martyrs! The gloomy tokens of martyrdom are beheld in the radiant beams of the morning sun. On a level with the first range of seats have been erected twelve altars, the stations of the Redeemer's sufferings, whereon are depicted those bygone scenes of human agony.

Christendom rises up out of the wreck of barbarism, teaching us wherein the true strength and perfection of man alone reside. We feel that it is only the material creations of man that can perish, while the spirit still exists and still works. Christ secured to us the blessing of this consolation, when He, in the full vigour of human life, and conscious of the eternity of His own self-existing spirit, yielded up His body to the grave; and in no place, certainly, is the comfort to be derived from this assurance of a future life and of immortality more necessary than in Rome itself, where the eye turns back continually upon a world-life of a thousand years, now perished or crumbling into ruin; in Rome, where the contrast between its vivid verdure, its smiling life, and the ruins amid which they are found, may be likened to a wreath of flowers woven by the hand of infant love around the grave of old age; and where, amid the wreck of human works, the undying strength of man's spirit makes itself everywhere to be felt.

It was in the Coliseum that I spent my last morning in Rome; and with this picture of the Coliseum shall the reader also take his leave of the Eternal City, than which no truer image can be found than this monument of ancient Rome, upon which the Cross has been planted amid the luxuriance of lovely Nature.

N A P L E S.

AFTER traversing the solitary Campagna, the road to Naples conducts the traveller to Albano, Ariccia, and Guizano: those mountain villages to which both strangers and Romans delight to resort during the summer heats. Here the artist comes to study landscape painting; here he finds the models of those pictures of men and women which reflect to our eyes the muscular strength and beauty of these noble children of the South; and here, in these little towns, one still meets Italian women clad in the pretty, gay, national costume, and wearing the white flowing head-dress which so well becomes them.

A few miles more to the southward, near the little town of Cisterna, commence the Pontine Marshes, of which, from the description I had heard, I formed altogether a false impression. It is possible that in summer they may present the aspect of a scorched and barren waste; but in spring they very much resemble one of our northern marshes, only that in these Pontine Marshes the vegetation is of a much more luxuriant growth. There are boundless meadows, intersected by canals, which are bordered on each side by long alleys of trees; numerous herds of cattle may be seen feeding in all directions; whilst troops of buffaloes, standing in the canals, stare wildly at the passers-by from beneath their dark, shaggy eyebrows. Nothing in the shape of human habitation is to be seen, save the nomadic wooden hut of the shepherd, or the long, flat barge which is drawn along the canal by men. Were it not for the buffaloes, one might almost fancy one's self in Holland; for even the large white and yellow water-lily, here as there, meets the eye, floating on its broad green leaf. To the left the plain is bounded by the lofty Apennines, whilst still farther off, to the right, may be distinguished the dim blue outline of Monte Cirullo.

It was a bright sunny noon when we reached Terracina. The town is built on a steep and lofty rock overhanging the sea, which I saw here once more with unspeakable joy, having last gazed upon it at Genoa many months ago. Beautiful waving palms fringed the surrounding rocks; broad streaks of golden sunshine rested on the deep-blue waters; whilst the distant isles of Ponzi and Ischia, bathed in dazzling light, loomed forth on the distant horizon like the phantoms of a dream, shadowy and undefined.

After passing Terracina, the Apennines began to wear a wild and uncultivated aspect. The little town of Fondi and Itri lay nestled amidst piles of steep and rugged rocks. At Fondi we got out of the carriage, wishing to walk for a little way over its ill-paved streets whilst the horses were being changed. Scarcely, however, had we set foot in the streets, when a group of at least fifteen beggars, men, women, and children, crowded around us. We took refuge in a church, the Moorish portal of which tempted us to seek a shelter within its walls, both from the beggars and from the scorching rays of the noontide heat. We only succeeded, however, in making our escape from the latter misery: our *cortège* of beggars remained constant in their attentions: most of them asked for charity; one wished to sell us some old pots, another a coloured stone, whilst a little boy was very desirous to show us the "lions" of his native town. We assured him that we had no wish to see them.

"You *must* examine the church, signora!"

"We have seen churches enough, and do not want any information on the subject," replied my friend; "do let us alone."

The boy looked at her with his full, dark eye, seemed for a moment absorbed in thought, and then, with all the gravity of a regular *cicerone*, placed himself before us and said, "*Ma, bisogna sapere questà, signora*" (But, you must know *this*, signora). "See here, signora! this is the altar on which the children in Fondi are baptized!"

The gravity, the decision, the earnestness of the boy had in them something irresistibly comic: we could scarcely help feeling a certain degree of respect for the resolution with which he almost wrung from us the gift we had denied him. This boy was the type of that shrewd cunning which the Italians turn to such good account in their dealings

with strangers. Gaeta, a fortress built upon a rock which projects far into the sea, is perhaps, with its lofty tower and Moorish battlements, one of the most striking objects to be seen in Italy.

It was well nigh sunset when we sat ourselves down to rest in the balcony of the neighbouring Villa Compositella. This villa lies close to the sea, and is built over the ruins of the Baths of Cicero. Alleys of citron and sweet orange trees, hedges of roses and laurels, reach down to the very water's edge. The waves came rolling in with a heavy surge, but the air was still and mild. Whenever a gentle breeze stirred the trees, a shower of orange blossoms was scattered around us, and filled the air with balmy fragrance. A peaceful summer sojourn in this Villa Compositella must be really delightful: it is a spot one enters with pleasure, and cannot quit without deep regret. The tract of country between the Iola di Gaeta and Naples, and the neighbourhood of Naples itself, are as carefully cultivated as any land I ever saw either in Wurtemberg or Muscany. Here it may be seen what a paradise these fertile southern lands might be rendered if they were only brought under proper culture. The gardens produce eight crops every year, and in a very fruitful season have been known to produce even twelve. In the corn fields, which are ripe for the sickle by the middle of May, stand mulberry trees, which act as a support to the more feeble vine, and the soil yields abundant nourishment to this three-fold crop. The corn is no sooner cut down than some other grain is sown in its place, and this again is succeeded either by flax or hemp. In the course of this journey I saw every kind of crop—pulse, rice, flax, and hemp, growing near to one another, and almost ripe: the maize alone was still but little above ground, and does not ripen until the summer heat is at its height. Strawberries and cherries were already abundant; figs were as yet scarce: but on all manner of fruit-trees, vines, and olives, I observed that the fruit was already set. This country has indeed a good right to the name it bears: the *Campagna Felice*.

At Capua the railroad begins, and we entered the city of Naples just as night was closing in.

Naples is the handsomest and the most animated town in Italy; and its gay, brilliant aspect strikes one the more forcibly from the contrast it presents to the grave, dream-

like earnestness of Rome. We were detained for some time at the custom-house, and night had already spread its wings over the city as we drove along the quay to our hotel, the "Villa di Roma." We could not distinguish Mount Vesuvius, for at this moment no flames were issuing forth to betray its inner life. As we drove along the quay, innumerable lamps sent forth a flickering glare from the moveable stalls which abounded on every side; gas-lights shone brightly from behind plate-glass windows; whilst high above the dark forest of masts glimmered the bright flame of the light-house, which shone, now more feebly, now more brilliantly, through the deep gloom of night. One ought to see Naples at night, in order to form any just idea of the life of the people in these southern climes. The whole population at this hour have apparently forsaken their dwellings, and every window is open. On the quay, roasting and broiling are going on as at Genoa; but the booths of the provision and lemonade vendors are better lighted up here than they were there. Men, having the upper part of the body bare, and wearing white linen trousers, walk about with large flat baskets on their heads, in which they carry all sorts of provisions, and with loud cries offer them for sale. Every twenty paces you meet with little stalls where water-melons are sold: some whole, in their green, glossy shells; others cut open, and presenting to the passer-by a tempting view of their blood-red pulp and dark shining seeds; whilst others again are cut in small slices for the benefit of the people who gather round these tables to refresh themselves with a few mouthfuls of this juicy and wholesome fruit. Near these stalls also vendors of maize are to be seen roasting its bright golden ears over a clear coal fire, whilst by the sea-side are placed rows of seats for the benefit of oyster-eaters. These seats are occupied by both men and women; the sellers open the oysters, and hand them round, together with the wine of the country, large flasks of which stand on tables close at hand, amongst piles of green citrons and oranges; guitar-players press as closely as they can around these varied groups, in hopes of being rewarded for their music by the gift of some small coin; and they, on their part, are pushed aside by the water-sellers, who, with their loud cry of "*Acqua gelata!*" are desired and welcomed in every quarter. Iced water, mingled with a few drops of aniseed, is taken as a

cordial by the people, who eat ice, even in its rough state, as a necessary refreshment: lumps of ice are placed even in the mouths of little infants, who suck it greedily: so pressing is the need felt, in this warm climate, of something cool and refreshing.

In every corner, temporary platforms, supported by casks, are erected, on which rope-dancers and jugglers carry on their several trades. Gaudy pictures, rudely painted, form the background of the show. Here may be seen a juggler plunging a knife into his own throat; there, *Polcinello* bantering a poor fisherman; farther off, a pretty little maiden dancing on a rope, whilst others are acting some popular play. All these shows find spectators in abundance: fathers and mothers, who raise their youngest children in their arms that they may see over the heads of the surrounding crowd; little boys, who manfully fight their way to the front ranks; and soldiers, with their sweethearts by their sides, who are more employed in exchanging jokes with them than in watching the development of a plot; monks, in whatever direction the eye turns: fat, jolly, comfortable-looking fellows, chatting with their neighbours, taking snuff, and applauding the piece like everybody else.

Suddenly a number of *calessini*, returning from the railroad, come dashing along through the crowd of foot passengers. The last train from Castellamare arrives about ten o'clock in the evening. One of these *calessini*, or *carricoli*, as they are called, is a little compendium of Naples itself. It contains within a small vehicle, drawn by a gaily-decked horse, an embodiment of popular life, such as it is exhibited on the quay. Women, children, sailors, soldiers, monks, fishermen, ten persons and more, find room in it; standing, sitting, lying in the net which hangs beneath, or resting astride upon the poles. It conveys to one the idea that the skies must have suddenly rained down life-loving men. A stranger, unaccustomed to the whirl around him, becomes perfectly bewildered. All these *calessini* rush wildly through the throng, past the piles of wood lying along the quay, upon which the Neapolitan brunettes are seated in their coloured petticoats and white smocks, with their little sleeping infants laid in baskets at their feet. One cannot help trembling for the little creatures who lie there without covering, almost without clothing: one feels a sort of terror when the wheels of the *calessini* almost graze their very cradles; but

their mothers laugh and chatter in careless security, and no harm betides the little sleepers.

Passing onwards from the Largo del Palazzo to the Piazza in front of the palace, the scene changes. The *people's* quarter has been exchanged for that in which the court resides.

It is nine o'clock in the evening: the military band place their music-stands beneath the windows of the palace; the whole square becomes thronged with people; numerous carriages drive slowly through the crowd, passing onwards to the Toledo, that long and beautiful street which leads towards Capo di Monte; or else they pause, perchance, before the shops of the ice-vendors. All the shops are open and brilliantly lighted up. Every article of beauty or of splendour which luxury can demand is here exposed to view. On the *trottoir* stand numerous tables, on which pedlars, fan-makers, and glass and paper vendors, offer their goods for sale. Purchasers in abundance surround these stalls: men and women of the working class; and many a love affair dates its origin from a walk on the Toledo. Suddenly a more brilliant blaze of light sheds additional radiance over the scene: flags wave above our heads, and both sides of the Toledo gleam with the illumination of many coloured lamps. It is the festival of some saint whose church lies in this quarter of the town. Bands of music play melodies from Bellini's operas, on raised tribunes before the door of the church; fireworks are let off; and the populace cause their shouts of applause to resound beneath the still midnight sky, under the starry canopy of which the *beau monde* of the Toledo are languidly enjoying their evening lounge.

* But what a sight is presented to our eyes, as, on our return from the Tolédo, we again drive towards the sea! What a ruddy glow, what a destruction-breathing flame meets our wondering gaze! Vesuvius is asserting its claim to the lordship of the fair city! Darkness now rests on all surrounding objects; the shades of night envelope the mighty ocean, whose waves break in hoarse murmurs upon the strand; the masts of a few scattered ships are visible in the foreground, whilst in the distance the dark gigantic form of the volcano may be seen clearly defined against the deep blue sky. A flame of unwonted redness, of a deep, intense glow, such as no human might could ever

kindle, rises slowly upwards from the crater, and then, descending in a fiery stream, flows languidly down the sides of the mountain. Restlessly, incessantly, within the lap of earth, do those unseen forces work, which at length, in the measured course of time, send forth like a resistless tide the fearful element of destruction.

The stranger gazes with a sentiment of awe on this mysterious phenomenon; the very ground of his existence appears to him to be undermined. When the invisible powers of the subterranean world thus manifest themselves in these visible flame-tokens, his first instinct is either to flee from the fearful sight or to sink upon his knees in prayer. But the inhabitants of Naples themselves scarcely even look round to gaze upon the burning mountain; they carry on their daily traffic in St. Lucia, which is situated directly opposite to Mount Vesuvius. Here the houses of the fishermen and oyster-sellers are to be found. Its flag-paved square is a perfect Babel of sounds, a perpetual scene of bargaining and of feasting. Mussel-vendors here have their booths, and in handsome shops may be seen displayed the beautiful and artistically-worked productions of the sea and of the mountain: carved corals, shells, and lava. Above the stirring tide of human life, the Castle of San Elmo seems to sit enthroned in the solemn night stillness. The convicts, whom one sees in the day-time walking round the walls in their bright yellow garb, are now shut up within the iron-grated cells. The criminal enclosed within those gloomy walls feels his dreary solitude doubly mournful, contrasted as it is with the merry sounds of active life which continually meet his ear, and the charms of that Nature which lies outspread before him in all her luxuriant beauty.

On the shore beneath, close to the foot of the rock on which the castle of San Elmo is built, lies the Castel dell'Oro, constructed from the ruins of the Villa of Lucullus. Following the road which leads along the shore, we soon reach the Villa Reale, the dark avenues of which wave their lofty boughs, as though inviting us towards them with a bewitching charm. Beneath their dark green shade the most exquisite copies of the ancient statues rest in shadowy gloom. The Venus de' Medici, the Flora, the Apollo Belvidere, the Antinous, which we are accustomed to see only now and then in museums, here stand beneath the

free vault of heaven, and these beauteous forms become to this southern race, amongst whom they had their birth, as it were a sweet and familiar possession of their own.

The clang of a military band, which plays here twice in every week, mingles with the gentle murmur of the waves; whilst the soft moonlight, the red glow of the burning mountain, and the bright flickering of the gas-lights, half hidden amongst the trees, unite to form a most charming *tout ensemble*. A protecting iron rail separates the villa, which is only open to foot passengers, from the throng of carriages and horsemen which pass along the Riviera di Chiaja, where palace touches palace in uninterrupted succession. Everywhere flat roofs, balconies, and open windows; everywhere brilliantly-lighted rooms and gaily-dressed ladies; smiles, and splendour, and song wherever the eye rests or the ear turns to listen; whilst beneath the shade of the trees, on the border of that deep blue sea, many a silent pair look forth on the boundless waves, and find in them an image of the overflowing tide of joy which is welling up within their gladsome hearts.

This is Naples!

ITALIAN FUNERALS AND THE CATACOMBS OF PALERMO.

If daily life amongst these southern people wear a smiling and joyous aspect, *death*, on the other hand, presents itself at an Italian burial under its most terrible form, and offers a fearful contrast to the life by which it is surrounded.

The Italian contemplates death under an aspect essentially different from our own. It might almost be designated as *heathenish* when compared with the view taken of it by the Christian, who looks forward to death as the commencement of a higher life, and often, amidst the sorrows of earth, awaits it with a longing heart.

A young Neapolitan girl was one day, in conversation with me, uttering deep lamentations over the death of her lover. I tried to comfort her with that hope of a meeting beyond the grave which, amongst us Germans, strong in faithful and patient hope, brings peace to the aching heart. The Italian, however, only gazed upon me wonderingly with her large dark eyes, and, shrugging her shoulders, replied, "In paradise? Ah, signora! in paradise people do not marry!"

In Italy, that charmed breath of dreamy sorrow, that

tender clinging to the grave, which causes the yearning heart to find comfort in decking the tomb with garlands, is altogether unknown. I never remember to have seen people in an Italian church-yard lingering sorrowfully over the tombs of the departed, as is so commonly the case in Germany. On All-Souls'-day alone it seems a prescribed custom for every one to resort to the church-yard, in order to satisfy at once the claims of feeling for the whole year. In Naples, the people on that day repair from the burial-grounds to the taverns, and, amidst the clang of glasses, drink to the souls of the departed. The climate, which, more rapidly than with us, renders the body a prey to corruption, may probably compel a more speedy interment; and whilst we find comfort in retaining as long as possible the remains of our loved departed ones beneath our roof, that we may gaze again and again on those dear features, so soon to be hidden from our eyes, the very same love and reverence would induce the southern to lose no time in committing the body to the dust.

The mode of interment differs in different places; only agreeing in this, that in *all*, the monks and priests play a prominent part, walking in procession both before and behind the coffin. Lighted wax tapers are carried at each side of it, and behind the torch-bearers crowds of children press forward, seeking to collect the dropping wax in paper cornets.

In Rome and Florence, corpses are generally interred in closed coffins, covered with richly-embroidered coloured palls; but in the former city funerals are occasionally to be seen, in which the countenances of the dead are exposed to view. I remember well, one bright spring morning, as we were returning from the Villa Pamfili, in the narrow street below the Capitol, we heard the well-known death-song approaching. Our carriage was obliged to stop. Long rows of Capucin monks filed past us, intoning as they went the accustomed prayers. In their midst was borne the coffin. The dead man, a rich citizen, dressed in a Capucin's hood and cowl, lay with his face uncovered. It was a mournful but not a repellant sight. The rays of the setting sun rested upon the pallid countenance, as though they would fain accompany to the last him who was about to be hidden for ever from his cheering rays in the silent lap of earth.

The bodies of the departed are first borne from their own houses to the church where the funeral service is performed. Here they are generally allowed to remain for the night, and on the succeeding morning are either committed to the grave or to the family vault, as the case may be. But the farther one travels towards the south, the more painful and revolting is the haste with which the corpse is removed from beneath the domestic roof. In Castellamare I once saw a tall, stout-looking man, dressed in the very height of fashion, borne to his grave beneath my very windows. He had died in the morning: at six o'clock in the evening he was buried. The crown of flowers which had been laid upon the coffin, the frock coat, the white *gloves*, the light waistcoat, contrasting so mournfully with the ghastly countenance of the dead man, presented such a fearful image to my mind that it was many days and nights before I could banish it from my thoughts. It is perfectly incomprehensible to me how the Italians, loving beauty as they do, can endure this fearful contrast of outward adornment and corruption; how they can find pleasure in forcing these mournful sights upon the passer-by, instead of lovingly casting over them the veil of oblivion.

In Naples, the handsome new church-yard, the *Campo Santo*, lies at the foot of the *Capo di Monte*, and is adorned with some splendid mausoleums. Near these monuments, by means of which family pride and affection strive to preserve the memory of the departed, lie the public graves appropriated to the use of the poor. They are as many in number as the days of the year, and each morning one of these graves is opened. Even as faded flowers are thrown upon the ground, so are the unclad and unprotected corpse here flung into the tomb, that their dust-born frames may return to the earth from which they were created. The date of the grave is the only mark by which the survivors can distinguish it. As on a battle-field, friends and foes here mingle their dust together. No crown, no flowers, no greensward, covers these unknown ashes; and the heavy tombstones which mark the graves seem also to lie in cold and crushing hardness over the feelings of the living.

A similar arrangement exists in Palermo, where there is even less respect shown to the remains of the departed. The corpse, merely wrapped in an old cloak, is placed in a sedan chair, and thus carried to the church-yard. If

the hearers should feel wearied, they lay down the chair in the street, and go into some house to refresh themselves. In the mean while, should any passer-by feel so inclined, he lifts up the leather curtain which hangs over the window, and looks in to see whether or not the dead man was one of his acquaintances. The poor are buried with still less ceremony. They are wrapped in a cloth, and carried by two of their friends to their last earthly resting-place; no service is read: neither time nor money is expended in paying them the last tokens of respect. The money thus saved will, say they, pay for a mass being said for his soul, which will be of far more service to him than a handsome funeral.

Whilst, on the one side, the people of Palermo show such utter indifference towards the dead, the state, on the other hand, have caused to be prepared for their reception those far-famed catacombs, which lie outside the town, in the Capucin convent, and in which the corpses are preserved, and become like mummies.

We set out one fine afternoon to visit the monastery. The road thither leads through the Olivuzza. This is the name of a suburb of Palermo, in which are situated some of the handsomest country-houses of the leading families in Palermo. It is one of the loveliest spots in the whole valley, and must have been known as such in earlier times; for two old Moorish castles, the Kuba and the Zisa, the latter well-preserved and even inhabited, are here still to be seen. The finest property in the Olivuzza at present is the Villa Butera, which the Princess Butera lent to the Empress of Russia during her stay in Palermo. On the road to Olivuzza my eye was attracted by the sight of trees which were quite unknown to me, and which waved their lofty heads over the garden walls. They were date-palms, richly laden with fruit, which, however, does not, even in this climate, come to perfection every year. But, to see southern vegetation in its full beauty, a visit should be paid to the Villa Butera, where the careful culture of a German gardener, named Schott, has developed to its fullest extent the rich and luxuriant vegetation of this southern clime. Palms, bamboos, the several species of cactus, and all the various tropical plants, a few pitiful specimens of which languish in our hot-houses, here bloom in the open air, and flourish in all their native beauty. With very few exceptions, they are all hardy enough to remain out through the whole win-

ter in this warm and sheltered valley. Beautiful fuchsias may be seen growing beneath the shade of the gum and the camphor tree, whilst in their neighbourhood bloom the sweet heliotrope and the lovely kloxilia, surrounded by a luxuriant verdure which adds doubly to their charms.

It was with difficulty that we tore ourselves away from this delightful garden, in order to visit the Capucin convent. It is situated in a solitary and retired spot. The doors were open; the evening sun shed a peaceful light over the convent court; the deep crimson flowers of the oleander imparted a cheerful aspect to the porch, beneath which were seated eight monks, engaged in friendly conversation. One of them was appointed to be our guide: he appeared to be a man of about forty years of age, and was of a cheerful, jovial aspect.

He led the way down some steps into a subterranean chamber; and having heard so much of the horrors of these catacombs, I began to prepare myself for the worst. But, strange as it may sound, the first impression which they made upon my mind was decidedly a comical one.

There are long, vaulted, white-washed passages, with tiled floors, and with windows which admit a full flow of light. On each side of the vault, the corpses, dressed in the Capucin garb, hang by ropes suspended round their necks. The peculiar property of the air in these vaults dries the body, in the course of seven months, into so diminutive a mummy, that at first sight the only things which struck me were the long ranges of dark-brown Capucin cowls in which they were enveloped, and which looked as if they were hung up on the pegs of a wardrobe. It was this which impressed me so ludicrously at the first moment; but I had no sooner had time to look around me than my feelings underwent an entire change.

It seemed to me as though Death were staring me in the face under every possible form. This mode of hanging up the skeletons by cords, appeared to me most revolting; whilst the inscription attached to each, announcing the name, title, and possessions, was in my eyes the very bitterest mockery of all earthly vanity. The longer I gazed, the more fearful and painful did the whole scene become to me. The monk, chatting cheerfully all the time, led us through this abode of death, with the pleased satisfaction of the master of a house who is showing his guests a col-

lection of curiosities. He informed us that the bodies were laid for a space of seven months on iron bars in the vaults, which had a peculiarly drying property. "After this," added he, "we lodge our guests here, and retain them as long as their families choose to send us a gift on the anniversary of their deaths, in order that a mass may be said for their souls, and a torch lighted before the altar. When they cease to do this, we send away the body, to make room for a new guest."

On my expressing a wish to leave the vaults, now that the shades of evening were falling more thickly around, and the aspect of the scene became each moment more repulsive to me, the monk began to exclaim that it was quite impossible I should think of doing so until I had seen the ladies. "It is only the men who are allowed to hang in this unpleasant way against the walls; we treat the ladies differently," said he; "we are gallant; we allow them to be handsomely dressed, and each one has her own couch and looking-glass, as a lady of distinction ought to have."

It was a matter of utter impossibility to find our way out of this labyrinth without the help of our guide; and he seemed to consider a visit to the ladies' vault such an absolute necessity, that we were compelled to yield the point and to follow him. The ladies are ranged in rows behind glass frames, each in her own particular cell. To my mind these satin and velvet-clad skeletons, decked in pearls and diamonds, presented even a more fearful picture than those of the cowl-clad men. I could stand the dismal scene no longer, and hastened, shuddering, from these gloomy vaults. I could not comprehend how, even for a single moment, any impression of the ludicrous could have been conveyed to my mind by a scene only fitted to inspire emotions of pain and of terror. As we retraced our steps, the way seemed to me to have increased in length ten-fold, so earnestly did I long to regain the entrance of the vault, to exchange this world of death for the free breath of living nature, and never did I see the shades of evening fall more pleasantly over the earth than on that day! Wending our way through quiet country paths, we ascended the neighbouring hill to visit the convent of Santa Maria di Gesù, famed for the extreme beauty of the site it occupies.

All was hushed around. The monks opened the con-

vent door, and invited us in to view the glorious sunset. Near to the convent is a church, surrounded by a churchyard, in which many strangers lie buried. Amongst those who have here found their last earthly resting-place are the mother-in-law and the two children of the Duchesse de Berri. A little chapel has been here erected to their memory.

The monks of this convent, themselves dependent upon alms, maintain many poor people. On one day they feed men, on another women. We inquired how many rations they distributed daily. They replied, "They had no definite rules on the subject. The convent was very poor, they dressed daily all the provisions they had, and distributed them until they had no more left to give." Most of the monks were old; not one of them looked fat or well-fed; the greater number had a subdued and crushed appearance: and, oh! sorely crushed they are beneath the yoke of spiritual despotism.

We asked them how they employed themselves. "We have the care of the garden, the house, and the church to attend to; the services of the church to perform, masses to offer for the souls of the departed, and the bodies of the dead to commit to the grave," replied they. We inquired whether they did not sometimes read and study. A communicative old monk, about seventy-three years of age, replied, with a certain air of kindly pride, that *all* the younger monks in the convent could *read*, although very few of them could *write*; "but the prior and the guardian can *both* write, and they have a library, too!" The Hanoverian consul, who had brought us here, gave the monk a small sum of money, and told him he hoped he would say a mass for us. One of the ladies of the party asked, "whether masses were offered daily for the nobles and princes who were buried here?" "*Ma! che principes!*" replied the old man; "*quando sono là basso, sono porere anime come gli altri!*" (Ah! what princes! when they are laid low there, they are poor souls like the rest!)

"And do *they* also go into purgatory?"

"Certainly! every one goes there," replied the monk.

"And you pray them out of it?"

"Of course."

"And out of hell, also?"

"No; that is impossible. From hell there is *no* returning."

To *us*, all this may wear an air of ridicule, but with the monk it was grave and sober earnest. Every word came from his heart, and was the sincere conviction of his soul.

We were wearied with our walk, and very thirsty; so we begged for a drink. One of the younger monks quickly brought on an earthen dish a little earthen pitcher and two glasses, which he washed carefully in our presence. The old man would not, however, allow any one to fill our glasses but himself. He praised the fresh clearness of the stream whence the water was drawn, and handed us the glasses with friendly courtesy. A man may be a hospitable and kindly host, even though he have but a glass of water to bestow.

The monks all looked pleased when we praised the water and expressed a wish for more; but there was not one countenance amongst them which bespoke either intellect or thought. Their expression was that of good-natured repose and childlike curiosity.

The night was now rapidly closing in; the deep violet hues of twilight rested on the hill; whilst, in the valley beneath, the lofty *carruba* and *manna* trees waved their topmost boughs, which stood out clear and distinct against the evening sky. On the gray, massive precipice which towered above the white walls of the convent grew the gigantic flowering *aloe*, mingling its golden leaves with the dark, gloomy *cypress*. The whole foreground was peaceful and still as in one of Gurlitt's landscape paintings. A faint streak of light illumined the western horizon; no sound fell upon the ear to tell of *man's* existence: nought was to be heard save the sweet songs of birds and the distant chirp of the lively grasshopper.

The close of day filled my heart with sorrowful thoughts, for but a short period had elapsed since one *very* dear to me had "fallen asleep" in the solemn sleep of death. I read the inscriptions on the surrounding tombstones. They were all strange names to me; from north and south, from east and west, they had come, and here had they laid them down side by side to take their rest. *They* all, too, had lived and longed, suffered and hoped, enjoyed and lost the object of their joys. My soul wandered far away from hence to the shores of the Baltic, where, beneath the shade of limes and elder trees, a grassy hillock, fragrant with violets and *mignonette*, covers the ashes of my beloved one.

I went into the little church; the ever-lighted lamp was burning before the richly-clad image of the Madonna, but all around was darkness. My heart and spirit were oppressed: I could not stay.

As I came out of the church, I found my friends preparing for their departure. The monks accompanied us as far as the outer gates. The stillness of the surrounding country, the peaceful simplicity of these kind-hearted monks, had rendered us all grave and thoughtful. We rode through the valley in silence. The night air was laden with the rich perfumes of the surrounding plants; the stars gazed down upon us in mild and beaming radiance; and, soothed by the gentle voice of Nature, the sorrows of the burdened heart found vent in a flood of refreshing tears.

THE GETTATORE.

Among the many objects which are continually offered for sale to strangers at Naples, the most remarkable, perhaps, are certain little coral hands and horns which are worn by everybody there. Gentlemen attach them to their watch-chains, ladies to their brooches, and the people wear them either as earrings, or hanging on strings round their necks; for they all alike regard them as a means of protection against the "evil eye." A belief in the evil eye—*il malocchio*—is almost universal in the south of Italy, where it exists even among the higher classes, although one may hear it occasionally derided by them; just as timid people, by way of gaining courage, are oftentimes heard to sing in the dark.

The evil eye is, according to popular belief, a hereditary evil. The persons who are afflicted with it, and who consequently cast the evil eye, are called *gettatori*. They are also distinguished, according to the same popular belief, by a peculiar physiognomy. A meagre-looking person with strongly-marked features, a hooked nose, large projecting eyes, and a penetrating glance, is as sure to be looked upon, in Naples, as a *gettatore*, as a student in Germany, who wears a crimson and gold band, is to be accused of inveterate demagogy. As soon as one meets a *gettatore*, one instantly draws the thumb within the palm of the hand, together with the second and third fingers, stretching out, at the same time, the forefinger and the little one, so as to form a horn, which alone has power to protect from the

evil spell. In the aristocratic world at Naples, the family of the Duke of B——o is remarkable for the possession of the evil eye. The duke is an agreeable, witty man. He has written several successful dramatic works. He is prized and sought after on account of his own individual worth. He is liked as a man, but no one speaks to him without guarding against the evil eye, which he possesses to the highest degree, although his outward aspect betrays no symptoms of the *gettatore*. His sister, the Marchesa C——a, one of the loveliest women in Naples, has also the evil eye; and only his brother, the Chevalier B——e, has any appearance of the *gettatore* about him. An intelligent stranger, in whose society I met one of the duke's family, by whom she was addressed in conversation, stretched out her little horns while she was conversing with him. I rallied her afterwards on having done so, and asked whether she was not ashamed of giving in to this superstitious folly.

"Indeed," replied she, "whenever I consider the matter, it does seem to me the merest nonsense; and yet circumstances turn out so strangely! This family, however amiable as individuals, does undoubtedly bring ill luck with it wherever any one of its members appears. I could give you many instances of it."

"Give me only one," was my reply.

"Well, then," rejoined my friend, "a few years ago, when the Russian court were visiting Naples, a sumptuous banquet was prepared for the imperial party at the palace of Prince X. A new *ameublement* had been ordered from Paris for the occasion, and one of its costliest articles was a splendid chandelier. The prince was superintending its being fixed in the ceiling when the Duke of B——o was announced. He desired that the visitor might be shown into his study; but before the servant had time to obey his orders, the duke entered the apartment, and exclaimed, 'What a magnificent chandelier you have got there, my good friend!' and at the self-same moment the chandelier fell down from the ceiling upon the marble pavement beneath, and was shivered into a thousand pieces!"

"That was indeed a mischance!"

"But what can one think," continued the narrator, "when these mischances occur continually? One day, it happened that Count N—— met the Duke of B——o in

the streets. After chatting together a while, the duke inquired after the count's son. 'Oh!' replied the latter, 'he is as well as ever he was!' On his return home, he found him ill in bed. The young man had been seized with a sudden vertigo, and had fallen on the ground with such violence as to break his watch. So the father was informed. He sent for the watch, and on looking at it, found that it had stopped at the very moment when the *gettatore* was speaking to him! An accident of a similar nature had occurred from the evil influence of his sister, the lovely Marchesa C——a: and it is a fact that, whenever she inquires after the health of any one, the illness of the individual is sure to follow. This I have experienced my own self."

I rallied the lady on the liveliness of her imagination, but she replied gravely:—

"It is a riddle, a mysterious fact; yet sooner or later it wins conviction even from the most incredulous mind. The —— ambassador used to laugh at all these stories. He even denied the apparent coincidence between certain untoward circumstances and the presence of the duke. It happened one evening, when the ambassador's house was open for reception, that the duke was his earliest guest. On approaching his host, he exclaimed, 'Where are all your orders? Why have you laid them aside this evening?' The ambassador, who had never forgotten them before, raised his hand suddenly to his breast, and, at the same moment, his snuff-box, which he had used for fifteen years, fell on the ground! It had been presented to the ambassador's father by Napoleon, whose portrait adorned the lid. It was broken to pieces by the fall."

Two Italian ladies who were present expressed their conviction of the entire truth of all these details, and marvelled how I could retain any doubt on the subject. I begged to know whether there existed any means by which a *gettatore* could free himself from the curse which thus rested upon him, or whether the church could exorcise it away. I received a reply in the negative. Although at first I was rather amused at these stories, yet I afterwards conceived a horror of the superstition which thus impressed a demon-like aspect upon guiltless human beings. This abhorrence only increased at a later period, when I found how pernicious this superstition proved among the lower

classes, with whom it passed out of the airy world of uncertain fears into the practical bearing on a week-day life.

During my residence on the Marina at Castellamare, whenever I wished to visit my friends who were dwelling upon the hill near Quisisana, I was obliged to use a donkey to mount the hill; and it happened several times that a *ciuciare*, who had a nice, well-saddled donkey, asked me to employ him. Each time, however, my servant said, "Do not take him, signora; I will procure you another;" whereupon the *ciuciare* turned silently away. He was a man of about thirty years old, one-eyed, and deeply pitted with small-pox; but there was such an expression of goodness, and yet of sadness, in his countenance, that I felt quite sorry to reject his services. Supposing that there must be some personal enmity between him and the servant, I observed to the latter that I knew not whence arose his dislike to Antonio (so was the *ciuciare* named); and that, in case the latter were an honest man, I wished to employ him and his donkey in preference to any others.

"Oh, eccellenza! he is honest enough," exclaimed the servant. "Antonio is a worthy fellow, and I have had no quarrel with him; but since your eccellenza depends upon my selecting a safe donkey and guide, I dare not let you go with Antonio. Your eccellenza would surely meet with some accident, for Antonio is a *gettatore*; you can see it yourself!"

I explained to him that I had very pretty little horns to protect me, and that, moreover, I had no faith in this belief; so, in despite of my servant's shaking his head, I took Antonio into my service during my stay at Castellamare, and found him a most willing, careful, and punctual attendant. On my departure, I recommended him to an acquaintance, who was equally pleased with him.

One day, as I was riding from Castellamare to Gragnano, I inquired of him whether he was aware of his being regarded as a *gettatore*, and whether this belief caused him any sort of annoyance.

"Yes, assuredly," was his reply. "I was too poor to buy an ass, and the *padrone* who keeps all the asses here would not entrust one to my care, as he feared it would come to an untimely end with me. At last he consented to let me have the worst of them all—a wilful brute it was—on condition that I would fasten little horns in the bows upon its

forehead. The obstinate beast, however, flung out his heels the very first day I had the care of him, and threw off his back a long-legged Englishman. The preceding year, he had thrown off in like manner a holy priest; yet no one blamed the driver. Now, however, the general cry among my companions was, 'That is the *malocchio*!' 'That is the *gettatore*'s doing!' So I got no customers, and the *padrone* took away the ass, as I could earn nothing with it. Then I went to the Princess G——, who comes here every summer, and who kindly lent me money to purchase an ass. I hired a saddle for it; and now that you have taken me into your service, signora, and recommended me to others, I shall soon be able to pay my debt."

"But, Antonio, how came it that you were accused of having the *malocchio*?" inquired I of my guide.

"I have inherited it from my mother—so say my enemies, at least; but it is all a lie, *eccellenza*! If, indeed, one could destroy the people who injure one, it might be all very well to be a *gettatore*; but all these rascals here are running about, sound in body and limb, while one is accused of bringing evil upon poor innocent children and strangers! That is a folly, *eccellenza*! Don't believe a word about it!"

When he had, after many weeks of faithful service, conducted me for the last time to the bath-house in Castellamare, as I was taking leave of him he said to me, at the moment of our parting, "I thank you, *eccellenza*, for not having believed in the foolish report about me, and am glad that no ill luck has befallen you while you rode on my donkey. My name is Antonio Vitelli; and if you kindly recommend me to your friends, will you be so good as to assure them that a poor one-eyed *gettatore* can do no harm to any one?"

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

Nature, like a wise artist, oftentimes places the most striking contrasts side by side, and thus lends double force and vividness to the pictures which she presents to the mind. So it is that, within a short distance of joyous, life-breathing Naples, she has planted the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, like a solemn *memento mori*, ever uttering in her ears a word of admonition.

Quitting the Chiaja, we pursued the road which leads through Portici, now almost a suburb of Naples, until we reached the little town of Resina, close to the very foot of Mount Vesuvius. Resina is built over the ruins of Herculaneum.

Descending a flight of stairs, and passing through a dark, vault-like passage, we entered the buried theatre.

The impression it produces upon the mind is one of the most fearful that can be conceived. Our guides preceded us with torches, leading the way down the steep descent. The air in the excavations was damp and cold; a death-like terror seemed to dwell within this scene of gloom and destruction; and ever was that cry of anguish sounding in my ears which must have burst forth in this theatre from the assembled crowd when they saw the fiery tide rushing in upon them in the full force of its destroying fury.

The pillars, the seats of the spectators, the stage, the orchestra, are all still distinctly visible. The marble has been cleared from the lava with which it was incrustcd. In the foreground stand the pedestals whence the statues of the two Balbi, both consuls, have been removed, in order to be deposited in the museum at Naples.

The inscriptions on these pedestals are almost uninjured. To many portions of the wall there may still be seen adhering the crimson stucco with which they were in former days entirely covered.

It was in the midst of all this splendour, of all the adornments of art, and all the refinements of luxury, which proved the creative genius of the human mind, that the wild powers of nature burst upon the scene in all their resistless might, spreading desolation on their path. The smallest interstices of the building are filled up with the dark, hardened

lava; and in one place I saw a set of human teeth grinning forth from amidst the solid mass: a horrible and ghastly sight.

All interest in the building itself, all the charm which usually attaches to remote antiquity, vanished in presence of this fearful image. I felt as if I could not breathe freely again until I had escaped from this gigantic grave, and until I found myself standing once more in the bright sunshine, surrounded by life and gladness.

A descending path leads from Resina into the very heart of the excavated portion of Herculaneum. To the right and left are to be seen the most terrible evidences of the march of devastation. Towering high above the town, the burning mountain sends forth its pillars of smoke and flame; and yet, when you gaze around upon the village of Resina, you see on every side images of peace and security. Women sit spinning before their doors; children are playing around them; and very probably not one mother there remembers that in one house in Herculaneum two infant skeletons had been found lying side by side in a little bath. It is this contrast of daily life, pursuing its business and its pleasures over those entombed ruins of the past, which renders the impression produced by Herculaneum even more fearful than it would otherwise be.

The city itself appeared to me, so far, at least, as it was visible to the eye, singularly small. It reminded me of those ornamental ruins sometimes erected in English parks, which parody, whilst they attempt to imitate, the gigantic monuments of antiquity. The houses themselves, the porticoes which surround their inner courts, the metal rods and rings, to which the curtains had been attached that hung before the doors of the bathing apartments, the iron bars which had closed up the windows of the prison; all these are indubitable evidences that this was once a populous and highly-civilized city. Yet one cannot but ask, in wondering amazement, "How was it possible for men to lead a comfortable existence in this limited and confined space? Men, too, with whom all the appliances of luxury had become almost a necessity of daily life?" And this whole city, with all its luxury, with all its busy, stirring tide of human life, was suddenly buried in the bowels of the earth, and utterly disappeared, leaving no trace behind; vanishing so entirely from the face of creation that scarcely a thought

was bestowed upon the fact that it had ever existed, and centuries elapsed before any one attempted to discover its site. Thousands of men, a whole generation, are swallowed up, consumed by the devouring flames; and yet the world lasts and goes on its way as usual, and the great mass of people never trouble themselves about the matter.

Herculaneum lies full sixty feet beneath the present level of Portici and Resina. On the masses of lava, which wear the aspect of rocks, now stand merry, light-hearted youths, clad in white linen trousers and shirts, and wearing scarlet flannel caps over their jet-black hair. They twine the clinging tendrils of the vine around the noble mulberry trees with which the surrounding land is thickly planted, or send forth their joyous songs which fall cheerily on our ears, or nod to us familiarly as we pass, calling out to us in a peculiar dialect, resembling that in which strangers, unaccustomed to Italian, are wont to speak. Even our guide spoke to us in these singular accents, and when we inquired his reason for doing so, he replied, "Strangers can understand us better when we speak thus." So we discovered that we were treated like children, to whose imperfect mode of expression their elders kindly condescend.

Pompeii produces a less painful impression upon the mind than Herculaneum. It is accessible by the railway which runs from Naples to Nocera, passing through a tract of country of almost unequalled loveliness. It pursues the track which leads along the shore, through Torre dell' Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata, to the foot of Vesuvius, which is clothed fully half way up its sides with luxuriant verdure, and adorned with smiling villas.

To whichever side you turn your gaze, you see, scattered along the line of railroad, and covering the slope which lies between it and the shore beneath, small houses with flat roofs, on which fresh macaroni and Indian corn are laid out to dry. In all directions, ships, boats, fishermen, and labourers meet the eye. On the dark lava strand, which glitters like silver in the full blaze of sunlight, troops of little naked boys may be seen gambolling in child-like glee; at one moment rushing into the sea, and the next, returning to roll themselves in the glowing sand. Five such little boys, who were literally stiff with mud, had just driven a small herd of swine into the sea, and were washing and brushing them with a degree of care which most assuredly

their own mothers had never bestowed upon themselves. Others had drawn a calessino into the sea. Two boys swam out upon the pole, four others supported the wheels, and an older lad stood behind as though he were borne in triumph. In this way they proceeded, holding the carriage for a few moments above water, until suddenly it turned over, the boys tumbled into the sea, and then, plunging and shouting, rose again to the surface, ready for some new sport. They formed a perfect Tritonic group. Whilst standing on the shore of this sea, I can readily conceive where Raffaele and the other old painters drew the originals of their Tritons and of their sea-gods revelling in the blissful enjoyment of life and nature. An artist who had not lived in a southern land, who had not watched the movements of daily life beneath these glowing sunny skies, could never have painted the heathen gods and goddesses: for they are the products of the smiling, radiant Nature which here surrounds them. *Our* sea-gods freeze in winter, and, even should they thaw a little in July and August, they yet remain merely lukewarm, and stretch out their stiffened limbs with a woe-begone expression of countenance, as though they could scarcely venture to enjoy themselves, knowing full well that in September they must freeze again.

Onwards flies the steam-carriage, passing through the midst of the most smiling images of beauty: cactus, oleander, and myrtle bushes, which alternate with black walls of shining lava. Many tunnels are cut through the lava, which has evidently overflowed the whole surface of the soil. In those spots where the road has been cut through the earth itself, the scarlet blossoms of the ice-plant cover the whole surface of the ground, like a rich carpet of bloom and delicate glistening verdure. On leaving the railroad, a tolerably long piece of road, totally destitute of shade, leads to Pompeii. It was about noon when we commenced our walk, and the heat of the sun's rays, reflected from the yellow sand, was almost insupportable. We sank in it almost up to our ankles, and this produced at every step the sensation of taking a hot foot-bath. A sabbath-like stillness, an atmosphere of sweet, melancholy silence, seems to rest over Pompeii. The front walls of many of the houses are in a state of perfect preservation, and the work of destruction here wears a milder aspect than in Herculaneum. The roofs alone are wanting in order to impart a habitable ap-

pearance to the city. Clean-looking, straight, and somewhat narrow streets intersect each other at regular intervals. Raised *trottoirs* run along each side of the streets, and at the corners there are raised flag crossings; the lava blocks with which the streets are paved still retain the traces of the chariot-wheels.

Outside the town is situated the two-storied Villa of Diomedes. Eight beautiful cypresses grow in front of this villa, as though they had been planted there for the express purpose of marking the entrance of the Street of Tombs, which reaches from the house of Diomedes to the gate of Pompeii. The marble facings of the monuments, the *bassirilievi*, and the inscriptions on the tombs, have in many instances been preserved quite free from injury. Near the graves are to be seen many resting-places, circular benches of beautiful white marble. The gate of the city, together with a guard-house and a shop supposed to have been a sort of tavern or *restaurant*, are the next objects of interest shown to the visitor. The tavern opens on the street, and a marble counter still bears the marks of the vessels which had rested on it so many centuries ago.

Whole streets, consisting, perhaps, of a hundred houses, have been excavated, and their interior arrangements fully brought to light. The entrance to each house lies through a small vestibule. The friendly "Salve" over the door, which still greets the stranger on the threshold, and, although the host has so long been numbered with the dead, yet continues to bid welcome to each coming guest, has a peculiarly impressive effect upon the mind. The hospitality of which we thus catch a passing glimpse, through the dim vista of distant ages, touches and moves the soul. Passing through this vestibule, you enter a court surrounded with pillars, called the *impluvium*, in the centre of which stands a marble fountain. The sleeping apartments of the men surround the *impluvium*. They have no connection with each other, but are built like so many separate cells, each opening into the outer court. Facing the door which opens into the court, and attached to the opposite wall, is a raised stone platform, about a foot high, on which the sleeping-cushions were laid.

In the larger houses there is generally a second court, adorned with handsome fountains and costly mosaics; then the eating-room, with its *triclinium*, or fixed seats attached

to the wall, together with a table equally immoveable, all made of marble and beautifully proportioned. The eating-rooms are very small; and it is quite evident that in Pompeii large entertainments must have been very unusual. The apartments appropriated to the female portion of the family lay quite in the interior of the building.

In two of the courts I observed fountains, ornamented with shells and stones, exactly in the style of those now to be seen in the old Dutch gardens. Over these fountains are placed lions' heads made of burnt clay, with open eyes and distended jaws, in which lamps used to be set, for the purpose of giving light to those who came to fetch water of an evening. In almost all the houses there are bathing apartments, and the public baths were fitted up with every convenience for warm and cold bathing. The couches on which the bathers were intended to repose are made of bronze; marble, stucco, and fresco-painting, are all liberally and tastefully employed in the decoration of these edifices. The public buildings in general—the Temple, the Basilica, the Forum—are as large in their dimensions as the private dwellings and apartments are small, which conveys to the mind a pleasing impression of suitability. The little sleeping apartments, with their one door opening into the *impluvium*, present a very peaceful and inviting aspect; the courts are airy, and the steps wide and convenient: in short, the whole construction of the houses is so well suited to this climate, that one could even now manage to dwell in them with comfort and with pleasure.

Indescribable is the emotion which fills the breast on seeing these ruins of a city, the inhabitants of which were so suddenly torn away from all the toils and pleasures of their daily life. Nothing that I saw moved me more deeply, or brought the past more vividly before my mind than the traces of the chain which, by its oft-repeated friction, wore away the stone on the margin of the fountain; together with the slab, hollowed out by constant use, on which the women washed their clothes. In Pompeii you scarcely need either guide or comment: all is written visibly before your eyes; and one only laments that it was necessary to remove the furniture and utensils which were found in the houses, and to place them in the museum at Naples. These relics of the past should all have been viewed together, on the very spot where they had once been used, in order to

impress upon the mind a perfect image of the whole. Pompeii had three theatres: the circus for the gladiatorial games, one theatre for tragedy, and one for comedy. In the large theatre, used for the purposes of tragedy, the pieces were acted during the day-time; the other theatre, where comic pieces were acted, is small, and the representations must have taken place at night; for it was in this building that the splendid candelabra were dug out which are now to be seen in the museum at Naples. These candelabra, the household utensils, furniture, and weapons, which fill many apartments of the museum, are all perfect of their kind. The mosaics and frescoes which have been taken from the walls and floors of the houses, and also transported to the museum, are exquisitely beautiful. They represent, for the most part, scenes drawn from ancient mythology, the Iliad and the Odyssey, or individual gods and demigods. Others depict groups of dancers, children playing, and animals of various kinds; but all are alike true to nature in its fresh, primeval vigour, rejoicing in the fullness of life and being. These men, these children, these beasts, *must* dance, and play, and skip; for their very existence is to them a thing of joy. One is almost tempted to believe that these demigods could fly, even as the angels of Fiesoli, which seem as if they were each moment about to soar aloft: and yet there is an essential difference between these two creations of art. The angels seem ready to fly because God wills it *so*; because their trust in Him renders the *impossible* possible. The Pompeian demigods fly in their own might, proud in the consciousness of their own indwelling powers: spirits of the air, whose rule the elements obey.

We had spent four hours in wandering amongst the marvels of this city of the dead, and it was late in the afternoon ere we returned to the railway station. Scarcely had we reached it ere two nuns, who had just arrived from their convent in the Abruzzi, asked us for alms. One of these nuns was young and handsome; the other had a dignified aspect. The railway inspector supported their petition by observing, that they were obliged to appeal to the generosity of strangers in order to obtain the honours of canonization for one of the nuns of their convent: Sister Antonia, of Florence, who was universally acknowledged to have been a great saint. Many of the company assem-

bled at the station gave them money; but one man refused to do so, saying at the same time that he was not a catholic, and did not believe in saints at all. This heretical assertion was followed by an animated discussion on the subject of saints, purgatory, &c. in which I acted the part of moderator to the best of my ability. Our conversation, however, was brought to a rapid conclusion by the shrill whistle of the locomotive, which gave the signal for departure. There was a general rush to the carriages; all took their places; a second whistle was heard, and off we flew at full speed, reaching Naples just as the crowd were pouring forth into the streets to enjoy the accustomed pleasures of their gay evening-tide, unmindful of the silent cities of the dead, of whose awful fate the ever-burning mountain, so near at hand, appeared to us a perpetual memorial.

A SUPPER AT POSILIPPO.

Before leaving Rome, in the middle of May, for Naples, when the sirocco, during many days in April, had outspread its gray, heavy clouds over the Eternal City, I had thought with some degree of apprehension about the intense heat which awaited us in the more southern climate of Naples. This fear, however, proved altogether groundless. The summer of 1846 was one of the warmest within the memory of man. I spent it alternately at Naples, Palermo, Castellamare, and Sorrento, and suffered less from heat than we usually do in Germany at the same season of the year.

All the habits of domestic life, all the modes of spending time, are accommodated to the climate: the arrangement of the houses is also suited to it. I had often heard it said that, in order perfectly to enjoy life, one ought to spend the winter in Petersburg and the summer in Naples, and I have now learned by my own experience that the latter part of this assertion, at least, is perfectly correct.

With the earliest summer heats vanish out of every apartment the carpets, the window-curtains, and the door-hangings. Soft and cushioned seats are, as far as possible, removed, and cane chairs are chosen in preference to sit upon. The windows, which reach down to the floor, as

well as the numerous doors by which the whole suite of rooms are connected, remain wide open, and are even hooked back to the walls to prevent the possibility of their closing. As soon as the sun rests upon the dwelling, all the jalousies are closed, admitting into the tile-paved apartments only a soft, cool twilight, which is inexpressibly agreeable.

Every one who can possibly contrive to do so begins the day with a salt-water bath. This custom is almost universal: so that, on visiting the Riviera di Chiaja, between the hours of five and ten in the forenoon, one sees crowds of people from all quarters streaming in towards the numerous bathing establishments there. After the bath follows breakfast, which in many houses consists chiefly of iced water and fruit. As soon as that is over, each one retires to his apartment, unless obliged by business to go out; and few there are who can, on the approach of noon, resist the inclination to sleep.

When we hear the *siesta* spoken of, we are apt to conclude that people prepare themselves at an appointed hour to go to sleep, and this seems to us a strange and unnatural idea. But when one comes to dwell in the South, where one rises betimes in the morning and passes half the night in the open air, then it is soon felt how, towards the height of day, one becomes unfit for active business; and how, even amid the lighter occupations of life, sleep insensibly steals over the faculties without any desire on one's part to indulge in it. And so one dreams away an hour, and then awakens after having unpremeditatedly enjoyed the true Italian *siesta*.

The mid-day meal is usually partaken of at five o'clock. About this hour the intensity of the heat has passed away, and soon afterwards the jalousies are opened to admit the cooler air of evening. One sits in the balconies or upon the terraces. We get ready for evening walks, of which, owing to the incomparable position of Naples, a great variety may be enjoyed. The path over Capo di Monte to the harbour, the road leading to Posilippo, the outlets to Resina, Portici, Caserta, are full of beauty. As for the Neapolitans themselves, they are, for the most part, satisfied with taking their usual drive on the Corso. From seven till nine o'clock in the evening, four rows of showy equipages drive alone the beautiful Riviera di Chiaja. As soon

as night has set in, they all crowd to the Toledo, where, by the light of the gas-lamps which illuminate the shops, they continue their drive for half-an-hour longer.

From the Toledo one goes to the theatre. The proper court-theatre, the opera-house of San Carlo, was closed during my stay at Naples. The saloon was being newly decorated, and was filled with workmen. It was to be re-opened early in October. Mean while the company of San Carlo were playing in the Teatro del Fondo, where even the court attended almost every night. The performances were admirable. Throughout the months of May and June, were given alternately Paccini's "*Buondelmonte*," and Verdi's "*Foscari*," together with one other opera by the latter composer, the name of which has now escaped my memory. Signora Brambilla, the prima donna, and the tenor, as well as a very fine bass, a young lawyer who had but recently appeared on the stage, were all remarkable for that soft, full Italian voice which I had often heard spoken of, but had not before met with in any theatre in Italy. The ballet at the Teatro del Fondo was also good, only that its effect was somewhat singular, inasmuch as the genii and nymphs, beneath their ethereal garments of airy hue and texture, wore dresses of dark green sarsnet, in order to satisfy the more earthly claims of propriety made upon them by her Neapolitan majesty.

Equally strange did it seem to us Germans, that, immediately on the entrance of the royal party into their box, two of their guards in full uniform stepped upon the stage, and placed themselves right and left upon either side of it. With their high caps upon their heads, and their arms by their sides, while their eyes were steadily fixed upon the royal box, there they stood immovable, while behind their backs a *Buondelmonte* betrayed his love, or a *Romeo* bewailed his *Juliet* in the heart-rending tones of despair; and the whole *Scala* unfolded, in the moving language of music, the joys and sorrows of humanity; and there they remained standing until the court withdrew, which was very often late in the night. After having gone from the Toledo to the theatre, and remained there long enough to see a couple of acts, it is about half-past nine o'clock; and, according to Neapolitan ideas, this is yet early enough to pay visits. In some houses, a particular evening in the week is set apart for receiving company; others are open every night.

There is conversation, and oftentimes music; and the presence of numerous strangers of all nations displaces in these parties that narrow coterie spirit which so soon becomes wearisome. On these occasions, all the windows of the dwelling are wide open, and all the ladies sit holding their fans, which are here not mere modish trifles, but articles of actual necessity. Even in the quiet circle of family life, each lady has her small green fan lying near her; and if one misses it even for a short time, one feels as if there were something really wanting.

This moving about lasts from seven o'clock in the evening till past midnight in Naples; and the nights are so exquisitely fine, that on coming out of a house into the street, after one of these crowded evening *réunions*, one feels immediately refreshed both in mind and body. On expressing one day, to the friend with whom I was staying, the peculiar charm that these evening wanderings had for me, she observed that I had not yet become acquainted with the most congenial of these summer pleasures; "but," added she, "I shall take care that you enjoy it shortly." The party was soon arranged. About twenty persons belonging to our own usual circle met soon after nine o'clock, at the house of a lady dwelling in the Strada di Santa Lucia. From thence we proceeded along the Riviera to the nearest houses at the foot of Posilippo.

Close to the splendid edifices by which the fair Riviera is adorned, rise up the dwellings of poor fishermen, which are scooped out like caves from the hard rock. Without windows, and only so far built up as is necessary to prevent the falling of the rocks, these dwellings have no other light than that which they receive through the open door. When passing by them after nightfall, one obtains, by means of the lighted oil lamp, a full view of the family life within; and, even here, it is evident that night is turned into day. Old and young are all astir. One is preparing a net for the morrow's fishing; another is eating the frugal evening meal. The younger people are chatting and joking in the corner of some jutting cliff; and only the youngest babes are asleep in their open, bark-woven baskets. Masaniello's hut, as it is represented on the stage, is the truest image of these primitive dwellings.

Scattered among these fishermen's cottages, or caves (I know not which to call them), are to be found single houses,

more or less handsome in their exterior; hotels, in which the produce of the sea in all its freshness is prepared so as to as to form varied and savoury repasts. It was at one of these *osterie* we now stopped.

One of the gentlemen of our party went in to order supper, while we left our carriages for the purpose of getting into boats. The sea was smooth and lustrous as a mirror. No breeze ruffled its surface, so that the full brilliancy of the stars was reflected from the deep, and one seemed to be floating between two kindred elements, the sky and ocean being both alike dark, and both alike sparkling with myriads of glowing stars.

Slowly glided our boats upon the waters: no sound save the light movement of the rudder disturbing the stillness of the scene. The moon stood high up in the heavens, gilding with her light the smoke of Vesuvius, as it rose up in curling columns towards heaven. From the open windows of the villas along the shore shone gleaming lights through the vine-covered verandahs. A tall, broad leaved palm-tree stirred its branching leaves beneath the soft breath of the night-breeze. Countless fishing-skiffs were moving around us. At the prows of some of them were fixed burning torches, for the purpose of attracting the light-loving lobsters. There was something wild and almost demon-like in the effect of the glowing crimson flames amid the calm stillness of the moonlight scene.

After sailing along the shore for about an hour, we returned to our inn, where we found the supper-table laid beneath the leafy verandah. Several Neapolitan dishes were served up. First came snail and mussel soup; then *frutti di mare* (oysters and other shell-fish), macaroni, lobsters, green salad, and fish. Roasted goats' flesh and other meats similarly dressed followed. Then came sweet oranges, figs, peaches, and grapes, which, together with wine from Capri and Palermo, formed the conclusion of the repast; one which, however savoury or delicious to others, seemed somewhat indigestible in its composition to those unused to snail soup, goats' flesh, and many other Neapolitan delicacies. All the dishes were very rich, and many of them flavoured with cheese.

As soon as we were seated at table, three guitar-players made their appearance, and sang in three parts some of their favourite national melodies. When we rose up from

table, an elderly man with a very marked physiognomy began to sing *arie buffe*, and accompanied them with such lively pantomime and expressive gestures, that I could understand their meaning although acquainted only with a very few words of the Neapolitan *patois*. In the middle of these songs the two younger performers began to accompany the elder one, half singing, half speaking to him; and so it became a sort of *intermezzo improvviso*, which those who understood it found very entertaining. The love making of a deluded old man formed its theme. As soon as it was ended, the three musicians commenced playing the tarantella.

Immediately there came out a young Russian and a Spaniard to dance in the verandah. Another pair followed; their castanets were brought out, and joyously resounded through the air the harmony of these simple instruments. The younger persons got up a galopade as soon as the tarantella was ended, and the laughter and amusement soon became general. Before the door of the *osteria* beneath, the stable-boys were left to take care of our carriages and horses, while the coachmen and servants, having thrown off their coats, were dancing to the clang of the castanets which their masters were striking in the verandah above. Before this dancing had ceased, there sprang up a light fresh breeze, the moaning sighs of which announced the approach of dawn. The torches in the fishing-boats were extinguished, the moon sank into the sea, and faint streaks of light became visible in the eastern sky. It was about three o'clock in the morning when we prepared to return home. In the fishers' huts at Posilippo the doors were closed, and all was perfectly still. The ever-busy, animated Naples was at rest as we drove through the streets; only at the quay on the strand were seen some cars and carriages before the chalybeate spa which there gushes forth out of the sea, and is used for healing in many cases of disease: people were filling their jars with it for the purpose of sale in the streets. Day had already dawned by the time we reached the Toledo; and by this early morning light we beheld long rows of maidens issuing out of the orphan-houses and out of the education convents, under the guidance of nuns, and bending their course towards the sea for the purpose of refreshing themselves with a morning bath.

THE FETE OF PIEDI GROTTO.

The Neapolitans have the *name* of being but indifferent soldiers. It has been said that when a proposition was made to the late king to introduce a new uniform amongst his troops, and the utility of employing breast-padding after the French fashion, in order to protect the men from gunshot and sword-thrust wounds, was pointed out to him, he listened quietly to all the *pros* and *cons* of the case, and then replied with a smile: "Clothe the troops in whatever uniform you please; but as for padding, it would make them very hot; and if I wished to protect my Neapolitan soldiers from fire and sword, I must get padding for their backs instead of for their breasts."

In spite of this, however, I must say that the Neapolitan troops *looked* uncommonly well, and presented a very stately appearance at the Fête of Santa Maria Piedi Grotto, which is celebrated on the 8th of September in every year.

The Church of Piedi Grotto, which is situated at one end of the Villa Reale and close to the foot of Posilippo, is very small and insignificant; but the Madonna of Piedi Grotto is held in great veneration, and her shrine is much resorted to. If I am not mistaken, in a battle which was fought near this spot she showed herself favourable to the cause of the present royal family of Naples; and, in commemoration of this act of grace on her part, a great parade is annually held on the day of this victory, which is observed as one of public festivity, under the name of the "*Festa di Santa Maria Piedi Grotto*."

The Villa Reale is closed all the year round to that portion of the community who are not considered as *well-dressed* people. Well-dressed in this case, however, does not imply neat and becoming, or even handsome and suitable attire, but a style of dress which betrays at least some *pretensions* in the wearers to class themselves amongst the ranks of the modern fashionable world. No livery servant, no one attired in the popular costume of the islands, which is far richer and handsomer than our modern costume, is allowed access to the villa; whilst the faded finery in which the middle classes are too apt to deck themselves out, in a

vain attempt to imitate the luxury and splendour of those above them, finds ready admission within the privileged precincts, and may be seen wandering to and fro beneath the shady alleys of the villa. It is only on the evening preceding the Fête of Piedi Grotto, and during the whole course of the festival itself, that the Villa Reale is thrown open to all, without regard to the fashion of their clothes; and it is then thronged with people who come pouring in from all the surrounding districts, as well as from the neighbouring islands, in order to witness the general parade. On the evening of the 7th of September, peasant women from Ischia and Procida, in their rich and almost Grecian-looking costumes, may be seen in the streets of Naples. Their dress consists of a long petticoat of bright-coloured satin, together with a crimson bodice, and caftan edged with gold. Small, richly-embroidered slippers, golden ornaments for the hair, which gleam forth amidst braids of gay-coloured ribbons, massive gold earrings and neck-chains, glisten in the sunshine, and set forth to the best advantage the almost oriental style of beauty which characterises these islanders. Mingled amongst these brilliant visitors may be seen groups of Neapolitan country-people, in their less handsome but still picturesque costume; one leaning perchance on the arm of a soldier, or accompanied by a priest or monk belonging to the family. The steps of the houses, the streets, the path leading to the villa, the villa itself—every spot is crowded with a joyous and festive throng.

Along the Riviera *impromptu* booths have been erected and portable ovens set up, in which snail-soup is prepared and sold. In whatever direction you look, you see dispensed in abundant measure, and greedily devoured, the favourite Neapolitan dainty: a slice of bread and jam, thickly covered with stewed snails! The odour of this food, which ascended up to our balcony from the street below, seemed to us anything but inviting: the people, however, appeared to enjoy the strange mixture exceedingly, and formed most picturesque groups around the ovens in which the snails were being prepared. At the foot of Capo di Monte, just where the Toledo terminates in the Ponte di Salute, long tables are laid out; and the whole night through, the scene of banqueting and revelry is carried on in the open streets, which are fully illumi-

nated by the blaze of light proceeding from the neighbouring houses. Gaily-coloured flags float over the festive scene; music is wafted on every breeze; the sounds of song and of laughter are heard around; and not till break of day do the merry crowd disperse to their respective houses to seek a brief interval of repose.

But yet more brilliant is the spectacle of the ensuing day. The Neapolitan fleet lies at anchor along the Riviera, gaily decked out with flags.

The guards, together with all the other troops, form a continuous line from the palace to the Largo del Castello, passing by San Lucia and Chiatamone, and onwards along the whole Riviera di Chiaja, until it reaches the Church of Piedi Grotto. The uniform of the Neapolitan infantry is remarkably handsome, and that of the cavalry somewhat fantastic in appearance. Some Prussian officers of our party criticised the dress of the troops as unsuitable, and said that the cavalry were badly mounted. On these points I was, of course, not qualified to form a judgment. What astonished me most of all was to see the caissons drawn by mules; large, stately-looking animals, and much better adapted than horses to draw heavy loads in this mountainous country.

When the parade is over, the court commences the procession to Piedi Grotto. Some traces of Spanish rule may still be discovered in the Neapolitan court etiquette of the present day, especially in the handsome Spanish style of dress which prevails amongst the ladies. All ladies appear at court in dresses of bright blue satin embroidered with gold, long flowing trains, scarlet satin bodices, likewise richly embroidered, and long white veils wrought in gold, and fastened to the hair by jewelled diadems.

This costume, with the addition of a crown, was also that of the Queen herself: a little, insignificant, sickly-looking woman, with the features of the house of Hapsburg. She was seated alongside of her tall, stout husband, in a gilded carriage, surmounted with waving plumes and furnished with large glass windows, in order that the royal pair might be fully visible to the assembled crowds. Eight horses, also richly decorated, and *led*, not *driven*, by servants in brilliant liveries, drew the carriage; running footmen, dressed in white and pale blue silk, ran alongside, carrying in their hands those light wands, with tufts of

feathers attached, so much used in these climates for driving away the flies and mosquitoes. The royal carriage was followed by that of the crown prince, and next in order came those of the five or six remaining royal children, all of very tender age. Every one of these little princes and princesses occupied a separate equipage, sitting alone on the front seat, the youngest on a little stool, in order that she might be visible to the populace, instead of being altogether buried in the dress carriage. Their attendants sat facing them, on the back seat of the vehicle. Then came the queen-mother, the king's sisters, and an innumerable band of courtiers; so that it really puzzled us to conceive how this immense suite, together with the crowd of privileged generals and *employés*, could possibly find room to attend the service in the small chapel of Piedi Grotto.

After the conclusion of the service, the court returned to the palace in the same order in which it had come. The troops and the fleet fired a salute; in the evening the Villa Reale and the ships in the harbour were illuminated; and, the whole night long, the streets were still astir with life; but next morning the Villa Reale was again closed to all save *well-dressed* people, although I could not discover that the *not well-dressed* people had done the slightest injury or caused the least disturbance during the six-and-thirty hours' interregnum which had opened wide to them the gates of these privileged precincts.

THE BATHING-PLACES.

Castellamare is the Neapolitan Baden-Baden, at which the fashionable world of Naples are wont to spend the summer months. The little town lies upon the sea-shore, at the foot of the verdant and woody ridge upon the sloping side of which stands the King of Naples's country-seat. Its name, Quisisana (*Here one gets well*), expresses the salubrity of its position. The whole hill between Castellamare and Quisisana is thickly strewn with country-houses and villas, which peep out pleasantly from amid the luxuriant vineyards and chestnut groves. A smooth road leads up to the royal dwelling, but it is so very steep that there is some difficulty in driving up it even in a light carriage drawn by

a pair of horses. For this reason, the visitors at Castellamare usually prefer riding up the hill, more especially if they wish to reach its summit, as there is no carriage-road higher up than the royal dwelling.

One must not, however, expect to find a watering-place, in the German sense of the word, at any of the bathing-places which cluster together in this neighbourhood. Neither at Castellamare, Sorrento, nor Vico, is there a conversation house, wherein people meet for play, music, and dancing; nor must one expect to find a well-gravelled promenade, enlivened by military music. In Sorrento, which is the favourite resort of artists, one is left quite to one's self, and may at will dream away many happy hours in the pleasant gardens of the valley of the Piano di Sorrento, or in the shady and fragrant orange groves which overhang the placid azure sea, if one is only capable of finding enjoyment in the untroubled harmony of a peaceful and luxuriant nature. Besides, the owners of the private houses who let their apartments to strangers, are not so far infected by civilization as to destroy the charm of their primitive simplicity and kindly trustfulness of character. I had heard much from the families of German artists about the cordial hospitality of the Sorrentines, without having had any opportunity to appreciate it, as, during my stay at Sorrento, I remained with some friends who had engaged a whole villa to themselves, wherein they dwelt with their own household. Once, however, it happened, in the summer of 1846, that on my return to Sorrento late in the evening, from an excursion to Capri, whither I had gone with a party of friends, I did not like to disturb my kind hosts at that untimely hour, and accordingly resolved to hire for the night an apartment in the same house where my companions were lodging. Here I found far more than realized all that had been told me of the simple friendliness of the Sorrentines. The family consisted of the father, mother, two grown sons, and six daughters, together with a sickly infant, the child of their old age and the idol of the whole party. The seven females of the family, to whom I bore kindly greetings from a friend of mine who had formerly lodged beneath their roof, received me with the most lively demonstrations of joy. One daughter placed me upon a sofa, others drew off my shoes, sought to make me comfortable, inspected my clothes, brought me refreshments,

carried in their little pet brother to show me, displayed the presents which had been given them by the friend of whose greetings I was the bearer, and who had, during a long illness, been carefully tended by their brothers. All this befell me, and much more that was kind and loving. Less care and *empressement* would, however, have left me more entirely at my ease.

After supper, two of the daughters conducted us to the roof of the house. The night was one of surpassing loveliness. The full fragrance of the orange blossoms came floating upwards from the neighbouring gardens, and round the battlements of the roof were blooming in large earthenware pots a profusion of dark-red pinks. The sea was smooth and silvery bright. At the request of my companions, the young girls brought up their guitars and played and sang for us. Their voices were not good; but both the melody and the expression were so admirably in unison with the loveliness of the scene, that we were all charmed with their performance. At length the mother came up, and said it was time for me to have some repose. Most unwillingly did I allow myself to be escorted by the seven females up to my apartment, and to be led about just like a child. With some difficulty I persuaded five of them to leave me, for I was growing very weary, and longed to get a little repose. There was something very singular in their whole manner of proceeding. I felt as if I had got among a set of good-natured South Sea Islanders. Everything I had about me, my *nécessaire*, my toilet preparations, which were of an ordinary kind, attracted their inquisitive curiosity; and, even after the worthy mother had, despite the heat of the weather, wrapped me up to the ears in a warm quilt, and carried away the canary-birds out of the chamber, one of the daughters returned to see if I had fallen asleep.

This sort of courtly attendance would, I confess, have been unbearable for a continuance, but for a single evening I really enjoyed it much. In the course of two hours I had been informed of all the love affairs of the daughters, and of all the domestic circumstances of the family. One of them was engaged to a joiner, the owner of a manufactory of those pretty little articles of fancy wood-work so common at Sorrento. Their marriage was very soon to take place. Two of the daughters were their mother's

assistants in her household cares. The others went out to work, that is to say, they were employed in the neighbouring gardens in rolling up oranges in silver paper, and packing them in boxes for exportation, for which they received about eightpence a day. With these earnings they purchase all their clothes. They showed me several showy-looking printed cotton dresses, which had been smuggled into the country from abroad, and which they had consequently obtained at a lower price than usual. Two of the pieces were yet uncut; and as I happened to praise the pattern, and to say that they were cheap, the sisters urged me to purchase whichever of the two I liked best; assuring me that, through the agency of a friendly captain, they would ere long have an opportunity of replacing it. Pretty boxes, manufactured by the bridegroom, and gaily embroidered slippers, were pressed upon me for acceptance; and I could only avoid receiving these kind gifts by explaining to their owners that I could not be allowed to carry them beyond the frontiers of my own country.

When I awoke in the morning and rang my bell, the whole swarm came again around me. Although it was disagreeable to me to have them all there, I had not the heart to send them away. They insisted on dressing my hair and on packing up my night-bag. Then came stories and questions without end. I had, it must be owned, a bad supper and very indifferent coffee; but the bed was, like all Italian beds, a very good one; and the quaint kindly manners of the household had been singularly pleasing to me. I shall not readily forget the friendly maidens, with their laughing black eyes and brisk activity; and assuredly, I felt myself far more cheerful and happy among them than in many a fashionable hotel, where sleepy domestics yield a cold and mercenary service.

There is, however, at Sorrento, no lack either of hotels or boarding-houses: all can be suited there according to their means or pretensions; and even the fastidious English find themselves comfortable at the Tasso or the Cucumella. I mention this for the satisfaction of many who might not, like myself, have any fancy to lodge, even for a night, in the midst of an Italian citizen's family.

On my return home, the ensuing morning, to our dwelling upon the Marina at Castellamare, I found my two friends already in the balcony, gazing through their *lorra-*

nettes at the sea. All Castellamare was in motion, and the whole population seemed to be gathered together upon the beach. Fashionable, elegant-looking men, in their light white jackets, a sort of dress extremely suitable for summer mornings in the south, were pressing onward through a crowd of provision-sellers and donkey-drivers, who, not content with reaching the shore, rushed into the water to meet several boats laden with people, which were rapidly approaching the beach.

These boats contained part of the crews belonging to the Prince de Joinville's ships, his fleet having, during the preceding night, cast anchor in the harbour of Castellamare, not far from the shore.* This was an event which created much sensation in a bathing-place like Castellamare, where, at that time, many statesmen were congregated together; but even those who were least interested in politics were anxious to see the prince, and patiently awaited his appearance until they were informed that he had landed very early in the morning, and, having mounted a donkey, quietly rode up to Quisisana, to visit their Neapolitan majesties. Nothing else was talked of during the two following days but the Prince de Joinville, and the fête which the king was going to give him at Capo di Monte, and the grand ball which would take place on board the French admiral's ship.

Before long there appeared in the "Augsburg Gazette" a very pompous account of these fêtes, as having actually taken place. Mean while, we who were at Castellamare saw no symptom of any Joinvillian festivity; and while the fairer portion of the world there were still busy preparing their ball-dresses for the occasion, to their great dismay the French fleet weighed anchor; parting salutes were exchanged between the French and Neapolitan men-of-war, and the Prince de Joinville sailed for Civita Vecchia, for the purpose of congratulating the new pope in the name of Louis Philippe.

So the visitors at Castellamare were left to themselves and to their ordinary resources for the dissipation of time. The morning at the bath, and, in the evening, rides to Gragnano, Pompeii, Vico, a walk over the hill to Pozzano, a sail to the ruins of Castel Neviglionne, and a glass of sherbet before night at the *café* on the Marina: such were the usual amusements there.

Besides these out-of-door enjoyments, there were many small social gatherings of an evening among friendly circles, several splendid dinners at Baron Rothschild's, and on Saturday evenings the reception at the Russian ambassador's. These latter presented a picturesque, and in some sort, perhaps, a unique spectacle. Prince Potocki's residence was on one of the highest points of the hill, so that one could discern from afar the hospitable lights which were gleaming forth from amid the labyrinth of creeping plants with which the verandah was adorned. On drawing near the villa, one perceived gentlemen in full dress and ladies in ball costumes, with flowers in their hair, riding up the hill to attend the ambassador's soiree.

The road up the hill beyond Quisisana is a deep hollow way, and thickly overshadowed with magnificent chestnut-trees. It is but dimly illuminated at night by lanterns, the feeble glare of which only just enables one to avoid the dangers of the path, and to recognise the outline of those figures which precede one on the way. Immediately on quitting the town and entering the still, dark, upward road, a light sound of hoofs falls upon the ear. On turning some abrupt corner of the hill, one sees the red cap and white smock of a *ciuriare*, who is leading along by the bridle his donkey, whereon is seated some slender form whose white and aerial garments wave in the evening breeze, while from beneath the hood of her dark mantilla fall unconfined her long and graceful curls. So suddenly does the vision present itself, that one can scarcely avoid stumbling over it. A party of gay cavaliers appear next, and as they pass along, one overhears some words about the beauty of a woman or the value of a horse, or on some other equally interesting topic. Stout-looking mammas have two *ciuriari* to guide their panting donkeys, while they look anxiously after their young daughters, who deem the paces of their beasts far too slow, so impatient are they to enjoy the pleasures of the galopade and the mazourka, which await them at the end of their ride. And all this is passing amid the silence of sweet and fragrant nature, while myriads of glow-worms are gleaming on the ground, and overhead is shining the clear bright sky, which renders night so enjoyable a season in southern climes. It is impossible to realise a more charming scene.

Still more lovely was the prospect when, on quitting the

ambassador's brilliant apartments about midnight, all the gay assemblage of guests mounted their donkies at the entrance of the villa, the streaming lights of which shone out upon them as they dispersed in small parties through the dark alleys and narrow defiles of the hill. There was something elfin and magical in the scene; and then, after the descent had been accomplished and the Marina reached, no sound broke the stillness of the night save the gentle murmur of the waves as they broke upon the sandy beach, while the eye rested upon Vesuvius, whence wild wreaths of flame ascended proudly towards heaven, and then scattered showers of fire around the mountain, at the base of which reposed hundreds of human beings in careless and peaceful slumber. The remembrance of one of these nights haunted one like the vision of a fairy-tale whose poetic images had been too vividly impressed ever to be effaced from the memory.

B O L O G N A.

THE period fixed for our return to Germany had now arrived. On the 11th of September beloved friends accompanied me to the steamer which was to convey me from Naples to Leghorn, and remained on board until the signal was given for our departure. Slowly the paddles began to move, and the steamer, cautiously threading its way through the mast-crowded harbour, at length cleared the narrow passage, and then bounded forward, as if in the joyous consciousness of freedom, into the glorious bay, and past the Riviera, whilst my eye rested with a tearful gaze on the beauty of that fair land to which I was bidding a long farewell, and turned a parting glance towards one balcony on the Riviera, where a gentle and kindly hand was waving its last adieu.

The company in the principal cabin consisted of about a dozen persons. The Prince of Canino, who was on his way to the scientific congress at Genoa, formed one of the party. He is a nephew of Napoleon: a tall, stately-looking man, with a profile strongly resembling that of the emperor. He was accompanied by his secretary, the young poet Masi. In addition to these, we had the well-known author and peer of France, the Count of St. Priest, and an amiable Neapolitan lady, accompanied by her husband, and herself considered to be the best singer in Naples. Almost every individual in this group was acquainted with one or more of the remaining members of the party; so that a friendly and animated tone of intercourse was very shortly established amongst us. We had conversation, music (to which amusement the excellent piano in the cabin furnished a strong temptation); the marchesa sang popular songs, which Donizetti and Capecciatro had composed for her; Masi, yielding to her persuasions, gave us a specimen of his improvisatorial powers; and, altogether, we passed the day so pleasantly that the approach of night took us quite by surprise.

In the morning we saw the island of Elba rising out of

the waves. The Prince of Canino was sleeping peacefully in his berth. Perhaps no one save myself thought of the imprisoned eagle, who, chained to his island-rock, turned a glance of fiery longing towards that land where all his hopes were centred. In the course of a few hours more we reached Civita Vecchia, the round massive towers of which had re-echoed many a sigh of anguish from the lips of the prisoners who had languished within their walls after the suppression of the insurrection in Romagna. We landed for a few hours. The sight of the papal arms, the thought that we were only a few miles distant from our beloved Rome, exercised such a powerful influence upon my mind, that I verily believe, had it lain within my power to do so, I would at that moment gladly have given up my return to Germany, and tranquilly retraced my steps towards Rome.

After the busy tumult of Naples, the quiet of this little place seemed possessed of a peculiar charm to me; and next morning, when after reaching Leghorn, we proceeded by the railroad to Pisa, there was something so inexpressibly refreshing to my feelings in the deep stillness of that town, that I could well understand how some have deemed eternal rest in Paradise as the most perfect consummation of bliss.

The broad streets, the silent quays, the Piazza Catterina, with its shady, wide-spreading trees, all seemed alike pervaded by a dreamy, Sabbath-like stillness. In the cathedral square alone was there any visible sign of life: people were going into and coming out from church; the splendid cathedral, the baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo, lay before us in all their exquisite beauty, bathed in a glorious flood of sunlight. The whole of Pisa seemed to me to resemble a beauteous Campo Santa, and produced upon my spirit a similar tranquillizing effect. The real Campo Santo itself, built in the form of an oblong square, and surrounded by a lofty portico supported on pillars, is filled with earth brought from the Holy Land. The busts and monumental tablets of celebrated Pisanese, are here erected; remains of fresco paintings, the subjects drawn from Dante's "*Inferno*," adorn or disfigure the walls. I am most disposed to employ the latter expression; for my eyes turned with horror from the caricatures of figures issuing from a lake of sulphur, or undergoing some similar

torture. There is something displeasing to me in the aspect of the Leaning Tower. It produces upon the mind an uncomfortable impression of deranged symmetry, and one feels a wish to move it up gradually into its proper angle. The prospect, however, from the summit of the tower, over the fair, peaceful town, and the richly-cultivated valley of the Arno which lies beneath, stretching onwards to the foot of the distant Apennines, is lovely beyond description.

There were but slight traces of the earthquake which had taken place in the preceding August, and caused much injury at Pisa and Ponte d'Eva. At Leghorn, when we asked the people to show us the houses which had been thrown down by the earthquake, they replied, as they now did in Pisa, "Oh! it was nothing! a mere trifle!"

After the conclusion of our noonday repast at Pisa, the party who had travelled together thus far from Naples broke up; and we, who were the only members of the circle intending to proceed to Germany, pursued our way to Florence, which we reached before night. We only paused here for two days, and then continued our journey.

After travelling all night, we reached the summit of the Apennines in the early morning; and, being compelled to halt in order to have our baggage and passports examined on re-entering the Roman states, a fresh cool breeze was suddenly wafted towards us, as though it were bearing us a greeting from our northern home. There was a something in the air which I had never felt in Rome, even in the coldest days of January: a decidedly northern element. The lips of the papal soldiers, moreover, who stood before us, clad in their light gray uniforms, gave utterance to German sounds. They were Wurtembergians, enlisted ten years before in Switzerland for the service of the pope, and but little satisfied with their long banishment from their native land.

One of the soldiers gave us an account of the disturbances in the Romagna, whither his battalion had been sent to put down the insurgents. "There was right much blood spilt!" exclaimed he, in his true-hearted Suabian dialect; "and the battalion stood their ground well against those Italians, who were a furious set of fellows!" He was evidently quite unconscious, whilst thus expatiating on the heroic deeds performed by his battalion, that *we* were all

the time experiencing a silent pang at the thought of German soldiers thus serving in the pay of absolutism. In Bologna, however, this momentary feeling of vexation was quickly swallowed up in the universal emotions of hope and enthusiasm which the accession of Pius the Ninth had awakened in the breasts of the people.

Three hundred and twenty men and youths belonging to Bologna were pining in dungeons, in consequence of political offences, when the universal amnesty was proclaimed, and restored joy and happiness to three hundred and twenty Bolognese families. At each corner of the market-place the amnesty was engraved on a marble tablet, and inserted in the walls of the houses, as a memorial of everlasting gratitude. In every shop were to be seen exhibited busts and pictures of the pope; poems in his praise were to be found affixed to every corner of the streets; every coffee-house table was covered with printed speeches on the necessity of education for the people; every heart beat high with joy, and hope, and gratitude; and warmly and openly were these emotions expressed by the long-suffering people.

Our companions in the coach from Florence to Bologna were both Italians. They were the first real musical *dilettanti* whom we had encountered: one was a physician, the other an advocate; both were between thirty and forty years of age. The advocate, a tall, handsome man, with expressive features, was dressed with a degree of care and elegance which showed that he was disposed to turn these advantages to the best account. He talked so much and so loudly about the opera, and his neighbours listened with such a deferential air to all his observations, that I at first thought he was himself most probably some celebrated singer. This conjecture was almost converted into certainty as he betrayed by degrees a personal acquaintance with almost all the notabilities of the Italian opera, criticised their different styles, discussed their merits, and at last began to sing various favourite passages, with a very fine and highly-cultivated voice. He and the doctor now warmed more than ever to their subject. Anecdotes, criticisms, intonations of different *arie*, succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity. Scarcely had one commenced, with beaming eyes, some favourite melody, ere the other snatched it from his lips, and cries of "*Bravo!*" "*Bravissimo!*" were re-echoed alternately by one and the other.

The scene was altogether comic beyond description. One of us at length ventured to inquire from the gentleman whom we afterwards discovered to be an advocate, whether he was not himself an artist. He replied that he was not; upon which the doctor immediately added, with an important air, "But a renowned *dilettante*!" whereupon the other bowed, as though modestly disclaiming a eulogy, to which he was, however, most probably fully entitled.

Some passing occurrence now led the conversation of the two *dilettanti* from the subject of music to that of the new government; and suddenly the musical amateur was transformed into a grave man of business. He now informed us that he was a Bolognese advocate, who had been to Florence on business, and was now about to proceed to Ferrara to investigate matters connected with the same cause.

"It is a family lawsuit," he observed, "and under the former government it would have been utterly hopeless to attempt to bring it to a termination."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because we had no laws. Our code had long become a mere dead letter; every cardinal had absolute dominion over the towns which were under his own jurisdiction. That which was legal in Bologna was illegal in Ferrara, and this rendered it utterly impossible to do justice to either party."

"But what a change has taken place now!" said the doctor. "In Bologna, a little while ago, you could scarcely venture out into the streets after dark for fear of robbers; and yet it was forbidden to wear arms even in self-defence."

"Ah! things are very different now!" exclaimed the advocate. "Directly after the publication of the amnesty, the pope gave his consent to the formation of a city militia, and permitted the use of arms; he knew well that, should need so require, every man who was of an age to bear them would gladly wield them in his cause."

One can readily picture to one's self that Bologna, under bad police regulations, must be a perfect paradise for street robbers. Stone colonnades run along the front of all the houses, somewhat after the fashion of the trellised porticoes which are attached to many German houses. In the old houses these porticoes are gloomy, and richly-decorated

with carving; in the modern houses they are light and airy, but less ornamented. In *all*, however, the shade thrown by the massive pillars offers a convenient shelter to those who are seeking to escape with hasty steps from a pursuer.

The whole aspect of Bologna presents a most characteristic picture of Upper Italy as it was in the middle ages. In some respects it is even more striking in this point of view than Florence itself; for in Bologna all the mediæval structures stand together in the market-place side by side, and no modern additions mar the harmonious impressions of the whole.

The chief square in Bologna, and perhaps altogether the most picturesque point of view the town contains, is the large square market-place, the Piazza di San Petronius. The old Podesteria (the seat of government), the Collegio dei Mercante, the cathedral, all built in the noble and severe style of the middle ages, surround this square. Under the Podesteria stand a range of wide, trellised porticoes, beneath which the vendors of flesh and fish carry on their respective traffics. Large marble slabs, and stone floors provided with wide conduits, render these porticoes peculiarly adapted for the purposes to which they are appropriated.

In the midst of the Piazza of San Petronius, surrounded by a fountain, stands a colossal statue of Neptune, executed by John of Bologna. In the evening, as we issued forth from a side street, filled with goldsmiths' and silversmiths' shops, and entered the market-place, which was already veiled by the rapidly-falling shades of twilight, the whole scene presented a more striking picture of the middle ages than would probably be found in any other country of Europe in the present day.

Amongst the old, grave-looking edifices which surround the square, men were passing to and fro, whose *modern* style of clothing was no longer distinguishable through the surrounding gloom. In the butchers' stalls the glimmering lamps were visible, their owners being employed in clearing out the porticoes for the succeeding day. Amongst the numberless wooden booths which filled the piazza, and presented an ample supply of all the minor articles of daily necessity, might be seen large, heavy waggons slowly winding their way, bearing the produce of the vintage to the cellars of the adjoining dwelling-houses. These waggons

are long, narrow vehicles, resting upon small wheels, and adorned in front with an ornament somewhat resembling the peaked prow of the Mediterranean fishing-boats; the pole, the spokes of the wheels, and every other part of the vehicle which can possibly be thus decorated, are covered with carving, polished nails, &c. These vehicles convey to one's mind the impression of having descended from a former age. The solidity of their structure, and the rich carving with which they were decorated, harmonised well with the architecture of Bologna, as it is displayed in the innumerable ancient buildings of the town. During the day-time, hundreds of these waggons, more or less highly ornamented, may be seen passing to and fro. The vintage had this year been remarkably abundant, and all Bologna was pervaded by the odour of fermenting grapes, which steamed forth from every open cellar.

Bologna appeared to me to be as interesting a relic of the middle ages as Rome or Pompeii of the ages of antiquity; and I felt a keen regret at being compelled to quit it after a very brief stay. The only objects which, to my mind, disturbed the beautiful harmony of the whole, were the two Leaning Towers at the entrance of the city: massive square buildings, somewhat resembling in appearance a pair of gigantic steam funnels, and bending lovingly towards each other. They produce even a more painful impression upon the mind than the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the inclination being still greater; and one cannot help asking one's self, how an age which exhibited in its general style of architecture so keen a sense of the beautiful, *can* have given birth to such tasteless creations as those which we every here and there meet with scattered over the country.

Having spent the evening in wandering about the town in every direction, our first visit in the morning was to the Academy of Arts, and the first object there which attracted our attention was Raffaele's "St. Cecilia."

This composition is so well known, through the numerous excellent copies which have been made of it, as to render any description superfluous. The idea of the *threefold* music—the profane, the sacred, and the music of the spheres—is exquisitely conveyed. The expression of blissful delight in the radiant countenance of the saint is that of one on whose ear have suddenly fallen the accents of a much-loved and longed-for, but unexpected, voice.

The painting, however, which most arrested my attention, directly after my entrance into the gallery, and which I could scarcely prevail upon myself to quit, even for the "St. Cecilia," was one by Guido Reni, representing Mary weeping over the dead Christ.

I am not in general fond of Guido's paintings: even his "Aurora" awakens no special sympathy in my breast; but whilst gazing on *this* noble creation of his genius, I for the first time felt with magnetic power the full force and beauty of his conceptions.

The painting in question, which is fully twenty feet high by ten feet wide, is divided into three compartments of unequal size. The lowermost contains a view of the city of Bologna, protected by two very beautiful angels, each bearing in his hand a snow-white lily. The next compartment contains an admirable and most characteristic representation of the five patron saints of Bologna, amongst whom the noble and well-known form of St. Francis stands forth prominently.

But as the eye turns from these and rests upon the group in the upper compartment of the picture, every other image vanishes from the mind, and the whole soul becomes absorbed by this wondrous inspiration of the artist.

The lifeless body of the Saviour is represented as lying on a bed, reposing like a warrior after victory. No traces remain of the conflict with the last dread foe of humanity: every feature tells of the holiest peace, and godlike thought seems still to sit enthroned upon that placid, unruffled brow. A little in the background stands the Madonna: a fair, dignified, womanly form, bearing herself erect in the midst of her sorrow.* Her arms hang down, and her hands are clasped firmly together, as though concentrating her bitter anguish, all outward expression of which she struggles to repress, lest it should desecrate the holy stillness which reigns around that beloved and worshipped form: the form of Him who was at once her Son, her Saviour, and her God. Her eyes, which have so long rested on the lifeless form, are now slowly upraised towards heaven, as if seeking there for some ray of light and comfort. Two angels are weeping over her: who would not weep over *such* sorrow?

After seeing this picture, I could not look with pleasure on any other, and left the Academy, absorbed in the thoughts which it suggested.

V E N I C E.

THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO.

NIGHT had closed in ere we were permitted to take our departure from the custom-house. The cries, "*Una barca!*" "*Una gondola!*" resounded in our ears on every side. We entered the nearest gondola, the gondolier placed himself at his post, and the measured strokes of his oars bore us noiselessly but with arrowy speed over the dark waters of the lagunes.

A gondola! a gondolier! what a magic charm do not these words breathe in our ears! Softly and voluptuously does the soul rock itself in the poetic images of the distant past, even as the bark rocks itself on the gently-undulating waves of the canal. And yet "Venice has now ceased to live save in the kingdom of dreams!" No triumphant flourish of trumpets now resounds in the ancient halls of the Ducal Palace; scarcely is even a guitar to be heard beneath the windows of the fair. Silently do the gorgeous palaces rise from the surface of the waves, which break in gentle ripples against their marble stairs. Only here and there may a light be seen to gleam from some windows in the higher stories; only now and then may a figure be observed to glide forth from the spacious halls, and, descending the stairs, step into a gondola which bears the muffled form silently away.

Never could I have formed a conception of such perfect, unbroken stillness as that which reigns in Venice. The ear becomes so accustomed to the confused medley of sounds arising from the rolling of carriages, the trampling of horses, and the tread of busy, bustling crowds, that they never strike us as anything unusual until they reach an unaccustomed pitch. Ideal repose, unbroken silence, is a thing utterly unknown to us in *our* towns. When, therefore, here, in the midst of a great city, as we pass along the water-streets of Venice, we find ourselves surrounded by a death-like stillness, it seems to us as though

we were wandering in a dream; and old tales of the Silent City, and of the beautiful Veneta engulfed within the deep recesses of the ocean, float before the wondering and bewildered mind, until, suddenly, the gondola pauses before the steps of the Piazzetta, and new images of enchantment arise to fascinate our souls.

It is night. The pale beams of the silvery moonlight are struggling through a curtain of clouds, which the gentle breath of the light breeze is slowly dissipating and causing to melt away from the tranquil face of heaven; the stars are peeping forth stealthily, one by one; the waves of the sea are slumbering in peaceful repose; the gondolier has rested on his oars before the broad flight of stairs. We land, and, ascending the steps, pass between the two beautiful pillars of the Piazzetta, adorned with the Winged Lion and a St. George, which seem to keep watch over Venice and protect our entrance into the city.

An oriental-looking building lies to our right. Over the low pillars, richly adorned in the Byzantine style, which support the arch, rises the upper story of the edifice, which wears a most singular and grotesque aspect. The red burnt tiles, curiously wrought, form mysterious arabesques; wondrous forms stand forth from the sculptured marble which ornaments the building. The lofty windows command both the Piazza and the sea; but no light beams within: the silence of night rests upon all around. Does some Arabian princess, perchance, lie slumbering within its walls, the beloved of the Abencerrage, borne by an envious magician from his embrace? Do genii keep watch therein, and whisper in the ears of the sleeper sweet dreams of her far-off lover, who sighs for her in the halls of the Alhambra? Or is it rather the temple of some mysterious brotherhood, who reveal to their aspiring neophytes by mystic tokens the hidden secrets of their order? We stand before the building in wonder and amazement, for the Doge's Palace in Venice has not its like throughout the whole region of the West.

It is the charm of Eastern enchantment which surrounds us. We seem to hear the murmuring fountains, the whispering palm-leaves, which lull the sleeping sultanas to repose as they recline on their soft divans. Bright parroquets are rocking themselves on golden rings; gold and silver fish are floating in marble basins; the senses are wrapt in

a dream of enchantment and delight. But, lo! the marble steps, the giant stairs of the Ducal Palace, meet the eye, and Marino Faliero's black funeral pall falls over the smiling images of Eastern luxury and beauty.

We turn away our eyes. Lights are gleaming from the surrounding shops; the hand of the clock on the richly-ornamented facade, glowing with gold and ultramarine, points to the hour of ten. We advance yet a few paces farther, and find ourselves in the Piazza San Marco.

A military band is playing. In front of the Church of St. Mark stand the three red poles, fixed in brazen sockets, the trophies won by Venice from the Morea, Candia, and Cyprus, whose flags once waved proudly from their summits ere they were transplanted to this foreign strand. Ship-masters in Dalmatian costume, peasants from the neighbouring islands, and sailors from the free states of North America, lie clustered around their base; *cafés* and jewellers' shops are to be seen in whichever direction one turns one's eyes. The arcades, which on three sides surround the Piazza of St. Mark, are full of them. This Piazza resembles a gigantic opera-house; and even the confused murmur of the moving crowd, unmingled with the noise of horse's tread or rolling wheels, produces a sound similar to that which proceeds from a thronged and festive hall.

The Piazza of St. Mark presents to us Italian society and Italian popular life mingled together in one harmonious picture; and yet Venice is no longer Italy proper, the Italy of the South: Venice is a place apart, a beautiful marvel, a mysterious riddle, a proud ruin, around which the glories of the past cast a halo of enchantment. Venice is a fair, a free-born and poetic woman, crushed beneath the iron rule of a tyrant to whose will she is compelled to bow. Venice is imperishably beautiful, and yet already a prey to corruption and decay; and even because Venice is all this, is it the magic, the dream-like, the fantastic, the incomparable city which it is and must ever be.

On the Piazza San Marco are rows of seats placed side by side; waiters hasten from one to another, bringing ices, coffee, and sherbets; boys offer candied fruits for sale in ornamented baskets, and in their soft musical dialect press us to purchase shell boxes, coral ornaments, fans, and imitation pearls. Well-dressed men and women are walking about arm-in-arm; contemplative Persians, venerable Arme-

nians, and young black-eyed Greeks, repose in the open saloons of the coffee-houses, or lie stretched upon the benches of the Piazza, with their long pipes in their mouths, and their dark, fiery eyes fixed in wondering amazement on the gaily-dressed women who venture thus to wander forth unveiled and leaning on the arms of men.

Here, too, are to be seen Austrian officers, wearing *sticks* (poor insignia of honour) suspended by their sides, hanging from the belts which encircle their tightly-laced waists; here gold pieces glitter in the shop of a money-changer, and ship-captains are concluding contracts for a voyage. Now and then, but rarely in comparison with either Rome or Naples, may be seen a belated monk gliding hastily along beneath the arcades. Should he have been the bearer of comfort and consolation to the couch of the sufferer or the chamber of the mourner, how strangely must the sounds of merriment jar upon his ear as he crosses the Piazza of St. Mark! But should his heart not be in his work, should his vows be distasteful to his soul, oh! how must he then long to share the freedom of the gay throng around him!

From the windows of the surrounding buildings, as from the boxes of a theatre, men and women gaze forth on the surrounding scene; and their forms stand out in clear and graceful outline against the brilliantly-illuminated background which the interior of the saloon affords. The whole square is thronged with human beings, in whichever direction you turn your eye; the sounds of music are wafted towards us by the passing breeze; human voices emulate its joyous clangour; the merry laugh rings through the night air. Hour after hour passes away, the hand of the clock sinks lower and lower on the dial-plate, and yet the light-hearted throng still wander on. The midnight hour has struck; the moon has sunk into the sea; the groups on the Piazza San Marco have now begun to disperse. One can walk about with more freedom; the fresh sea-breeze is more sensibly felt; the gas-lights begin to flicker more restlessly beneath its influence. Now one first begins to perceive the size and beauty of the Piazza, and, walking to its farthest end, one obtains a full view of its whole extent.

In proud majesty does the slender Campanile rise like a gigantic column from the pavement of the Piazza, free and self-subsisting, not resting for support either on church

or palace; an image of the self-subsisting republic which reared the beauteous fabric. The background glows in golden splendour. The Church of St. Mark is adorned in all the costly grandeur of the Byzantine style; and from the midst of the circular eastern arch, with its kiosk-shaped pinnacles, from the midst of the gorgeous golden mosaic which adorns its façade, gleams forth through the surrounding gloom, crowning the summit of the principal entrance porch of St. Mark, a peaceful image, gazing down in tranquil majesty upon the restless tide of human life below: the image of the victorious Christ, triumphant over death, and sin, and suffering, about to ascend from earth to his Father's home in heaven.

DAYLIGHT.

Venice, when seen by day, wears a far different aspect from that which it presents when shrouded by the veil of night. The poetic world of wonder and enchantment disappears, and mournful images of destruction and decay stand forth before us in all their naked and harsh reality.

The Piazza of St. Mark, the public buildings, the haven, the church, the arsenal—everything for which government is answerable—are well preserved and carefully maintained. But this care on the part of government can only suffice to retain in mummy-like preservation the creations of the past: it cannot infuse new life into the veins of the republic. The *shell* may retain its outward form and comeliness, but the *soul* has fled from its mortal tenement. The old institutions, the ancient races, have disappeared; the larger proportion of the palaces stand there in sorrowful decay, dreary, desolate, uninhabited; green water-moss grows on the marble slabs of the once splendid stairs; the lofty doors of the balconies are boarded up; many windows are destitute of sashes, whilst others, encrusted with dust, bespeak the years which have passed away since they were last touched by the hand of man.

Venice leaves a most sorrowful impression on the mind, when, beneath the broad light of day, you glide along its silent canals; and I never could comprehend why it should be called, *par excellence*, "the City of Love." Love likes to see itself surrounded by green trees, flowery plains, and

verdant meadows: Venice is destitute of all these charms. No leaf, no tree, no verdure meets the eye throughout the whole extent of the city; no song of birds is heard; no sweet perfume of flowery plains is wafted on the passing breeze.

Venice exhibits the triumph of human will over the force of unfavourable circumstances: it proves that man may found on any spot, however barren or unpromising, a fatherland, a home, a country, where he may plant the banner of freedom, and live beneath its shade. But Venice is nevertheless too entirely a product of *art*. You feel yourself utterly severed from Nature, and seem to be dwelling beneath some strange spell, which places you apart from all the ordinary conditions of your earthly life. I often felt like a bird placed beneath an air-pump, which is sensible, with increasing suffering, that its accustomed element is gradually departing from around it.

From the Piazzetta, which opens with such a lovely prospect towards the sea, from the beautiful quay, the Riva dei Schiavoni, I gaze, with ever-increasing longing, over towards the Lido, where Eugene Beauharnois formed a beautiful public garden. A little spot near a ship-inn on the Island Giudecca, whither we went one day to breakfast, appeared to me a perfect paradise, because the spreading boughs of a couple of trees shed a grateful shade over the table at which we sat, and scarlet-runners and gourds entwined their graceful tendrils around the trellised fences which protected the little enclosure.

The first vivid impression which the mind receives of the totally distinct mode of existence in Venice is that which is presented to it in passing from the Canal Grande into the side canals, and seeing on every side only new water-streets stretching forth in every direction. I set out one morning to visit my banker. The gondolier conducted us through increasingly narrow streets; nought was to be seen save the slimy waters and the lofty walls on either side; only here and there a man standing on the narrow quays; and now and then the call of a gondolier might be heard announcing his approach from some neighbouring canal: a precaution which the length of the boats rendered necessary, in order to avoid a collision in these narrow channels. At last, the gondolier rested on his oars in front of a stately house: he pulled the bell; the door was

opened. The water at that time stood at a great height, and had but a short time previously stood yet higher in the canals; the whole flight of steps in the interior of the house was overflowed. A little bridge led from the foot of the stairs up to the court-yard, but the whole court was deluged with wet; the water had left slime and mud in the princely hall, and an unwholesome vapour ascended from the ground beneath the warm rays of the brilliant sunshine. When I passed on to the upper story of the house, and saw the banker actually wallowing in wealth, having at his command piles of gold which would suffice to procure for him every enjoyment that money could purchase, I could not but ask myself, in wondering amazement, what can retain men in this unnatural abode, now that it has ceased to be the asylum of liberty? What can induce them to banish themselves to these dreary marshes, whilst in Rome and Naples the earth is bursting forth into newly-quickenened life and beauty beneath the fresh breath of autumn?

Venice is a poetic marvel, on which the fancy may feast for a time in wondering delight; but, I repeat, it is not a spot which I should either choose or endure as a place of residence, much as I have heard it extolled in this respect.

If ever there was a nation which stood in need of the culture of art to cheer and elevate their minds, it was the Venetians. Art must have been their only consolation; to it their souls turned with passionate earnestness; and it is natural that they should have sought to adorn their city and their dwelling-places, in order to compensate for their deprivation of all the beauties of nature.

In the noble creations of art, in the past remembrances of glory with which Venice abounds, the soul takes refuge from her present desolation; in these the stranger dwells throughout the day, until the shades of evening cast their mellowing veil around the scene; then the gas-lights are kindled on the Piazza of St. Mark and the Piazzetta, and the charming fairy tales of enchantment again weave around him their golden web of wonder and delight.

In no other spot in the world are art and history so indissolubly linked together as in Venice. The Palace of the Doges, the Campanile, the Piazzetta, the Lions of the Piræus, which guard the entrance of the Arsenal; all these monuments of the mighty past we find repeated in the paintings with which the halls of every palace in Venice

are decorated. The heroes whose deeds are immortalized by a master hand on the walls of the great council-chamber, are represented in these pictures as landing from their galleys beneath the windows of this very Ducal Palace. Venetian artists needed not to search the ages of antiquity in order to find a fitting subject for their pencils: the victories of that republic of which they were citizens supplied them with ample materials: women fair as even a painter's eye could desire might daily be seen treading the pavement of the Piazza of St. Mark; the consciousness of freedom, of self-rule, stamped upon every citizen, as these old portraits fully testify, a noble, manly individuality of expression. The artist depicted the present, whose grateful thanks he won, and perpetuated its existence even to the remotest future. In order to do any sort of justice to the great masters whose paintings decorate the halls of Venice, whole books must be written on the subject: a task which has already been undertaken by many authors, without, however, conveying any adequate idea of the paintings of which they treat. Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties of the subject, one cannot resist the desire of rendering in some degree accessible to others that which has been a source of such pure enjoyment to one's self, and I am therefore tempted to describe one picture in the Pisani Palace, which appeared to me to be possessed of very remarkable attractions. It represents the family of Darius kneeling before Alexander. Paul Veronese is said to have painted it on a sheet, in the space of eight-and-thirty days, after his recovery from a long illness, during which he had been tended with affectionate care by the Pisani family at their country-seat. The greater number of the figures in this picture, that is to say, the female portion of the group, are portraits of the ladies of that noble house.

Alexander stands, like a young war-god, to the left of the foreground; his generals and their war-steeds fill up the background of the picture. The wife of Darius kneels before the conqueror, sorrowful and heart-broken: she has lost all faith in fortune; she scarcely hopes for favour; she begs only for life; she implores the victor to have compassion on her beloved ones. The eldest daughter raises her eyes towards Alexander with confiding trust. The fair maiden believes in the magnanimity of the hero: youth trusts to the generosity of youth; she

listens anxiously to his words; she seeks to read in the expression of his countenance a confirmation of her hopes. The second daughter, a maiden of about fourteen years of age, kneels by the side of her elder sister, and holds in her left hand the coronet which had been removed from her brow; her left hand hangs proudly by her side: she will not raise it in supplication to the victorious warrior. Her mother has commanded her to kneel to Alexander: she obeys, but with an air of unbending defiance, like a proud spoilt child. She knows not why a daughter of Darius should bow before a stranger; she has not yet been taught to comprehend the vicissitudes of fate, which lay the mightiest low, even to the dust. The youngest maiden looks back with careless indifference towards the attendant servants and her favourite dogs; a little boy clings with passionate, childlike tenderness to the kneeling queen, and burying his face in his mother's breast, seeks to find protection there from the dreaded stranger. Behind the kneeling family stands a noble knightly form, gazing down upon them with kindly glance: this is a portrait of Paul Veronese himself. The same figure is to be met with in the painting of "Venice Triumphant," on the ceiling of the great council-chamber, where the artist has represented himself crowned with laurels and bearing a laurel branch in his right hand.

Venice is comparatively less rich in statues than in paintings; and this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the various public edifices of the city and her noble palaces prove that a considerable appreciation of beauty of form must have existed amongst this people. Like gigantic water-lilies do the marble palaces and churches rise above the surface of the waves; so varied in their architecture, so diverse in their forms, that one cannot choose but wonder at the inexhaustible fancy of the artist, who, without ever departing from the strictest rules of suitability, devised these ever new and varied forms of beauty. It appeared to me that the most striking building in this point of view was the Chiesa del' Redentore, constructed by Palladio, where round pillars, springing from square pilasters, support the lofty vaulted roof. One of the most beautiful architectural structures, however, in Venice, is the Rialto, the bridge over the Canal Grande, which unites together the two principal divisions of the city. A single bold arch

extends from shore to shore, at the height of eighteen feet above the water, and forms the widest street in Venice, which is occupied at each side by the shops of the gold-workers. Here, in addition to the ruder and less costly ornaments, such as one meets with on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, and which are adapted to the wants of the populace, we also find those delicately-wrought Venetian chains, which are nowhere else manufactured in equal perfection.

The Rialto is the very centre of all the busy intercourse of daily life. It is interesting, starting from this point, to wander through all the narrow streets and quays which run along the sides of the houses overhanging the canal, and are united together with innumerable bridges, by means of which Venice may be traversed on foot, though this mode of progression is far less agreeable than gently gliding along, reclining on the downy cushions of a gondola.

After descending the steps of the Rialto, and passing through several narrow streets, you reach an open market-place, where all the necessities of life—fish, flesh, vegetables, and fruit—are offered for sale. In the midst of the baskets full of cabbages, and surrounded by the scales of the fish-vendors, who ply their traffic on low narrow tables placed around, rises from a little pedestal a marble statue representing a hunchback, that vividly recalled to mind the bust of *Æsop* which we saw in the *Villa Albani*. We inquired who this might be.

"*Il gobbo*" (the hunchback), answered one of the fish-vendors.

"But what is it intended to signify?"

"During the time of the Republic, thieves and murderers were required to kiss this statue before they were led off to prison," replied my informant.

"No, no!" interrupted a huckster, "that was not it: those who passed false money were the people who were compelled to kiss it."

"You are all mistaken," interrupted a third, who now approached: "the *gobbo* was the whipping-post to which transgressors were tied for the purpose of being chastised. If, however, they could previously make their escape to the altar of that church you see there, the gates of which are now closed, they were forgiven and allowed to go free."

An animated discussion now arose, regarding this transaction, between the three Venetians; but we could not await its termination, for this was our last day in Venice, and only eight hours more now remained to us previous to our departure for Trieste. These hours we wished to devote to an excursion to the Lido. Our gondolier, who had served us both with intelligence and good-will during the whole period of our stay, was awaiting us in his gondola at the steps of the Rialto, and rowed us down the Canal Grande to the open sea.

In spite of the clear blue heavens, there was a weight in the air, and the silver-gray clouds edged with gold bespoke an approaching storm. I feared that we were likely to have bad weather for our voyage to Trieste, and expressed my anxiety on this head to our gondolier. He, however, assured me that my fears were quite groundless, for an old and true proverb said, "*Sciocco chiaro e tramontana scura, buttati in mare, non aver paura.*" (In a clear south wind or a dark north wind, thou mayest freely venture on the sea, and no harm shall overtake thee.) Swiftly our gondola, in the mean while, glided on her way, passing the noble and once sumptuous palaces of Grimani, Pesaro, and Foscari, the church of Santa Maria della Salute, and the Dogana di Mare, until at length it reached the point where the Canal Grande, on the extreme verge of the town, unites with that more open arm of the sea which here divides itself into two channels: that on the right bearing the name of the Canale della Giudecca, and that on the left the Canale di San Marco. The Giudecca we had already explored. The small, neat-looking dwellings which lined its shores strongly reminded me of those which one sees in the little seaport towns of Eastern Prussia. The streets which run along the harbours of Königsberg, Pillau, and Memel, bear a striking resemblance to the strand of the Giudecca: the same pointed gables; the same little gardens, in which sailors might be seen sitting each with his bumper before him; the same cabin-like neatness of arrangement, and here and there piles of cordage and other ship necessities on sale; all accompanied by a strong smell of tar. Had not the proud cupolas of Santa Maria della Salute, of the "Incurabili," and of Santa Agnese, rising from amidst the surrounding mass of houses, towered over the tranquil shores of the island, I could almost have forgotten that the

Piazza San Marco, with all its scenes of wonder and enchantment, was nigh at hand, so completely did I feel myself transported back to my distant home.

But the aim of our present excursion is the Lido, not the Giudecca. The Lido is the name bestowed on the long tongue of land which, at the extreme end of the city, stretches out into the Canal of St. Mark. This is the loveliest spot to be met with throughout the whole neighbourhood of Venice. Greensward, shady trees, broad gravel walks: in short, to comprise all in one word, *land!* It appeared to me as if the whole population of Venice had suddenly shared in my longing for green trees; for the water was covered with boats, and gondola after gondola touched the shores of the Lido. Large parties, from whom the voice of song and merriment might be heard proceeding in the distance, occupied commodious open boats. Austrian uniforms might be distinguished in many of these boats; but the larger proportion of the frequenters of the Lido, both men and women, belonged to the working classes.

On the Lido we found Hungarian and Styrian soldiers dancing their national dances, but they could find no partners amongst the Venetian fair ones; Italians were amusing themselves playing ball and other manly games. There were provision booths in abundance, but the provisions they contained were of a far more solid character than those offered for sale in other parts of Italy. Instead of the *fritti*, there were here to be seen roast fowls and geese: instead of the southern fruits, apples and pears; instead of preserved gourds and *confitures*, gingerbread and solid pastry. Beer seemed to be the principal drink, and even the noble-looking Easterns, with their long pipes in their mouths, were drinking this heavy German beverage.

The eyes of both the men and women amongst the populace betrayed their southern race; but the impression produced by the whole scene was essentially different from that conveyed by a scene of festivity in any other part of Italy, and in many points reminded me of Vienna and of the Prater, until I turned my eyes towards the shore, and saw the silvery waters breaking on the strand, and the dark gondolas gliding like sea-birds over the face of the waters.

We felt, as we stood this evening on the Lido, that Germany was now very near to us; even the breath of this fine

September evening partook in some degree of the chilling blast of our northern clime. My eyes sought in vain the dark-green crown of the waving pine, or the solemn and lofty cypress: a different vegetation, a different atmosphere, a different mode of life, now surrounded me from that which had become so much endeared to me during my thirteen months' residence in Italy.

The hour of my departure from Italy was now fast approaching; and as beloved friends, when about to separate, often seek to drown thought by social festivity during the last few hours of their intercourse, not daring to empty to the dregs the cup of parting sorrow, so did I propose to hasten our return to Venice, in hopes that the tumult of the city might help to banish the regrets which filled my soul at the thought of our approaching departure.

Yet once more did our gondola bear us over the waters: we landed at the Riva dei Schiavoni. The harbour was full of ships: and, in spite of the lateness of the hour, men were still engaged in lading and unlading the vessels, but the owners and captains were reposing beneath the awnings of the coffee-houses. Here, on the Riva, Easterns are to be seen assembled in the largest numbers; here guitar-players and singers wander to and fro amongst the crowd. Amidst the clatter of dominoes and dice might be heard the tones of the guitar; sweet *barcaroles* mingled their melodious sounds with the cries of the porters, who were loudly counting over and enumerating the boxes and bags which had been committed to their care by the respective owners. The Riva dei Schiavoni, amongst the mercantile and maritime world of Venice, is a favourite *point de reunion* for the purposes of refreshment and repose. Behind the brightly-illuminated streets, full of the busy stir of life, may be seen one side of the Ducal Palace, standing there amidst the bustling, noisy throng, in all its grave and silent majesty; and over the dark canals, the waters of which discharge themselves into the ocean, the Bridge of Sighs casts its gloomy shadow, uniting together the upper story of the Palace of the Doges with the prisons at the opposite end of the canal.

Venice conveys to the mind the idea of having been expressly formed for the purposes of secret justice, with its isolated palaces, its silent canals, and its mysterious func-

real gondolas, which veil at once, beneath their pall-like coverings, deeds of mercy and of cruelty, of justice and of injustice.

As we were one day in the Ducal Palace, visiting the *Piombi*—rooms beneath the leads of the roof, and situated in the very interior of the palace, shut out by long corridors from the direct influence of either air or light, and which in summer, by the sun shining on the leads, must be heated beyond endurance—our gondolier proposed to us to row a little way out into the lagunes, in order that we might see the place where the condemned were *drowned*! He did not utter a word, but pointed silently to the water, with the remark, “*Ma adesso non si fa più!*” (But it is not done any more now.)

How easily such transactions could be accomplished here must be evident to every one who knows Venice and her gondolas, which, each exactly similar to the others, glide unobserved over the face of the waters, leaving no trace behind.

With an emotion of mysterious awe the eye turns from the Bridge of Sighs, with its mournful associations, towards the cheerful Piazzetta, and finally rests on the kaleidoscope-like scene presented by the Piazza of St. Mark. You feel so much at home, so agreeably enlivened, whilst sitting or strolling about in this wonderful Piazza, that you are almost tempted to believe you have lived here all your life, and wonder within yourself how you will ever again be able to exist without this pleasant out-of-door life. The gas-lights burned so brightly, the people seemed so joyous and light-hearted, we could scarcely realise the thought that for us no morrow would dawn any more in Venice. We sat and talked, and drank sherbet, like all around us, and then our gondolier approached and summoned us to depart.

Twice has the bell of the steamer rung; no longer delay can be permitted. Our baggage is lying in the gondola; we follow the gondolier, even as in the old *bas-relief* the sons of earth are represented as following the Genius of Death; slowly, reluctantly, and often casting a backward glance to the beloved earth they are compelled to quit.

For the last time we cross the Piazzetta; for the last time we descend the marble stairs, and recline on the swelling pillows of the gondola which bears us forth into

the gloom of night, whilst our eyes still cling with loving earnestness to the beaming Piazzetta, and the noble edifices which surround the Piazza of St. Mark, and stand forth like gigantic shadows against the clear night heaven.

We have reached our destination. The gondola strikes against the accommodation-ladder of the steamer; our trunks are placed on board, and the gondolier wishes us "blessing and happiness, and a tranquil voyage." A last bell rings, and the gondolas, obeying the signal, leave the side of the steamer, the paddles of which now begin to move, splashing rapidly through the water. Once more the voice of our gondolier meets our ear: he is crying to us as he glides away, "*A rivederla!*" And "*A rivedere!*" (till we meet again) is the cry which bursts from the lips of all who, having breathed the soft air and rejoiced beneath the blue and sunny skies of this land of beauty and of spring, now with bleeding hearts bid it a long farewell!

'A rivederla!'

THE END.

